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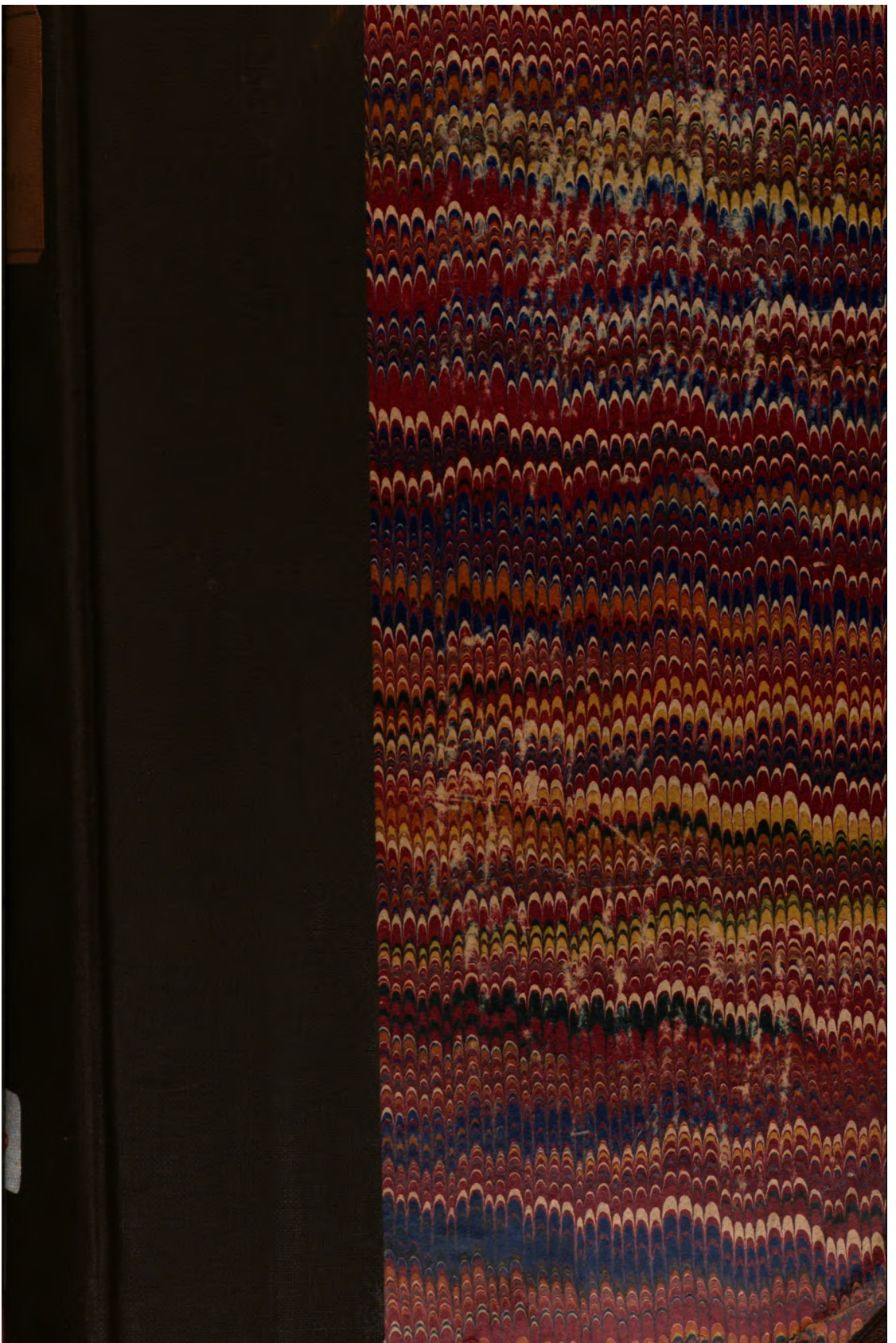
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Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKSPEARE.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[SECOND ARTICLE.[1]]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S name will always be associated with the extinction of slavery in the United States. While a grateful country may think of him first as the restorer of the Union and the preserver of the nation's integrity, the world at large will ever remember him as the champion of the shackled African. His Emancipation Proclamation will probably still be living when his acts of patriotism and Constitutional arguments shall have been forgotten.

Young Lincoln began to think on the subject of slavery at a very early age. When twenty-two years old he made his second flat-boat trip down the Mississippi in the company of a relative, John Hanks — "the steadiest and most trustworthy of his family," who, "though an illiterate and rather dull man had a good deal of character and consequently some influence and consideration in the household"—who writes that at New Orleans they saw for the first time "negroes chained, maltreated, whipped, and scourged. Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much, was silent, looked bad. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinion of slavery. It ran its iron in him then and there, May 1831. I have heard him say so often."[2]

Ten years after this second visit to the Louisiana capital he made another journey by water with a friend, to whom he wrote, after the lapse of fourteen years: "In 1841 you and I had together a tedious low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no

[1] See the first article in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW of last month.

[2] In 1828 Lincoln made his first flat-boat trip to New Orleans. The only incident during the journey occurred a few miles below Baton Rouge. Lincoln and his companion were asleep in the cabin, the boat having been tied up for the night, when they were attacked by a band of marauding negroes bent on robbing the boat. Lincoln instantly fell upon them with a club, knocked several overboard and pursued them for some time inland. "Lincoln's exertion in later years for the welfare of the African race," say the authors, "showed that this nocturnal battle had not led him to any hasty or hostile generalisations."

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interest in a thing which has, and continually exercises, the power of making me miserable."

The authors[1] say very truly: "There have been several ingenious attempts to show the origin and occasion of Mr. Lincoln's anti-slavery convictions. They seem to us an idle waste of labour. These sentiments came with the first awakening of his mind and conscience, and were aroused into active life and energy by the sight of fellow-creatures in chains on an Ohio river steamboat, and on the wharf at New Orleans." Referring to this same visit to New Orleans, Mr. Carl Schurz[2] says: "There something happened that made a lasting impression upon his soul: he witnessed a slave auction."

Lincoln put himself on record publicly as opposed to the iniquity as early as 1837, when he was twenty-eight years old. In that year the Legislature of Illinois, of which Lincoln was a member, passed a series of pro-slavery resolutions. Thereupon Lincoln drew up a protest, which was ordered to be transcribed in the Journals of the House; but he could get only one other member beside himself to sign it. At this time, we are told, he had arrived at an enviable position in the politics and society of the State of Illinois. His intimate friends were all opposed to any discussion of the slavery question, and much more to a public condemnation of it. "The public opinion of his county, which was then little less than the breath of his life, was all the same way; but all these considerations could not withhold him from performing a simple duty—a duty which no one could have blamed him for leaving undone. . . . . The young man who dared declare, in the prosperous beginning of his political life, in the midst of a community imbued with slave-state superstitions, that he 'believed the institution of slavery is founded both on injustice and bad policy'—attacking thus its moral and material supports, while at the same time recognising all the Constitutional guarantees which protected it—had in him the making of a statesman, and, if need be, a martyr."

Twenty years later, when Lincoln was a candidate before this same Illinois Legislature for election to the United States Senate, he displayed a like moral bravery, and lost in consequence the great political prize which he would have won if he had been less anti-slavery and less devoted to principle. When he read to some trusty friends the draft of the speech which he was to deliver at the nominating convention, they feared the effect that might be produced by this passage: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved.

[1] The book under review is Messrs. Nicolay & Hay's *Abraham Lincoln.*

[2] See his fine article on Abraham Lincoln, written *apropos* of the work under review, and published in the June *Atlantic Monthly*. It is one of the best short biographies of Lincoln.

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I do not expect the house to fall, but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other." The candidate was urged to emasculate his statement; but Lincoln would not yield. "It is true," he said, "and I *will* deliver it as written. I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." He persisted, delivered his speech; Douglas, the rival candidate, seized upon the phrase "a house divided against itself cannot stand," made it the main objective point of his attack, declaring that it meant a "relentless sectional war," "and there is no doubt," says Mr. Schurz, "that the persistent reiteration of this charge served to frighten not a few timid souls." Lincoln was defeated, and Douglas was sent back to the Senate. But Lincoln's firm attitude on the slavery question finally made him President of the United States, while Douglas's equivocal position defeated him in his struggle for the same high post, and doubtless shortened his life. But we are anticipating.

When Lincoln went to Congress at the end of 1847 as a Representative, he carried with him to Washington the anti-slavery convictions which had grown up with him in Illinois. He used to say that he had voted for the Wilmot proviso,[1] in its various phases, not less than forty-two times. But he did more than simply vote for anti-slavery measures. His chief preoccupation during his sojourn in Congress was a scheme which links itself characteristically with his first protest against slavery, of which I have just given some account above, and his immortal act fifteen years afterwards, to which I shall refer in due season, in consequence of which American slavery ceased to exist.

Abraham Lincoln had long felt in common with many others that the traffic in human beings under the very shadow of the Capitol was a disgrace to the nation. He therefore determined to try and have slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, the seat of the Federal Government, and over which Congress had supreme control. "He proceeded carefully and cautiously about it, after his habit. When he had drawn up his plan, he took counsel with some of the leading citizens of Washington, and some of the more prominent members of Congress, before bringing it forward." Mr. Joshua R. Giddings, one of the prominent Abolitionists in Congress, says in his diary for January 11, 1849: "This evening our whole mess remained in the dining-room after tea, and conversed upon the subject of Mr. Lincoln's bill to abolish slavery. It was approved by all. I believe it is as good a bill as we could get at this time."

[1] During the Mexican War the President asked for money with which to purchase territory from Mexico. A bill for this purpose immediately brought up the slavery question. Thereupon Mr. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, moved an addition to the bill to the effect that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime, whereof the party shall be duly convicted." This was the celebrated "Wilmot Proviso."

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Five days later Mr. Lincoln introduced his bill in the House. But, although, with his customary skill and honesty, he had beforehand secured the approval of both Abolitionists and Conservatives, "it was met by that violent and excited opposition which greeted any measure, however intrinsically moderate and reasonable, which was founded on the assumption that slavery was not in itself a good and desirable thing." So the proposal was abandoned. But, fifteen years afterwards, as will be described further on in this article, Mr. Lincoln, as President, had the strange fortune to sign a bill sent him by Congress for the abolition of slavery in Washington.

Five or six years later, in 1855, Lincoln seemed to have nearly reached a maturity of conviction on the nature of the slavery agitation, the "irrepressible conflict," as Mr. Seward called it,[1] and to have come to the reluctant conclusion that the nation could not permanently endure while half of it was slave and the other half free territory—a conviction which he did not publicly express till three years later, at the senatorial contest with Douglas, as we have just seen. This new view of the situation is revealed in a private letter written in 1855, and now first published, I believe, in which occur these passages:

"That spirit which desired the peaceful extinction of slavery has itself become extinct with the occasion and men of the Revolution. Under the impulse of that occasion, nearly half the States adopted systems of emancipation at once; and it is a significant fact that not a single State has done the like since. So far as peaceful, voluntary emancipation is concerned, the condition of the negro slave in America, scarcely less terrible to the contemplation of a free mind, is now as fixed and hopeless of change for the better as that of the lost souls of the finally impenitent. The autocrat of all the Russias will resign his crown and proclaim his subjects free Republicans, sooner than will our American masters give up their slaves. Our political problem now is: Can we as a nation continue together permanently, for ever, half slave and half free? The problem is too mighty for me. May God in his mercy superintend the solution."

In their comments on this letter the authors of the work under review call attention to "the curious historical coincidence which so soon followed the foregoing speculative affirmation. On the day before Lincoln's first inauguration as President of the United States, the 'Autocrat of all the Russias," Alexander II., by Imperial decree emancipated his serfs; while six weeks after the inauguration, the 'American masters,' headed by Jefferson Davis, began the greatest

[1] In quoting from Mr. Lincoln's speech the extract given above and beginning with "a house divided against itself," Carl Schurz says: "Here was the 'irrepressible conflict' spoken of by Seward a short time later, in a speech made famous by that phrase. If there was any new discovery in it, the right of priority was Lincoln's." This happy expression has taken a permanent place in *Webster's Dictionary* where it serves to illustrate the meaning of "irrepressible."

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war of modern times to perpetuate and spread the institution of slavery."

We have now reached the point in Lincoln's anti-slavery career where words were to give place to acts, when the critic of slavery was to become its destroyer. Lincoln was the candidate of the young, determined Republican Party, and stood on a platform which declared that the Constitution did not carry slavery into the Territories, opposed the reopening of the slave trade and denied "the authority of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of any individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory in the United States."

Lincoln, as we have already seen, had always been very conservative in his treatment of the slavery question. While the Garrisonian Abolitionists were pronouncing the United States Constitution "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and were advocating, nearly twenty years before the outbreak of the War of Secession, the doctrine of "no union with slaveholders," Lincoln viewed the problem from the standpoint of the statesman. When the Abolitionists sang without stint the praises of "John Brown the martyr," this was the way in which Lincoln disposed of this "attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves." "It was so absurd," said Lincoln in his Cooper Institute speech, pronounced a few months after "the insurrection," "that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt, which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, were, in their philosophy, precisely the same." "Lincoln had the courage of his opinions, but he was not a Radical," writes Mr. Schurz.

But when Lincoln had been chosen President and the South thereupon began, covertly at first and openly later, to prepare to quit the Union, he never for a moment "lost his head," though many of the Republican leaders were thrown into consternation and even despair by the threatening consequences of their portentous victory at the polls. When a leading representative in Congress wrote to the President-Elect for instructions as to the course he should pursue, Lincoln replied: "Entertain no proposition for a compromise in regard to the extension of slavery. The instant you do, they have us under again: all our labour is lost, and sooner or later must be done over. . . . . The tug has to come, and better now than later." Two days afterwards he writes as follows to another representative: "Prevent as far as possible any of our friends from

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demoralising themselves and their cause by entertaining propositions for compromise of any sort on slavery extension. There is no possible compromise upon it but what puts us under again, and all our work to do over again. . . . . On that point hold firm as a chain of steel." A fortnight later, Lincoln sent a long letter to Senator Seward, whom he had already selected as his future Secretary of State, in which occurred this passage: "On the territorial question, —that is, the question of extending slavery under the national auspices—I am inflexible. I am for no compromise which assists or permits the extension of the institution on soil owned by the nation." In February 1861, Mr. W. H. Herndon wrote to a Boston friend: "Mr. Lincoln yet remains firm as a rock. He is true game, and is strong in the faith of Justice, Right, Liberty, Man and God. He has told me, not only once, but often and often, that rather than back down, rather than concede to traitors, his soul might go back to God from the wings of the Capitol. I believe it. He and I have been partners in law for thirteen years and I know him."[1]

Such was the state of Lincoln's mind concerning slavery, when he began the preparation of his Inaugural Address, which he read from the Capitol portico on March 4, 1861. We might expect to find in this document a restatement of the vigorous opinions expressed in the private letters just given, and in the speeches and other utterances of his previous anti-slavery career. But we are somewhat disappointed in this respect.

Quoting from one of his speeches, he said: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." And again: "Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them." Further on in the document the President asked these questions: "*May* Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. *Must* Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. From questions of this class spring all our Constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the Government is acquiescence on one side or the other."[2] The meaning here is not, of course, that the majority must acquiesce in the

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison*, iv. 16.

[2] In the last two sentences Mr. Seward proposed to substitute the milder words, "acquiesce" and "acquiescence" for the stronger words, "submit" and "submission," which Lincoln had employed in the original draft. In fact, the suggested emendations of the Secretary of State were throughout chiefly of a conciliatory nature, and most of them were adopted by the President.

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demands of the minority, but in the demands of the Constitution, on which Lincoln firmly took his stand. "One section of our country believes slavery is *right*, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is *wrong*, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute." The President leaves it to be inferred on which side he stands. "The fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself." In the original draft Mr. Lincoln's "is against" was supplanted by Mr. Seward's "imperfectly supports." The following is the last reference in the Inaugural Address to "the peculiar institution": "I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. . . . . Holding such a proposition to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable." It should be added in extenuation of Mr. Lincoln's course in regard to this amendment that it had been proposed by a prominent Republican representative, and was adopted by the requisite two-thirds majority in both Houses of Congress, a large number of Republicans voting in its favour. Mr. Lincoln, furthermore, was so close a student of the then political condition as to know that the proposed amendment stood no chance of being adopted by the necessary number of States, either North or South, and so becoming a part of the Constitution.

In comparing Mr. Lincoln's slavery utterances before he came to Washington with those contained in the Inaugural Address, we should bear in mind that his position and responsibilities had entirely changed. At a later period, but referring to the period we are now considering, Mr. Garrison said: "There was a time when I had little confidence in Abraham Lincoln, and very little respect for him: it was when, for almost eighteen months after secession had taken place, he was evidently averse to seeing that slavery had any vital connection with the rebellion, and so refused to strike a blow at its existence."[1] This criticism of the leader of the uncompromising Abolitionists was answered by a coadjutor—the Rev. Samuel J. May—who once said of the President: "It does seem to me that Mr. Lincoln has shown himself anxious to be and to do right, though liable to err through the influences of his education, of his evil advisers, and the complicated difficulties which beset his course of action,"[2]—"perils and trials unknown to any man, in any age of the world, in official station," Mr. Garrison himself said on one occasion.[3]

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison*, iv. 95. [2] *Ibid.* iv. 97. [3] *Ibid.* 108.

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Thomas Hughes considered Lincoln's "faults" to have been "only such as arise from caution and distrust of himself."[1] With armed rebellion already an accomplished fact when he reached Washington, with his own life in danger, with traitors in the Departments, in the army, and even in the Supreme Court, with the North divided, and a majority of his own party eager for compromise, it is not surprising that the President's Inaugural Address should have been written in the most conciliatory tone possible short of abandonment of the very principles of the Republican party. "Although yielding nothing in point of principle," Mr. Schurz writes, "it was by no means a flaming anti-slavery manifesto, such as would have pleased the more ardent Republicans. It was rather the entreaty of a sorrowing father speaking to his wayward children." Practical politics and broad statesmanship demanded such a course, and as Lincoln was a consummate politician, and, as the future showed, a real statesman, his Inaugural Address was not as outspoken on slavery as it would have been had not disunion and war been the subjects uppermost in every mind, if we except those of the little band of Abolitionists. "Many of these anti-slavery men will now," to quote once more the *Atlantic* article, "after a calm retrospect, be willing to admit that it would have been a hazardous policy to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union."

When the war got fairly under way, and all peaceable compromise was out of the question, the cause of the fratricidal conflict, slavery, gradually came to the front again, under the form of "military emancipation." In August 1861, Congress passed an Act, approved by Mr. Lincoln, by which slaves employed in the military and naval service of the rebellion were declared free. Towards the end of the same month, General Fremont issued his proclamation emancipating the slaves of actively disloyal masters in his military district (Missouri). The advanced anti-slavery people of the North hailed this unlooked-for measure as the "beginning of the end." But they had not counted with the conservative and practical spirit of Lincoln. As soon as the President received the authentic text of the proclamation, he wrote General Fremont that the portion of the document relating to the liberation of slaves "will alarm our Southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky.[2] Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph." This rescinding of Fremont's order was a keen disappointment to the Abolitionists. The *Liberator* printed Lincoln's letter between heavy black rules, and declared the President "guilty of a serious dereliction of duty" in

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison*, iv. 121, in a letter to Mr. Garrison.

[2] Although desperate efforts were made by the rebels to secure this State, Kentucky remained loyal.

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not making Fremont's proclamation applicable to all the other slave States in revolt.[1]

Fremont's proclamation, and the President's order revoking it, awakened anew the discussion of the slavery question in the North, and finally brought up public opinion to such a point that Mr. Lincoln felt he could take a step in advance. He began to see that there was a growing feeling that in some way rebellion and slavery might die together. A few days before transmitting his annual message to Congress, in December 1861, which touched upon the subject, "but in so moderate a tone, and with such tentative suggestions, that it excited less immediate comment than any other," and while engaged, doubtless, in writing it, he said in a private letter to Bancroft—who had written him that "posterity will not be satisfied with the result unless the consequences of the war shall effect an increase of free States": "The main thought in the closing paragraph of your letter is one which does not escape my attention, and with which I must deal in all due caution, and with the best judgment I can bring to it." "This language," say the authors, "gives us the exact condition of Mr. Lincoln's mind on the subject of slavery at that time. He hoped and expected to effect an 'increase of free States' through emancipation; but . . . . this emancipation was to come through the voluntary action of the States, and he desired by such policy to render unnecessary the compulsory military enfranchisement which Fremont had attempted, and which his followers advocated."

The text of the message just referred to shows, indeed, that the subject of slavery was not escaping the President's attention. When we closely scan that message we perceive that Mr. Lincoln was ready to admit that the war had already freed many slaves, and might free many more, that he would impartially consider any new law of Congress increasing emancipation, that while he could not hastily adopt extreme measures, still, in order to preserve the Union "all indispensable means must be employed." It was evident that the President was slowly but surely advancing towards the position held by the Radical Republicans and Abolitionists. The declarations contained in this message cover, in fact, the whole of his subsequent treatment of the slavery question.

After an unsuccessful effort to get Delaware to accept his Compensated Abolishment Scheme, the President, on March 6, 1862, sent Congress a special message, in which he recommended the adoption of the following joint resolution: "*Resolved*, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences—public and private—produced by such change of system."

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison*, iv. 33.

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The President did not stop here. He wrote many private letters urging the adoption of the measure, and invited the Border State Congressmen to the White House, in order to persuade them, but in vain, to support the resolution intended especially for them. Finally, on April 10, 1862, the President had the pleasure of signing the joint resolution, which had passed both Houses by a large majority, and which committed the executive and legislative departments of the Government to the policy of compensated emancipation. At least one important practical measure resulted from this action. It put an end to slavery in the District of Columbia, thus consummating a measure which, as we have already seen, the President, when a member of the House, had warmly advocated some thirteen years before.

Though the joint resolution produced but this one practical result it exerted a wide moral influence. The measure sufficed to turn the current of public opinion abroad, and to win sympathy for the Government, and at home it was warmly approved by all the anti-slavery advocates who heretofore had looked askance at President Lincoln. Wendell Phillips welcomed it with his "whole heart," as "one more sign of promise." "If the President has not entered Canaan," he said, "he has turned his face Zionward."[1]

But these high hopes were doomed to be soon disappointed, by a repetition of the Fremont incident. In May General David Hunter, commanding the Department of the South, published an order wherein it was truly declared that "slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible. The persons in these three States—Georgia, Florida and South Carolina—heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared for ever free." It was a week before the news of this order, which complicated still more Lincoln's dealings with the slavery problem, reached the North. Radicals approved it, while Conservative Republicans and Democrats denounced it; and the President was assailed for inaction on the one hand, and for treachery on the other. But Mr. Lincoln's view of the case was clear and prompt. Writing to one of his Cabinet, he said: "No commanding General shall do such a thing, upon my authority, without consulting me." And he forthwith issued a proclamation rescinding Hunter's, and declared significantly, "that whether it be competent for me, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether at any time, in any case it shall become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the Government to exercise such a supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself."

In the meantime public opinion in the North, debates in Congress, and the acts of the army, were rapidly pushing the President to the point where he felt that he could safely carry out the object

[1] *William Lloyd Garrison*, iv. 48.

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lying nearest to his heart, without weakening the contest in which he was engaged. And still another cause was beginning to exert a powerful influence in the same direction. The war had now assumed tremendous proportions, and was draining the life blood of the nation. But while the South was utilising its negroes for everything except absolute military purposes (it even broke over this prejudice, and tried to make soldiers of them at the very close of the contest, when it was too late to save a lost cause), the North was hesitating about employing against the Rebellion the free coloured population, and the "contrabands" who had fled from their masters. The question was now on many lips: Why not enrol these thousands of coloured men, and let them fight for the freedom of their race, and for the restoration of the Union? The President was soon to answer the question affirmatively.

It was doubtless the sudden collapse of McClellan's Richmond campaign in the summer of 1862, which decided Lincoln to adopt, much sooner than he would otherwise have done, his policy of general military emancipation. The stubbornness of the Border States, which after repeated urging, still refused to sell their slaves to the Government, eased the President's conscience when the time came to carry out the inevitable act. On July 13, 1862, Mr. Lincoln, during a drive, confidentially opened his mind on the subject to two of his Cabinet Ministers. Towards the end of this same month, the President reached his final conclusions and now consulted on the subject his full Cabinet at several regular meetings. The members were astonished at the magnitude and boldness of the proposal. Even after protracted discussions, only two of his councillors gave the measure their unreserved concurrence. Mr. Lincoln's own account of these proceedings is as follows: "It had got to be Midsummer 1862. Things had gone from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game. I now determined on the adoption of the emancipation policy; and without consulting with, or the knowledge of, the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting on the subject. . . . . I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. . . . . Various suggestions were offered. . . . . Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated, and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. . . . . 'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as

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would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war.' The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside waiting for victory."

Two months later the battle of Antietam was fought and won by the Union army. "When Lee came over the river," said Lincoln to a friend, "I made a resolution that if McClellan drove him back, I would send the proclamation after him. The battle of Antietam was fought on Wednesday, and until Saturday I could not find out whether we had gained a victory or lost a battle. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that day; and the fact is I fixed it up a little on Sunday, and on Monday I let them have it." This happened on September 22, 1862.

The famous document contained four leading propositions: (1) A renewal of the plan of compensated abolishment; (2) a continuance of the effort at voluntary colonisation; (3) the announcement of peremptory military emancipation of all slaves in States still in rebellion on January 1, 1863, thus giving them a warning of more than three months' duration; (4) a promise to recommend ultimate compensation to loyal owners.

On December 31, 1862, Mr. Lincoln wrote with his own hand the draft of the final edict of emancipation. On New Year's Day the usual official and public receptions interrupted the President before he had been able to finish revising the engrossed copy of the proclamation, and kept him away from his desk until two in the afternoon. "The rigid laws of etiquette," say the authors, who were eye-witnesses of the scene, "held him to this duty for the space of three hours. Had actual necessity required it, he could of course have left such mere social occupation at any moment; but the President saw no occasion for precipitancy. On the other hand, he probably deemed it wise that the completion of this momentous executive act should be attended by every circumstance of deliberation. Vast as were its consequences, the act itself was only the simplest and briefest formality. It could in no wise be made sensational or dramatic. Those characteristics attached, if at all, only to the long-past decisions and announcements of July 22 and September 22 of the previous year. Those dates had witnessed the mental conflict and the moral victory. No ceremony was made or attempted of this final official signing. The afternoon was well advanced when Mr. Lincoln went back from his New Year's greetings, with his right hand so fatigued that it was an effort to hold the pen. There was no special convocation of the Cabinet or of prominent officials. Those who were in the house came to the executive office merely from the personal impulse of curiosity joined

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to momentary convenience. His signature was attached to one of the greatest and most beneficent military decrees of history in the presence of less than a dozen persons; after which it was carried to the Department of State to be attested by the Great Seal and deposited among the archives of the Government."

In his annual message of December 6, 1864, the President urged upon Congress the passing of an amendment to the constitution abolishing slavery throughout the United States—a civil and legislative corollary of his own military and executive act of the previous year. The proposed amendment had passed the Senate in April 1864, but was lost in the House in June of the same year. But it was brought up again on the last day of January 1865. The scene in the House was one of unusual interest. The galleries were filled to overflowing; the members watched the proceedings with unconcealed solicitude. Scattering murmurs of applause had followed the announcement of affirmative votes from several of the Democratic members. This was renewed when the Speaker voted aye; and when it was finally known that the joint resolution had secured the requisite two-thirds vote, "the announcement was received by the House, and by the spectators, with an outburst of enthusiasm," says the official report, printed in the *Globe*. "The members on the Republican side of the House instantly sprang to their feet, and regardless of Parliamentary rules applauded with cheers and clapping of hands. The example was followed by the male spectators in the galleries, which were crowded to excess, who waved their hats and cheered loud and long, while the ladies, hundreds of whom were present, rose in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs, participating in, and adding to the general excitement and intense interest of the scene. This lasted several minutes." Finally one of the members cried: "In honour of this immortal and sublime event—I move that the House do now adjourn."

There remained still another step before the stain of slavery was for ever washed away from the escutcheon of the United States. The amendment had now to be submitted to the separate States for ratification. By December 18, 1865, the Legislatures of twenty-seven States, constituting three-fourths of the thirty-six then in the Union, had ratified the measure, and thus the thirteenth amendment became a part of the Constitution of the United States, and "the new birth of freedom," which Lincoln invoked for the nation in his Gettysburg address, was an accomplished fact.

THEODORE STANTON.

(To be continued.)

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THE NEW DARWINISM.

THE great controversy which raged only a few years ago around the name of Darwin has subsided. The war of ideas in which the progressive thinkers gave their best powers in aid of the invading doctrine of organic evolution, while conservative minds wielded all their weapons and all their strength in resistance to the invasion, has terminated in the complete victory of the invader. We are all evolutionists now. The question before us at the present day, is not whether species were created or evolved, but what are the essential causes of the gradual modification of organic forms which we know to have taken place.

As often happens in the history of ideas, the innovators of the preceding generation are the conservatives of the present. In religion, the persecuted sect which suffered even unto death for what it held to be the truth, has, when victorious, again and again in its turn persecuted others who dared to maintain there was yet a wider or a deeper truth. So now in Europe, and particularly in England, though not in America, the dominant school of biologists declare with more emphasis than logic, that the central principle of Darwin's system, the theory of natural selection, is the all-sufficient explanation of the evolution of organisms. These biologists are more Darwinian than Darwin. In attempting to explain variation, Darwin attributed some effect to the use or disuse of organs, and to the direct action of external conditions upon the organism. But the view of evolution now in vogue excludes all such cases of variation as these. It is maintained that only those variations which are "congenital" are inherited. The conditions of life, it is admitted, affect the organism in various definite ways, but modifications so produced are quite transitory, they disappear at the death of the individual which exhibits them, and have no hereditary effect. Congenital variations are independent of all conditions of life, they arise in consequence of changes in the hereditary constitution of the organism, changes which are not set up by external stimuli. These congenital variations take place in all organs in all directions, and the larger they are the more rarely they occur, those which are more minute occurring constantly in every generation.

It is not difficult to illustrate by examples what is meant by a congenital variation. In man and domesticated animals various

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abnormalities and monstrosities frequently occur, appearing in the newly-born or newly-hatched young suddenly and for the first time, and not having been present in preceding generations. Children, for instance, are occasionally born with six toes on hands or feet, although their parents and relations had the usual five. Supernumerary digits also occur thus in cats and other animals. Such peculiarities when they have once appeared are generally strongly inherited by the offspring of the individuals which possess them. On the other hand, they cannot, in the first instance, be themselves attributed to the inheritance of any modification produced in a parent or ancestor by the conditions of life. Another illustration is the production of new flowers by horticulturists. It is the practice of professional flower-growers to sow a large quantity of seed from a given variety of plant, and among the numerous plants thus raised occasionally one or a few individuals are observed which differ strikingly in colour, or form, or both, from their parent and brethren. These are carefully preserved and propagated by seeds or cuttings, and experience shows that the peculiarities are usually inherited. These are extreme instances: but the individuals of every generation differ more or less from one another, and from their own parents, in one or more features or characters, and these differences are present at birth or hatching, that is, they are congenital. In fact, it is universally observed that variations are constantly occurring which are not repetitions in the offspring, of modifications produced in either parent by the conditions of life. It must not, however, be supposed that a congenital variation or character is necessarily present from the earliest moment of existence. We know that an inherited peculiarity may be latent for a certain period of life, and so may a variation. For instance, the wings and colour of a butterfly are not to be seen in the caterpillar, and yet small individual variations, or sports and monstrosities in these characters may and do appear in butterflies on their emergence from the chrysalis.

Thus acquired characters may be defined as those which are produced in the individual during its life-time by the conditions to which it is exposed: congenital variations those which appear in an individual, or in an organ as soon as it is developed, or which whenever they appear are held to be due to the properties of the organism, not to external forces. As to the causes of congenital variations, one hypothesis will be discussed presently. All other suggestions as to the causes of this kind of variation, from Darwin's to the most recent, are extremely vague; the majority of authorities have agreed in attributing to the organism a tendency to vary indefinitely in all directions, and in calling the variations spontaneous, or fortuitous, to distinguish them from those modifications which are obviously due to the conditions of life.

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According to the prevailing doctrine, then, by the natural selection of congenital variations, all the phenomena of evolution it is maintained are explicable.

On the strength of this revised version of Darwinism we are gravely told by Mr. William Platt Ball in an essay entitled "Are the effects of Use and Disuse inherited?" that if in our own race "ruinous deterioration and other more immediate evils are to be avoided the race must still be to the swift and the battle to the strong;" "open competition as Darwin teaches, with its survival and multiplication of the fittest, must be allowed to decide the battle of life independently of a foolish benevolence that prefers the elaborate cultivation and multiplication of weeds, to the growth of corn and roses." "Civilisation largely sets aside the harsh but ultimately salutary action of the great law of Natural Selection, without providing an efficient substitute for preventing degeneracy." "If acquired modifications are impressed on the offspring and on the race, the systematic moral training of individuals will in time produce a constitutionally moral race, and we may hope to improve mankind even in defiance of the unnatural selection by which a spurious but highly popular philanthropy would systematically favour the survival of the unfittest and the rapid multiplication of the worst. But if acquired modifications do not tend to be transmitted, if the use or disuse of organs or faculties does not similarly affect posterity by inheritance, then it is evident that no innate improvement in the race can take place without the aid of natural or artificial selection."

Before proceeding to examine into the logical stability of the New Darwinism we may well pause to ask if there are really any such relations between that theory of evolution and the problems of our own civilisation as are indicated in the above quotations. Let us assume for the moment that the New Darwinism is the true explanation of organic evolution. In what degree does our civilisation set aside the action of the great law of Natural Selection? Only the other day Professor Huxley told us that the condition of General Booth's "submerged tenth" was the necessary consequence of the struggle for existence. If Mr. William Platt Ball merely means to protest against the attempt to prevent the starvation and death of these unfortunate losers in life's race, let him do so, but he should remember that up to the present moment our civilisation has not prevented the struggle for existence with its necessary consequences the survival of the strongest and the death of the weakest. In civilised England at the present time parents are known to hope for and passively at least to hasten the death of their children for the sake of what is ironically called the insurance on their lives. Is it foolish benevolence or the fierce struggle for existence which has produced this degeneration of the parental instincts?

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Surely if there is one thing more characteristic than another of our civilisation it is open, keen, competition. Even our education is competitive, and all our public services are recruited by competitive examination. In these competitions for the mere right, as it were, to commence the struggle for existence, the most qualified succeed, those whose faculties or whose strength will not bear the strain fail. Failure in such cases does not necessarily mean death, but no one can deny that many friendless young men and women do actually sink and die in the desperate endeavour to earn a living. We do not hear of a great many deaths by starvation, but undoubtedly numbers of the unsuccessful, the unemployed, are killed every year, indirectly, but none the less really by the struggle for existence.

The only people who are exempt from the struggle are those who belong to rich families whose wealth is handed down from generation to generation. These are not forced to compete for a living, though many of them compete for fame or power. But the wealthy class is not permanent. Younger sons are constantly sent out from it to earn their own living: some families become extinct, and their wealth passes to others which previously belonged to the competing crowd; other families by extravagance or misfortune lose their wealth, and their members have to elbow their way by their own strength to a place in life's race. In fact if we were to follow for a time the fortunes of families in the middle classes we should find that as generations succeeded one another some individuals rise to be wealthy, others sink lower to be workmen; among families in the working classes we should find some members rising to the professional or capitalist classes, others sinking to the thriftlessness, poverty and misery of the slums. There seems to be little cause to fear at present that philanthropy will check competition or mitigate the severity of the struggle for existence to any important extent.

But lest Mr. Ball should be too much lifted up by reflection that open competition is safe for the present even in our civilisation, I would point out that Natural Selection does not necessarily, or by any means in all cases, lead to improvement of the organism. Mr. Ball could scarcely maintain that civilisation, or a foolish benevolence, or a spurious but highly popular philanthropy, has led to the evolution of cannibalism among the negroes of Central Africa. Surely those negroes have never suffered from any such evil influences. They have ever been under the salutary action of the great law of Natural Selection, and yet they are cannibals. In the evolution of animals Mr. Ball ought to know, since he has been studying the subject, degeneration is as common as progressive elaboration. Parasitism, and the adoption of a sessile condition of life are the two principal conditions of degeneration. Parasitic crustacea, near relations of some of the most highly organised invertebrates, commence life provided with limbs, sense-organs, digestive organs and powerful muscles.

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After a time they fix on to a fellow crustacean, suck his juices and degenerate into mere shapeless bags, "sans eyes, sans ears, sans limbs, sans everything." Such parasites must be descended from highly organised ancestors. Yet their evolution, according to Mr. Ball and his teachers, is due to Natural Selection. Similarly the barnacles and ascidians are believed to be descended from active ancestors much more highly organised than themselves. How then are we to be sure that open competition and natural selection will not produce degeneration in man?

The fact is, Mr. Ball does not realise the complexity of his subject. He talks of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, but what are the fittest? It is a purely relative term, and means those organisms which are best adapted to the conditions of their lives. All evolutionists believe in adaptation, those of Mr. Ball's school say that everything in organisms is adapted. We all agree that animals living in darkness are blind and colourless. One side says the fact is to be explained by the cessation of selection in relation to the eyes and to colour, the other says it is the direct result of the absence of light. In either case it follows that if we ourselves live in moral darkness we may become morally blind. The criterion is not whether competition exists or not, but whether the perception of morality is an advantage in the competition, or is indifferent or disadvantageous.

To take an actual example. It is generally admitted that among dwellers in our large towns shortsightedness is much more common than among rustics. This is explained by selectionists on the principle that short sight is a defect which hinders success in a country life, but has no effect on success in town life, because so completely outweighed by the qualities of the brain and nervous system. Thus we reach a common agreement that life in large towns leads to the increase of shortsightedness. It is due to the conditions of life.

In the animal kingdom adaptation to new conditions is brought about by the development and specialisation of some organs, and the degeneration of others. In the evolution of animals the loss of organs is quite as conspicuous a fact as their development. The disciples of the New Darwinism explain both processes by their theory. All evolutionists agree that organs which are highly important in the struggle for existence, which are highly useful, increase in efficiency from generation to generation, while these which cease to be useful disappear or become rudimentary. Thus snakes have lost all their limbs, eels and whales have lost their hind limbs only. Carnivora have teeth, especially large canines, and claws for slaying herbivora; herbivora have grinding teeth, no canines, and a complicated stomach, which enable them to live upon grass.

The question, therefore, to be answered in contemplating the evolution of civilised men, is what organs or faculties are those on

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which the individual's success in life depends. The answer to that question depends on another—namely, what are the conditions of his life, how does he have to get his living, and in what directions are the conditions likely to change? Under our system of industrial competition it may be said that the principal condition of success is general intellectual ability. There are many kinds of special ability or faculty whose possession is enough to ensure success; a first-rate artist, singer, musician, or writer, can always make a living, and, therefore, there is reason under existing conditions to expect that such faculties will always be selected and improved. But only a few can thus succeed. A certain number more survive and succeed in the struggle for life by the intellectual faculties needed in the professions, in medicine, the law, or the Church. But the success of a far greater number depends on general business ability. In the working-classes skill of mind and hand enable many to earn a good living. When we come down to the unskilled labourers, it is somewhat difficult to see that the fittest succeed, although there is generally so much competition for the hardest toil.

But there are in our civilisation many modes of earning a living, success in which depends on the use of faculties whose preservation and development is anything but desirable. Women live by prostitution, both men and women by crime, and hand down their characteristics and their vices to their children. Will Mr. Ball say that philanthropy is the cause of this? Mr. Ball speaks of morality. He does not realise that the evolution of morality according to his own view of evolution, or rather that of his teachers, depends entirely on the question whether moral instincts and inclinations are necessary or advantageous in the struggle for existence. Instead of advocating open competition and denouncing philanthropy, he would do well to consider whether our civilisation selects virtue in all cases rather than vice. Is it not too frequently true that unscrupulous ability succeeds where conscientious ability fails? Have we not a class of men who live by the fraudulent promotion of companies; others who make fortunes out of patent medicines, the sale of which depends on lying advertisements?

It behoves us, therefore, if we are anxious about the future of our race, to lay to heart the truth that man, like other organisms, will always be adapted to the conditions of his life. To discover in detail the applications of this truth to our own social life requires patience and open-mindedness, much observation and much thought. We shall gain little by doctrinaire teaching, founded on a superficial acquaintance with a particular theory of organic evolution.

Let us therefore examine theories of evolution by the dry light of reason, as matters of evidence and logic, unmoved by imaginary terrors as to the baneful effect on posterity of the general adoption of any particular view.

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As I have said, the essential principle of the New Darwinism is that acquired characters are not inherited. The stock form of argument brought against those who maintain the direct action of conditions is that innumerable instances are known of modifications produced in the individuals, but not reappearing in the offspring. Mutilations have frequently been mentioned in this way. A father has his leg amputated, yet his son, begotten after the accident, is born with two legs. A wooden leg does not run in families, unless handed down as property. Blindness caused accidentally is not inherited. And so on *ad infinitum*. On the other hand, it is pointed out that though a cat which has been deprived of her tail does not bear tailless kittens, yet a cat born with six toes is sure to bear some kittens with supernumerary digits. Therefore, variations due to accidental circumstances have no inherited effect, while congenital variations, occurring independently of circumstances, are usually inherited very strongly.

On this point it is extremely important that the selectionists should have a better understanding of their opponents' position. We do not maintain, in spite of the facts to the contrary, that mutilations and all modifications directly produced in the individual are transmitted completely and exactly to the offspring. We are as well aware as our opponents that they are not. The question whether acquired characters are inherited in this sense requires no discussion. Isolated cases of such inheritance may or may not occur, it is certain that in the majority of cases no such inheritance takes place. But by abandoning a position, which, I believe, was never really held, we yield nothing. The battle is to be fought out on very different ground.

It is perfectly obvious that the basis of the whole doctrine of evolution is the observed fact of the occurrence of individual variations. Therefore, in order to construct a theory of evolution, it is necessary to have a theory of variation. Having rejected the influence of the conditions of life in producing inheritable variations, the Neo-Darwinians must account for these in some other way. Professor Weismann initiated the crusade against the inheritance of acquired characters, and at the same time enunciated a new theory of variation which excluded the influence of the conditions of life. I do not assert that all the biologists who agree with Weismann's destructive teaching are equally ready to endorse his attempt at construction. But, for my own part, I am sure that if there were no other causes of variation than those assigned by his theory, then organic evolution would have been impossible.

According to Weismann's theory, all the hereditary characters in an organism are determined by certain unalterable properties residing in the fertilised ovum from which the individual was developed. The reproductive cells of that individual are derived, not really from

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his body, but directly from that same fertilised ovum. These reproductive cells contain the same unalterable properties as the ovum from which the individual developed. Therefore, each of these reproductive cells, male or female as the case may be, has the power of determining, in the next generation, the development of another individual exactly like the one from which we first started. Thus Weismann's theory is first of all a theory of heredity. A child is like its parent because the ovum from which the child arose was once a part of the ovum from which the parent developed. Certain of the properties of an ovum may remain latent, not affecting the constitution of the individual springing from the ovum, and thus we have an explanation of the facts of reversion and atavism. It is a logical consequence of this theory of heredity, that where reproduction is unisexual, where a race is propagated by buds, cuttings, or by parthenogenesis, variation does not occur, except so far as it may be accounted for by the existence of latent properties in the reproductive cells. Weismann maintains that this logical consequence harmonises with the facts of observation.

But in bisexual generation, in the union of female reproductive cell with male reproductive cell we have the secret of variation. Before the union of the reproductive cells, before the act of fertilisation, each cell loses some of its unalterable properties, and the deficiency of each is made up by the union of the two. Thus, if a given unalterable property is retained in each of the two uniting cells, derived from two distinct individual parents, then the character in the offspring determined by that property will be more strongly developed than in the parents. No definite number is fixed for the unalterable properties, and therefore we may suppose a character in one parent to be due say to 6 germ-properties. If we use arithmetical symbols we may denote such a character, say a limb, by 6 *p*. Then suppose the other parent to have the same limb in a degree corresponding to 5 *p*. Then if in the elimination before fertilisation the germ-properties in the reproductive cells become respectively 4 *p*. and 3 *p*., then the limb in the resulting offspring will correspond to 7 *p*., that is, will be more developed than in either parent.

A parent may produce a great many reproductive cells, but the corresponding offspring will all be different, because the eliminations in each cell before fertilisation, and the unions at fertilisation are al different.

Thus variations according to this theory are all a matter of chance. The germ-properties we may liken to packs of cards. Each ovum contains a pack, which is cut before fertilisation, and then a portion of it unites with a portion of a male pack, and so we get a new pack. From the new pack, not only an individual organism develops, but a very large number of similar packs, the reproduc-

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tive cells of that individual, and all these additional packs contain exactly the same cards as that from which they were derived.

Now while this theory is consistent with the mere increase in size of organs once in existence, it is not possible to conceive how any new organ or new character could ever arise if the theory were true. Let us take as an example the horns and antlers of ruminants. In all such horns the essential part is a pair of conical or cylindrical outgrowths from the frontal bones of the skull. The horned ruminants we know to have been evolved from hornless animals. We can form no mental conception of a process in which germ-properties associated with the development of smooth frontal bones could by combination determine the development of frontal bones having a definite protuberance. In fact, Weismann has never even argued that the conception is possible; he has not shown in detail how on his theory new organs could arise. Equally inconceivable on this theory as the origin of horns is that of the venomous teeth of snakes, of the feathers of birds, of the wings of insects, of the mammary glands of mammals, of the pouch of marsupials, of the electric organs of fishes, of the eyes on the edge of the mantle of scallops, of the ears in the tail of the opossum shrimp, of the phosphorescent organs in fishes and crustacea, or of any other of the innumerable organs which we know to have arisen in animals whose ancestors had never possessed anything similar. Heredity means the begetting of like by like, but no combination or permutation of hereditary qualities can ever produce anything new in kind, and not merely in degree.

Of course we are told to look at any species of animal, examine a dozen, a hundred, or a thousand individuals, and see how every organ varies. Galton has shown that the variations of any organ or any quality, when arranged in order of magnitude, form a curve of error, and can be treated according to the mathematical theory of such curves. All very true and very important, but it does not help us to conceive the inconceivable. We know that every organ varies; we admit that new organs may have had their origins in comparatively small variations. But we cannot form any real conception of those small variations arising in consequence of a combination of the hereditary qualities of parents which were destitute of the smallest beginning of such variations. It is useless to argue in favour of such a hypothesis, for no mind can conceive it.

Let us next consider the process which Weismann, with barbaric contempt for Greek, called panmixia, for which I have suggested the emendation pammixis. This process is stated to be a sufficient explanation of the gradual degeneration of useless or disused organs. Pammixis is merely the absence of selection. When an animal ceases altogether to depend on a given organ in the struggle for existence—when, in consequence of a change in the conditions of

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life, an organ becomes superfluous—then it makes no difference to the animal's success in the struggle whether that organ is well developed or ill developed; whether it is perfect or imperfect. Therefore selection with regard to that organ ceases; it is no longer a qualification necessary to success. Consequently, among the individuals which survive in any generation all variations of the organ, the lowest as well as the highest, will be present. The different variations will be combined together indiscriminately, in sexual union, since, in the absence of selection, individuals which have the most perfect condition of the organ will mate with others which have the organ in a less perfect state. In the offspring thus produced the development of this particular organ must, on Weismann's theory of variation, be less than it was in the parents which had the organ most developed. Therefore, argue the Neo-Darwinians, in each such successive generation the maximum development of the organ will be less than in the preceding, until the organ becomes rudimentary, or disappears altogether. This is the explanation given of the degeneration of teeth in the whale-bone whales, of hind limbs in all cetaceans, of the disappearance of teeth in birds, of eyes and colour in cave-dwelling animals.

The fallacy of this argument is so obvious that it is surprising it should be for a moment accepted. For what is stated of the maxima variations is equally true of the minima. In the absence of all selection the minima variations will be combined in sexual union with variations superior to themselves, and therefore in each successive generation the minimum will be raised. Thus the only possible result of pammixis, on Weismann's theory of variation, will be the production of uniformity in a disused or useless organ, and the degeneration or disappearance of such an organ will be absolutely impossible.

We are told that in some cases the reduction of a useless organ is an actual advantage, and then selection acting in a reversed direction hastens its disappearance. It seems to me that the selectionists will have to assume that the disappearance of a useless organ is always an advantage, for the phenomenon is not on their own hypothesis to be explained by pammixis.

But on the theory of sexual combination there is another difficulty affecting both the rise and fall of organs or characters, namely that presented by the phenomena of metamorphosis in individual development. Professor Huxley, years ago, in a popular exposition of the *Origin of Species*, described as the most typical example of the production of a new form by selection, the case of the "otter" or "ancon" variety of sheep raised from a single lamb born in Massachusetts in 1791. The case is mentioned by Darwin, and its complete history is recorded in the "Philosophical Transactions" of 1813. As the original short-legged sheep could not leap over

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fences it was preserved for breeding, and its peculiarities were strongly inherited. In this way a peculiar breed was maintained. As Darwin points out, this malformation of the leg is of common occurrence in various animals—*e.g.*, in dogs characterising the turnspit and dachshunds, and according to one naturalist occurring in the wild jaguar in Paraguay.

Now such variations as this have no bearing whatever on the great majority of the phenomena of evolution. It is certain that the most striking modifications which have taken place in the evolution of existing animals are repeated in the actual development of each individual. If the ancon lamb had been exactly like its fellows when born, and its legs had subsequently grown short and crooked, then we should have had a modification similar to those which we know to have usually occurred in evolution. For the modifications to which evolution is due do not consist in an alteration of the course of development from the beginning, but in an alteration in the structure of the animal after its development is completed. The sessile barnacles, when first hatched, are free-swimming forms similar to the young of highly organised crustacea, and the changes by which the barnacle becomes so wonderfully different from its relatives take place after the larva has lived for some time an active existence. The ascidian begins life in the form of a tadpole with a muscular tail, and subsequently fixes itself by its head on to a rock, and then its tail disappears. The tadpole of the frog is in all respects, except minor details, similar to those adult amphibia which pass their whole lives in the water. The newly hatched flat-fish is symmetrical, with an eye on each side of its head, like the adults of other fishes. In all these cases it is admitted that the earlier condition of the existing animal represents and is similar to the adult ancestor of a remote period in the past. The foetal whale again has well-developed hind limbs, which after developing into a condition almost perfect in proportion to the rest of the body, gradually dwindle away again to the merest rudiments.

The sexual combination theory takes no heed of these facts. The mere union of hereditary properties in the germ, though it might strengthen the development of a certain organ could not cause that development to run as it were straight for a certain time and then turn a corner. To account for the degeneration of organs that theory must assume some of the germ-properties corresponding to those organs to be eliminated before fertilisation; but this could only prevent the development of these organs, not cause them to develop normally and then dwindle away again, as the gills and tail of a tadpole do.

Thus it seems to me that, even granting for the sake of argument all the assumptions on which Weismann founds his theory, no results which can legitimately be deduced from those assumptions have any

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relation to the more important phenomena of evolution. This being the case, it is unnecessary to prove that the assumptions are unjustifiable.

But we are told by many biologists, who do not regard Weismann's positive theories as anything more than brilliant and suggestive speculations, that he and his followers have at least shown that there is no evidence for the inheritance of acquired characters.

These evolutionists are content to regard all variations as congenital, and assuming that small variations of every possible kind may and do occur in every organ and every character, they devote their energies to discovering or inventing adaptations in every detail, and discussing *ad infinitum* the complex ways in which selection may act. Let us then, without considering any other theories or speculations concerning the causes of what are called congenital variations, inquire whether there is any ground for the assertion that the variations which we know to have occurred in particular cases of evolution were not due to the action of conditions, but to some causes independent of conditions.

The particular case to which I myself have given most attention is that of the flat-fishes. There are three essential differences between an adult flat-fish—*e.g.*, a plaice or a turbot—and a symmetrical fish, such as the cod. In the former there are two eyes on the upper side of the head, and none on the lower; while in the latter there is a pair of eyes symmetrically located one on each side of the head; in the former the dorsal fin extends forwards along the edge of the head, and separates the side bearing the eyes from the blind side, while in the latter the dorsal fins do not extend to the level of the eyes, but if continued straight forwards they would pass between the eyes; thirdly, in the former the upper side is pigmented, the lower side white, while in a symmetrical fish the pigmentation of the two sides is symmetrical. In these same three characters the adult flat-fish differs from its larva.

To explain the evolution of these characters by "congenital" variation and selection, it must be assumed that in the symmetrical ancestors their beginnings occurred as variations in adults which had not exhibited them during the previous part of their lives, and did not inherit them from their parents. And yet no one has even attempted to show that any symmetrical fish has exhibited a twisting of the eyes late in life after having lived since hatching with symmetrical eyes. No symmetrical fish has been found in which, after the two sides had been similarly coloured all its life, one of them became less pigmented than the other. No variation in symmetrical fishes has been found which occurred late in life and consisted in the growth of the dorsal fin or fins away from the median line of the body between one of the eyes and the mouth. Yet all these variations must be

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assumed to have occurred in the ancestors of flat-fishes if their evolution is to be explained by congenital variation and selection.

On the other hand, all the changes which have taken place in the evolution of flat-fishes are such as must have taken place in accordance with known physiological effects, in individual fishes which, after a certain period of development, adopted the habit of lying on their sides on the sea-bottom. With regard to the absence of pigment from the lower side, I have proved by experiment that in a few months some pigment can be produced on that side by reflecting light up to it by means of a mirror, the young fish being kept in a vessel with a glass bottom. This result, though of course it requires te be supplemented, affords some support to the belief that the absence of pigment from the lower sides of flat-fishes is due to the fact that light scarcely ever falls on those sides.

The same argument applies equally to many cases of direct structural adaptation. The adherents of the New Darwinism, in fact, take up this curious position. They do not deny that the conditions of life produce certain definite structural changes in the individual organism during its lifetime. They also admit that the successive modifications which resulted in the evolution of such structural adaptations were of the same kind as those which the conditions produced in each individual. But because they are told that acquired characters are not inherited, they arbitrarily assume that other "congenital" variations in the same direction occurred, and yet do not attempt to support their assumption by any evidence that such variations occur in existing organisms apart from the conditions which cause them in the individual.

If it were demonstrably impossible that acquired characters should be inherited, there would be some justification for the Neo-Darwinians. But that is not the case. All that has been said is that sufficient evidence of such inheritance has not been produced. It seems to me, however, that the inheritance of acquired modifications is as legitimate an induction from the observed facts of organic nature, as is the doctrine of evolution itself. It may be said that in the history of cultivated animals and plants we have experimental evidence of evolution on a small scale, while we have no experimental evidence of the inheritance of acquired modifications. But it seems to me that the history of cultivated animals and plants actually supplies experimental evidence of this inheritance. I think it cannot be denied that the artificial milking of cows and goats causes in the individual enlargement of the udders. It seems also historically true that the enlargement now seen in domesticated cows or goats has not been produced in one generation. Therefore even granting human selection, it follows that the enlargement of the udder produced by unnatural external stimulus in the selected individuals has been accumulated by inheritance. Here is an

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example from Darwin's *Variation under Domestication.* In six generations an American variety of maize cultivated in Germany completely changed its characters and became perfectly similar to a known European variety. In this case the object of the cultivator seems to have been to keep the original variety true to its proper characters. Yet the change that occurred was in an opposite direction, and was gradually accumulated. It did not occur in one generation and remain constant, but began in the first and increased step by step in the succeeding.

All that is necessary to prove that acquired characters are inherited in the sense in which the words ought to be used is to show that an external influence of the same kind and the same degree produces more effect in every generation than in the preceding. For the excess in the effect, seeing that the acting force is the same, must be due to accumulation by inheritance. If there were no inheritance, then the same condition would produce always the same degree of modification in an individual subjected to it. If there is some inherited effect, then the same condition will produce more modification in an individual whose parents were also subjected to it, than in an individual exposed to it for the first time.

The Neo-Darwinians have a certain conception of heredity which I have shown to be incompatible with the observed phenomena of life and evolution. Their opponents have a different conception of heredity which is founded upon these phenomena. We conceive of heredity as the tendency in the offspring to repeat the same rhythm, to go through the same phases of life and structure, as the parent. We further deduce from the facts of observation, that the conditions of life, the physical forces which act upon the organism affect and modify this rhythm in ways which can be accurately ascertained by observation and experiment. When the conditions of life remain unaltered, then their influence on the course of the individual life is in the same direction as the hereditary tendency, and in this case the result is that the development of the individual is hastened, and therefore abbreviated. We know that characters which must have appeared once in adult life are in existing animals exhibited at a much earlier period, in many instances appear as mere transitory embryonic phases. On the other hand, when the conditions of life are changed, a modification of the individual is caused. This modification does not usually reappear by inheritance in the offspring if the conditions that produced it no longer act. The reason of this is obvious: the hereditary tendency is too strong to be overcome or visibly affected by a single disturbance. But if the same new conditions continue to act for many successive generations then the old hereditary tendency is overcome, and the new rhythm or course of life becomes hereditary.

The following experiment well illustrates this conception of

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heredity. If a plant with a vertical stem is placed in a horizontal position, the light coming from above, the end of the stem will bend up towards the light, partly by growth partly by flexure. Such a plant was so placed and, after a certain time, when the upward flexure was established, it was turned round so that the tip pointed downwards. Of course the flexure was gradually reversed until the tip pointed upwards again. After the same interval the plant was reversed once more. This was continued for some days, the plant being reversed at regular intervals. At last, when the time came for turning the plant round, the operation was not performed, it was left undisturbed. But then the plant began to reverse its flexure of its own accord, and actually turned its tip downwards, away from the light. By the regularly repeated reversal of position a rhythm had been set up in the life of the plant, and even when the cause which excited this rhythm ceased, the rhythm itself continued. We do not profess to know how the rhythm of life is transmitted through the minute reproductive cells to the following generation, but we prefer to generalise from observed facts rather than to build theories in the air on the flimsy basis of arbitrary assumptions.

J. T. CUNNINGHAM.

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LONDON: PAST AND PRESENT.

It is matter of common observation, that there exists a class of literary works which only the wealthiest and most firmly established of publishing houses can be expected to furnish to the public. A conspicuous example of this class has lately been issued by Mr. Murray in the form of a library edition of *London: Past and Present*."[1] Consisting of three ponderous volumes, each of 600 pages, this work appears in the guise of an index to the palaces, places, public buildings, and houses of entertainment which have made London famous in the past, and maintain its reputation in the present. There are notices of the palaces of St. James, Kensington, Whitehall, and Westminster; of localities so dissimilar as Belgravia and Bethnal Green; the Pantheon receives fitting recognition, as does St. Paul's; and the array of ancient inns and taverns is astonishing. Under each heading has been gathered a variety of elucidatory references, culled from a varied and extensive circle of literary authorities, by means of which an interesting light is thrown upon the subject under notice. Perhaps there is too great an abundance of these erudite references; but the fault, if it be one, is on the right side. The appearance of these volumes as a whole—handsomely bound and well printed upon exceptionally good paper as they are—is of itself calculated to prejudice one in their favour; and it is only a just judgment to pronounce upon them that they are worthy of their theme. They will assuredly occupy a prominent place in the ever-increasing ranks of the works that relate to the history and associations of the greatest city of modern times. We are, however, of opinion that a judicious pruning of the exuberant quotations would in no way impair the value of the volumes, and we are equally convinced that the addition of maps and explanatory charts would incalculably add to their usefulness and interest.

The compilation of these volumes has been the work of many years and of several writers. But to Mr. Henry B. Wheatley—the latest to alter and to add to the work, and who, moreover, has seen the present edition through the press—must be assigned the praise, as, indeed, he claims the responsibility, for the accuracy of the work as it now appears. It was commenced rather more than forty years

[1] *London: Past and Present: its History, Associations, and Traditions.* By Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Based upon the *Handbook of London*, by the late Peter Cunningham. In three volumes. London: John Murray. 1891.

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ago, when Peter Cunningham first published in 1849 his *Handbook of London* in two volumes. In the following year a revised edition in one volume appeared. Notwithstanding the high position accorded to his book, on the ground of its varied information and accuracy of detail, Mr. Cunningham did not publish a later edition. On his death, however, in 1859, his brother, Colonel Francis Cunningham, undertook the revision for a new edition, but did not live to complete his task. Mr. James Thorne, author of a *Handbook of the Environs of London*, was next entrusted with the completion of the new edition. By him many illustrative quotations were added, and the work grew apace. But Mr. Thorne also died leaving the task unfinished, and his MS. was handed to Mr. Wheatley for revision previous to publication. It thus appears that for a generation past the work now published by Mr. Murray has been engaging the attention and engrossing the energies of a succession of competent authorities; and we cordially congratulate Mr. Wheatley upon successfully completing an undertaking so unhappily hindered by the demise of his predecessors.

The "City" of London covers approximately one square mile. The Metropolitan district of London—which is universally known as "London"—comprises something under 150 square miles. "Greater London," which extends for twelve miles round Charing Cross, enormously exceeds even that area. Mr. Wheatley's "London" is mainly confined to the "City" of London and its immediate surroundings, though a very large portion of the work deals with localities that collectively make up what is popularly known as the West End. Some account is given of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, and a brief notice occurs of Wapping. But of London north of the Thames, that part lying west of Temple Bar occupies the main portion of Mr. Wheatley's pages. Certainly he notices at some length "the extensive suburban parish" of Islington, which "includes the town of Islington, and the hamlets of Holloway, Highbury, Canonbury, Barnsbury, Kingsland, Ball's Pond, and other places," but his notice is mainly confined to the Islington of the period prior to the eighteenth century, and very brief references are given to the numerous interesting districts of which it consists. Hampstead, again, receives no notice; neither does Fulham. In both instances, the numerous residences of illustrious folk of bygone days that until quite recent years were to be found in these suburbs would have amply justified their inclusion; while some of the churches and public buildings still standing are of the greatest interest from their age and associations. Speaking roughly, the localities of which Mr. Wheatley's volumes tell us may be said to lie within a district bounded by an irregular line drawn from the Thames through Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Islington, St. Pancras, St. Marylebone, Paddington, Bayswater, Kensington,

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Chelsea, Battersea, Lambeth, Kennington, and Southwark. To what dimensions the three bulky volumes would have expanded had the districts been added which immediately adjoin those just named, it is impossible to guess; but we cannot help feeling that it is a somewhat imperfect knowledge of modern London with which Mr. Wheatley's work acquaints us.

Premising in his Introduction that "the history of London for many centuries is contained in the pages of this book, but it will be found divided out under the headings of the different buildings and localities, and not in a connected sequence," Mr. Wheatley has written a brief but interesting account of the various changes that have taken place in London. Dating back from early British times, the name Llyn-Din, the "lake-fort," is admittedly of Celtic origin. It is still in dispute, however, whether the name belonged solely to a locality north of the Thames, or whether it was not originally applied to an early settlement of the Britons on the site of the modern borough of Southwark. Ptolemy distinctly mentions Londinium as south of the Thames, and several of the most famous historians of London declare their belief in his accuracy. The weight of authority, however, appears hostile to the supposition that a British town existed on the site afterwards chosen by the Romans on which to erect their camp. So placed as to command the passage of the Thames—whether by ferry or, as has been surmised, by a primitive bridge—the earliest settlement by the Romans was a mere fortified post. It is stated that this camp was bounded by Tower Hill on the east. This is but a vague definition, and we are inclined to believe that Mr. Loftie is correct in stating that the modern Mincing Lane defines the eastern limit of the first Roman wall. We are at a loss, however, to understand Mr. Wheatley's remarks as to the western and northern boundaries of the district first walled in. He says: "There is reason to believe that it (the earlier settlement) did not take in any ground to the west of Leadenhall. . . . . How far north the first wall was placed it is difficult to guess. . . . . As it was illegal in Roman times to bury within the walls, we are forced to the conclusion that the places where sepulchral remains have been found were at one time extra-mural. No funeral relics have been found between Gracechurch Street and the Tower. The northern boundary has been drawn just below Lombard Street, and of this area the same may be said." Now, any one visiting the localities named, or consulting a map of the district, will find that Leadenhall Street runs from *east* to *west* until it is crossed by Gracechurch Street, running *north* from the Thames; and that Lombard Street runs *west* from about the middle of Gracechurch Street in a direction almost parallel to Leadenhall Street, which being continued along Cornhill meets Lombard Street close to the Royal Exchange. However, without further labouring this

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point of the boundaries, we may say it appears that the site of the Exchange itself was at one time outside the walls, from the following fact: When Sir William Tite was engaged in excavating for the foundation of the new building, he found that the ground had been in ancient times used as a gravel-pit, that it afterwards became a pond, and finally was used as "a receptacle for refuse."

Whatever doubt may exist as to the exact line of the original Roman walls, it is beyond dispute that the final extension of the Roman town reached to the line of walls which—rebuilt by Alfred in 886 A.D.—eventually remained until the occasion of the Great Fire in 1666. This wall, running straight from the site of the Tower to Aldgate, inclined slightly to Bishopsgate, being bounded on the east by the district afterwards known as the Minories and Houndsditch. From Bishopsgate the wall ran westward (Mr. Wheatley has it "eastward") to St. Giles', Cripplegate, in the churchyard of which one of the bastions of the wall may be seen at the present day, with houses built upon it. From Cripplegate the wall bent in a southerly direction to Aldersgate, whence it continued in a direct line west till it reached Giltspur Street, enclosing the site of Christ's Hospital, and running thence south by the Old Bailey to Ludgate and the Thames; and then turning along the site of Upper and Lower Thames Street, it ended at the Tower. Mr. Wheatley is of opinion that this wall was built early in the second century; but Mr. Loftie, whose opinion is endorsed by Professor Freeman, declares that it did not exist in 350 A.D., but that in 368 A.D. the Roman suburbs that had grown up around the original fortified camp, with their villas, their gardens, and their tombs, were enclosed.

The Roman legions left Britain at the beginning of the fifth century, the Saxon Chronicle recording that never since A.D. 409 "have the Romans ruled in Britain," though we are told by the same authority that in 418 "the Romans collected all the treasures that were in Britain, and hid some of them in the earth, that no man might afterwards find them, and conveyed some with them into Gaul."

Of Saxon London there remain the most meagre traces. It appears to be the general opinion that the East Saxons did not cross the Lea, and that the West Saxons remained west of the Brent, thus leaving the district around London for a considerable time undisturbed, eventually to be occupied by the Middle Saxons. But by the commencement of the seventh century London had asserted its position so far as to cause Bede to describe it as being "in 604 the metropolis of the East Saxons, and an emporium of many peoples who came to it by sea and land." With the appearance of the Danes things began to grow lively for the inhabitants of London. Repeatedly

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assaulted by the Danes, in 851 the city fell into their hands and was plundered by them. The King of the Mercians was speedily put to flight by the conquerors of London, whose triumph, however, was but of short duration, as, having crossed the Thames into Surrey, they were defeated by Æthelwulf and his West Saxons at Ockley. For some years London seems to have been a battleground for the opposing peoples; but in 886 Alfred overcame the Danes, whom he expelled from London, and having restored the town to its Saxon inhabitants, he rebuilt the walls for them in so effectual a manner that the city was never again captured by assault. We know that several of the Saxon kings lived in London, and it is supposed that their palace, or palaces, stood near St. Paul's; but very little is known of the streets of Saxon London, and nothing of its buildings. In the reign of Edward the Confessor so many foreigners settled in London that the coming of William of Normandy was materially facilitated, and a sound reason is apparent for the readiness with which the Conqueror acknowledged London as the capital, and at once proceeded to extend and beautify it.

Abundant materials exist for the history of London since the coming of the Normans. It is not its least or lightest boast, of which it may well be proud, that the City of London can point to the immemorial stand it has made for the liberty and rights of the subject. The part that London bore in wresting the Great Charter from John was worthy her position as the first city in the kingdom; and during the six and a half centuries that have since elapsed there has never been an occasion on which London was not found standing firm on the side of civil and religious liberty. The later history of London is assuredly within the category of subjects with which "every schoolboy" is, or ought to be, acquainted. Without further dwelling upon a subject than which it is difficult to imagine a more interesting and congenial one, we will give a few extracts from Mr. Wheatley's book, which we hope may induce our readers to consult the volumes for themselves, and which at any rate will give a fair idea of the style and scope of the work.

Under the heading "Aldgate," after explaining the position of the gate and recording that its earliest spelling is *Aleyate* (1325–1344), or *Algate* (1381), "which is suggestive of another derivation" rather than that which ascribed its title to its age, Mr. Wheatley tells us that "in 1215 the barons who were at war with King John entered the city with ease at Aldgate, which was then in a ruinous condition. . . . . In 1374 a lease was granted, for the term of his life, to Geoffrey Chaucer of 'the whole of the dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate, with the rooms built over, and a certain cellar beneath the same gate, on the south side of that gate, and the appurtenance thereof,' he undertaking that he will competently 'and

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sufficiently maintain and repair' them, under penalty of being 'ousted' on the neglect to do so."[1]

In whatever condition the gate was kept, it did not hinder the men of Kent and Essex, with Wat the Tyler at their head, from marching through it into the city in 1381; and in 1386 the city authorities formally enacted "that no grant shall from henceforth in any way be made unto any person of the gates, or of the dwelling-houses above the gates." Mr. Wheatley further traces the history of the gate until it was taken down in 1761, and its materials sold for £177 10*s*.

How few people would guess that a public-house which used to stand at the junction of Arabella Row (changed to Lower Grosvenor Place in 1879) and Buckingham Palace Road, and was known by the name of the "Bag of Nails," in truth commemorated a much earlier tavern that had stood upon its site, the original sign of which was "A Satyr of the Woods, with a Group of Bacchanals."[2]

In the course of a notice of Bond Street (Old and New), extending over three pages, Mr. Wheatley mentions that it occupies part of the site of "Clarendon House" (popularly known as "Dunkirk House"), and that it was first rated to the relief of the poor in 1721. The list of eminent inhabitants who in former days have lived, or died, in Bond Street, is a long one, amongst them being the first Duke of St. Albans (died 1726), the son of Nell Gwynne and Charles II.; Laurence Sterne, who died at No. 41; Swift, who spent his last three weeks in London at his cousin Lancelot's house "in New Bond Street, over against the Crown and Cushion;" Nelson (at No. 141), after the battle of Cape St. Vincent, where he lost his arm; Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo; and Lord Camelford, "the celebrated bruiser and duellist (shot in a duel with Mr. Best), at No. 148, in 1803 and 1804."[3]

Nowadays, when the question of women's rights has made such forward strides that some are inclined to wonder whether men will have any rights left to them on the ground of their sex, it is amusing to read the passage[4] quoted by Mr. Wheatley from a letter written by Lady Mary W. Montagu in 1738, and which comes as a tag to the House of Lords:

> "At the last warm debate in the House of Lords it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines, ... the boldest assertors and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of, presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their

[1] *London: Past and Present*, vol. i. pp. 26, 27. [2] *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 87.
[3] *Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 219, 220. [4] *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 243, 244.

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admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them upstairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G—— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered by G—— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the house were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery."

There are many such references strewn about these very readable volumes—as many tragic as amusing. The numerous body of gentlemen to whom Mr. Wheatley makes his acknowledgment for the assistance they have rendered him, probably accounts for the general accuracy of detail. Still there are errors, such as occur on page 242 of the second volume, where Charles I. is spoken of as raising his standard at *Montrose*, instead of at *Nottingham;* and, again, under the heading of "Charing Cross Bridge," where it is stated that "on each side of the bridge is a footway twelve feet wide, secured in perpetuity for the free use of the public by the Metropolitan Board of Works, at a cost of £98,540."[1] We are not in a position to say whether the sum mentioned is correct or not. Considering that the cost of the building of the bridge is stated to have been "about £200,000," it appears excessive; we vouch, however, from actual knowledge, that there is a footpath *only* on the side of the bridge nearest to Waterloo Bridge. But in a work of such magnitude these trifling oversights only tend to bring out more prominently the striking accuracy of the whole.

F. R. C. I.

[1] *London: Past and Present*, vol. i. p. 358.

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THEOLOGICAL EVOLUTION: W. M. W. CALL.

ONE of the least noticed results of the progress of thought during the past half-century has been the occasional secession of clergymen of the Church of England from their office. Much more attention has been given to the men who have been affected either by the critical or scientific advance, but who have still retained their office, and who have, from a more or less prominent position, declared their departure from time-honoured traditions. The honourableness of their conduct in retaining office in, and receiving emoluments from a Church from whose articles and standards they have deliberately departed, may be open to question; we candidly admit we have more admiration for those conscientious individuals who, when they found they could no longer teach unreservedly the doctrines of the Church, renounced all its advantages, and resolved to bear all the pain such a course of action would entail upon themselves and their friends. There are some who took this course who have obtained a certain amount of notoriety, if not of *éclat*, by the publicity with which their secession was attended; but there were others who made no stir, who retired privately and without applause whose sacrifice was known only to themselves and their own immediate friends. In this latter class was the late Wathen Mark Wilks Call, M.A., a short notice of whose career was prefixed to the last article he contributed to the WESTMINSTER REVIEW in October last year.[1] We think it may be interesting to our readers, as well as due to one who was for many years a valued contributor to these pages, to offer a more extended notice now. The interest principally centres in the history of his mental struggles and development, which led him finally to accept, in a modified form, the Positive Philosophy as the only satisfactory intellectual resting-place. He has placed on record an account of his mental transition, and the various gradations through which it passed, in a chapter of autobiography, originally prefixed to the second edition of a volume of poems, entitled *Reverberations Revised*,[2] and recently reprinted with an essay on Final Causes.[3] This autobiography will form the basis of this paper. Of Mr. Call's private life there is little to be said, as his retiring nature kept him apart from public affairs, and he was known only to the world at large by the produc-

[1] "The Search for the Lost Mr. Bathurst".
[2] Trübner & Co. 1876.
[3] Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1891.

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tions of his pen. He was the grandson of Mr. James Call, the youngest brother of Sir John Call, Bart., of Whiteford, Cornwall. After the completion of his University career at Cambridge he entered the Church in 1843, and performed the ordinary duties of a curate until he severed his connection with it in 1856. He subsequently married the widow of Mr. Charles Hennell, whose name is familiar to the readers of the Life of George Eliot. Mr. Hennell was the author of *An Enquiry into the Origin of Christianity;* and Mrs. Hennell, while still Miss Brabant, a daughter of Dr. Brabant, had commenced a translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which upon her marriage she relinquished to George Eliot, who completed it. Mr. Call's acquaintance with the editor of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW sprang from his consulting him respecting a translation of Comte's *Positive Philosophy* which he had projected, and some part of which he had executed. As Miss Harriet Martineau was at the time engaged upon her abridged translation of the same work, the editor introduced Mr. Call to her, with the result that he abandoned his project. The acquaintance thus formed led to Mr. Call becoming a contributor to the REVIEW, his last article, to which we have already referred, reaching the editor but a short time before the writer's death. For many years he suffered from bronchitis and a serious bronchial disorder, necessitating an unusual operation, from which he obtained signal relief, and which he long survived. The end came unexpectedly, and apparently painlessly to him, on August 20 last, in his seventy-third year.

Mr. Call tells us that a strong bias to religious sentiment, accompanied with a certain amount of imaginative activity, was a characteristic of his earliest years. One incident, trivial in itself, which exercised a powerful and permanent influence on his mind, he was fond of recalling. Wandering, after the fashion of children, over the house in which he lived, he strayed into a room where a woman sat reading of strange sights and beautiful shapes beheld in vision—he knew not where, or when, or by whom: the book she read from was the Bible. This awakened his curiosity, and, securing the volume, he gave himself up to the delight of peopling his retreat with the romantic figures which start from the pages of the Old Testament. A description of this incident forms the subject of some verses in the *Reverberations*, in which he recalls the old long-lost sentiment:

> "That time is gone; I live for truth,
> Glad to resign each rainbow sham;
> But still remembering what I am,
> I praise my sweet and saintly youth."

But along with this tendency to religious enthusiasm there were in his mind the seeds of scepticism, which soon came into contact with fostering influences. He heard one schoolfellow avow a disbelief in a material hell. Another objected to the unscientific

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cosmogony of Genesis. A theological book was given him, containing an argument to prove, what he had never doubted, the being of a God. This only seemed to take away the personal and loving Deity in which he believed, and to leave in its place a cold, impassive entity. Byron's poems exercised a spell over him, and though they did not directly educate him into unbelief, they no doubt prepared the way for it. "Cain," indeed, proved provocative of doubt; while the orthodox opinion concerning the fate of Lord Byron in another world inclined him to waver on the subject of posthumous retribution. Shelley, however, exercised more influence over him than Byron, as was natural: "I was fascinated by the tumultuous splendour, the magical music, the ethical grandeur, the social enthusiasm of this imperial genius. His blazing protest against the errors of popular Christianity was in entire unison with my incipient heterodoxy; his deep sympathy with suffering mankind, his magnificent vision of human regeneration, the profoundly religious speculations scattered through his writings, captivated my heart and imagination, and I accepted with eager gladness, as my holy ideal, the spirit of intellectual beauty,

> 'Which wields the world with never wearied love,
> Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.'"

The overthrow of the old creed was now complete. Though his opinions thus underwent a revolution, he was reluctant to cause pain to others, and did not openly repudiate religion, though he rejected the narrowness of the evangelical creed. He entered on residence in the University of Cambridge with the implied understanding that he was eventually to enter the Church. The philosophy of Hume reinforced the arguments of *Queen Mab*, and in the second year of his college life he was without theological faith, but not without faith in truth, in goodness, in human nature. Though the opinion of the University was generally orthodox, he made the acquaintance of several persons who professed sceptical opinions. One was something of a Rationalist, another was a Unitarian, another disputed the efficacy of prayer, while a fourth repelled him by a cynical licence of expression. A reaction gradually set in. He became dissatisfied with the negative opinions which he had precipitantly adopted. He turned from Hume and James Mill to works of mystical piety, to the refiners and spiritualisers of Christian theology, especially to S. T. Coleridge. He read evidences and the works of the great religious Anglican writers. "In thus reverting to orthodox belief, I was influenced by the clamorous demand of my whole nature for a rule of conduct and an objective ideal of faith." He argued himself, as so many are doing to-day, into a belief that this "realised ideal" must exist, and that it could be no other than the Christian Church. He reconciled his mind to the doctrines of the Church by

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a philosophising process. Disavowing the doctrine of plenary inspiration, rejecting the creed of nearly all Christendom on one aspect of the future life, he entered the ministry of the Church in 1843. In sentiment he was Evangelical, in historical prepossession Anglican, in exegesis latitudinarian. He found the internal calm delightful after a long and painful conflict.

Such an artificial calm we can easily conceive was not destined to last. The first disturbance of his satisfaction came from the consideration of the doctrine of eternal punishment. Mr. Call had persuaded himself that a belief in universal restoration was consistent with the Prayer Book, the New Testament, and Christian teaching in general. But he gradually realised that his view was not recognised by the Church. "From every pulpit, from every school-desk, from every book of theology, the doctrine taught was the everlasting perdition of the unrepentant sinner or the hardened unbeliever." All authoritative opinion was against him. Re-examining the subject, he was convinced that Christianity was responsible for the doctrine, that all the Churches without exception believed it. The whole scheme of redemption appeared to him incompatible with the doctrine of universal restoration. "I was haunted, not, indeed, as I believe some have been, with the picture of the flaming prison of the Omnipotent Gaoler ever in the mind's eye, but with a feeling of extreme pity and sorrow for a great part of the human race, the noble, the wise, the great and good, mighty poets and wise benefactors of mankind—for gentle and beloved women, admired and affectionate friends—helplessly and hopelessly lost." The natural consequence of this state of mind was doubt about the infallibility of the Bible. Coleridge no longer convinced him. The inspiration of the Scriptures disappeared step by step. The order in which his conclusions were formed is interesting, as it illustrates the course followed by many minds who have given up their old attachment to the Bible reluctantly, and have parted with it little by little. The Pentateuch began to go first. De Wette, Geddes, Lorenzo Baur, destroyed his faith in the Mosaic authorship. Science undermined the cosmogony of Genesis; geology revealed a world before the alleged Fall in which death and pain existed. The chronology and ethnology of Genesis shared the fate of its cosmogony. The composite character of the Pentateuch became known to him through the writings of Dr. Astruc; the late date of Deuteronomy convinced him that it was only an early example of pseudonymous literature which was afterwards so popular. The Book of Daniel he found was a fabrication of a Jew in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes. The second Isaiah he realised was a writer living during the Babylonian captivity, who described past or contemporaneous events, and did not predict those which would occur in the far future. Then he accepted Neander's explanation of the meaning of the Apocalypse

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of St. John. The fourth Gospel followed; the Gnostic vocabulary, the date of the Crucifixion differing from that of the synoptics, convinced him that it was a work of the second century. The discovery of the existence in the New Testament of two views of Christianity —Petrine and Pauline—explained the discrepancies to be found in it. One doctrine, indeed, he found running all through the New Testament—the expectation of the Christ's immediate return. The synoptic Gospels, the Epistles, the Apocalypse all agreed in this. "On this point there was unanimity among the promulgators of Christianity, but this unanimity was a unanimity of error." Of the old creed of his childhood little remained. He was sceptical about the miracles of the Bible generally, but still held to the crowning miracle of the resurrection of Jesus. Without assuming this, he could not account for the success of early Christianity. "This last hold on supernatural religion was loosened ere long by the searching analysis of Strauss, who, in his first *Leben Jesu*, demonstrated the untrustworthiness of the evidence. Ultimately, I came to see that the diffusion of the Christian religion depended not on the fact of the Resurrection, but on the belief entertained by the Apostles and early converts in the Resurrection." To account for this belief does not seem difficult.

"With the surrender of this cardinal miracle my faith in supernatural agency passed away. On close examination, it proved that neither the miracles of the Old or of the New Testament had the same generic type, nor were they supported by a similar exhibition of so-called evidence. The mark of dignity, congruity, beautiful adaptation, or benevolent purpose was absent from a multitude of what might rather be entitled Church prodigies than miraculous interventions. The revival of the dead man by the contact of his body with Elisha's bones has quite the character of a mediæval miracle. The miracles of the floating axe, of the clothes that after forty years' wear were still new, of the destruction of the herd of swine, of the withering of the fig-tree, of the conversion of the water into wine, and of the extraordinary cures effected by the application of apostolic handkerchiefs or aprons, are rather magical operations than manifestations of divine power."

Hume's argument regained its ascendency over the young curate's mind. The objections to the argument from experience lost their weight. But while his belief in supernatural Christianity was thus undermined, he succeeded in evolving a belief in natural Christianity, which allowed him, not without a painful conflict, as we may well believe, to retain his position as a curate of the Church of England. The time came, however, when this residuum of faith had to give way before continued inquiry. He became a diligent student: Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Spinoza, Mill, Grote, and Comte drew him away from his poets. Comte at one time had an

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almost tyrannous influence over him. He could not accept the political reconciliation of Comte, which rests upon the autocratic principle, nor could he be satisfied "with the chivalrous type of feminine influence and power which the founder of Positivism proposes for our acceptance;" but he welcomed Comte's magnificent survey of the past and present life of humanity, his law of the three successive stages of speculation, and his classification of the sciences. His views on the subject are to be found in an article on the "Religion of Positivism" in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for 1858, the first part of which was from his pen. While he had thus been working his way through darkness into light, the sober light of sad reality as he calls it, life had been bringing, not only to himself, but to all who belonged to him, pain and sorrow. For their sake he had already done violence to his better nature. "Was I now to render the previous sacrifice nugatory? Was the black shadow of my unbelief to enfold those who had already more than their share of the burden of life to sustain?" Friends encouraged him to retain his position in the Church. One clergyman, advanced in years, whose studies had ended, like his own, in the abandonment of dogmatic Christianity, had drawn up a statement of the motives which, as he argued, justified him in the retention of his preferment. This statement was sent him in order to influence him in his decision. But his decision was taken: "I had hitherto deferred," he says, "to the judgment of persons whom I regarded as superior to myself in knowledge of life and in ability to determine questions of moral obligation, but the progress of unbelief and enlarged experience decided me at last on the adoption of an independent course of thought and action. Taking counsel of my own heart, I resolved to terminate a conflict which had become intolerable. . . . . The hour had come at length in which I had to encounter the cares and troubles inseparable from an open disavowal of the popular creed, the sorrow of causing sorrow to others, the laceration of tenderest feeling, the forfeiture of sympathy, social alienation, loss of position and employment, self-dissatisfaction and self-reproach in the present, the dark expectation of a future from which I had little to hope, the regret that accompanies the violent rupture with a past which, if it repels the intellect by the force of logical antipathy, attracts the heart by a thousand sweet and subtle associations of thought and feeling."

This is forcibly put, but probably no words can adequately describe the intensity of the pain and sadness caused to a man of sensitive nature like that of Mr. Call, and circumstanced as he was, by this compulsory severance from old associations and ties. His action made him the subject of painful experiences of another kind as well, to one of which he refers. He was nominated in the will of a near relative as the guardian of her two orphan children; but this was

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opposed on account of his opinions; and a postscript from a private letter, in which he had referred to his dissent from the creeds, was introduced into an affidavit filed in the Court of Chancery to prevent the nomination from being confirmed. Anxiety and mortification were the natural result of such proceedings.

"Nearly twenty years have elapsed," he wrote in 1876, "since this breach of old ties, this separation from the scenes and friends of earlier life, took place. During this interval I have carefully and frequently re-examined the religious question—the most momentous of all questions. The result has been a decided confirmation of the convictions which I then entertained." And he goes on to say, and to say truly, that during those twenty years—and, we may add, still more during the fifteen years which have elapsed since he wrote—scepticism has been vigorously advancing in Europe. As far as the exclusively theological conclusions arrived at by Mr. Call are concerned, they are becoming accepted by nearly all intelligent and educated men. The belief in the plenary inspiration of the Bible is practically gone. The composite character of the Pentateuch and the late date of important parts of it, the dual authorship of Isaiah, the fictitious character of the book of Daniel, the unauthenticity of the fourth Gospel, the conflict of opinion amongst the early advocates of Christianity: these are all becoming generally recognised, and affect the theology even of the orthodox; while, since the day Mr. Call retired from the Church, the discoveries of Darwin and the rise of the evolutionary philosophy have still more altered the point of view from which the old doctrines are regarded.

Theologians are the last to recognise or admit the consequences of the progress of science and criticism. They resist as long as possible all new views which conflict with their prepossessions; yet, notwithstanding this natural, and to some extent excusable, reluctance to part with old beliefs, there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of what, in relation to the authorised standards, must be called unbelief in the Church of England. There are many men holding office in the Church whose state of mind is not unlike that of Mr. Call's during some part of the time in which he held his curacy. Why, then, do they not, like him, recognise that "it becomes doubly a duty when, notwithstanding the general diffusion of avowed or latent unbelief, we trace everywhere the presence of a conservatism that conceals and hesitates and trembles at the doubts which it cannot suppress, that individual dissentients should candidly disclose their theological divergencies." We are not anxious to accuse of wilful dishonesty and hypocrisy the clerical sceptics who still retain their office and perform ecclesiastical functions; they must reconcile their conduct with their consciences as best they can; but they can hardly expect to be spared the severe criticism of those who are not able to enter into the casuistry which satisfies them. Many no

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doubt shrink from the sacrifice which an avowal of their real opinions would entail. Others are under the illusion that in some way, by retaining their position in spite of their rationalism, they are contributing to the broadening and reforming of the Church. It is a vain conceit in them to imagine that they can by their inaction secure any alteration in the Prayer-Book or any modification of the Act of Uniformity. If they wish to reform the Church and secure more freedom for its ministers, they must be prepared to accept the sacrifice and the obloquy which an open avowal of their rejection of dogma will bring upon them. We should welcome a bolder course of action on the part of the more enlightened clergy, which would give us some hope of seeing a revival of the liberalism in the Church which was arrested by the Tractarian movement. At present the conservative forces seem to have full sway. If it is true that the reform of the Church must come from within, it is equally true that it will only be delayed by the timidity and silence of those who, from whatever motive, conceal their real convictions.

Reflections of this kind naturally suggest themselves in considering a career like that of Mr. Call, for we are intensely convinced that the cause of humanity and progress is served more by the fearless and outspoken honesty of one man, than by the supposed "usefulness" of any number of unbelieving priests.

Notwithstanding the theological turmoil through which Mr. Call passed, and the philosophical studies to which he was drawn, the influence of his early attachment to poetry found vent in some volumes of verse of considerable merit. If his compositions in this field are not marked by the highest poetical genius, they are full of sweet and gentle feeling, a warm love of nature, and a rich play of imagination. His translations from the Greek, especially the *Hymn to Demeter*, and some of the lyrics of Catullus, are worthy to rank with some of the best examples of their kind. Amongst his original poems the *Legend of Ariadne* is full of the Greek spirit; and *Manoli*—the subject taken from a Moldavian legend—is marked by dramatic power and deep pathos. In these and other of his poems we hear, too, the note of regret which certain minds must feel at the disappearance of cherished superstitions before the sober light of reality, and the vacancy left in the feelings when the objects of faith vanish before positive knowledge :

> "But ere he spake, the conscious forests sank,
> The sobbing rivers left their channels dry,
> The green sweet life of trees, as in a frost,
> Paled into death; where late were glorious flowers
> Sprang pulpy stems; what once were noblest lakes
> Shrank to mean water-pools, with scurf of weed
> O'erfilmed, and all that magic forest-realm,
> Now disenchanted, lay a waste forlorn,

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A common waste among four common hills.
So is it ever when the gods depart."[1]

In a few political poems in the *Reverberations* we find the influence of Shelley and Carlyle at work, and an attempt to give poetic expression to the socialism which was rising in the middle of the century. There is nothing of the splendour or passion of Shelley or Swinburne in these poems, though there is the same love of humanity and a social ideal. They remind us of the effusions of Thomas Cooper, Ebenezer Elliot, Gerald Massey, and other writers who were so popular thirty or forty years ago.

We have not space to do more than to refer briefly to the Essay on *Final Causes*, published after Mr. Call's death, and though it was only prepared for publication in 1889, was, as he tells us himself, commenced nearly twenty years ago. He calls it a *Refutation*, and it is simply an absolute rejection of all theories of an intelligent purpose in creation. He examines several phases of the Theistic hypothesis only to reject them all, laying stress upon the imperfections to be found in nature, and the universality of pain. His attention is so exclusively devoted to this aspect of creation that he owns he might be taken for an ultra-pessimist, a position which he is careful to disavow.

The Agnostic philosophy, which is more or less avowedly religious in spirit, seems to him as baseless as the Theistic: "The Absolute, the Unknowable, the Homogeneous, the Eternal Essence, which is without limits and transcends thought, the quasi-Deity of the Evolutionary philosophy, will prove to be little more than a glorification of that substratum the very existence of which has been denied by profound thinkers, which Mr. Lewes surrendered, though still believing in an external world, and which Mill, Grote, and Bain all alike rejected. Regarded as the eternal cosmical energy, it has but a shadowy existence in the speculative mind. Our consciousness of muscular or nervous effort is one thing; that there is any such consciousness in Nature is another. The internal energy is no reflex of an external energy, and the subjective force cannot be shown to have a correspondent in an objective force analogous to it."

This extreme view seems to us unsatisfactory, as it appears to detach man altogether from the rest of creation, to isolate him in the midst of the universe, to which he has no organic relation, and to render impossible the synthesis which it is the aim of the philosophy of our times to establish.

Happily, with Mr. Call, as generally even with the most rigid logicians, there is a chink in the windowless wall which he built about him. After all, he says that his creed is not one of despair, but

[1] *Ariadne*, bk. iv.

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of hope: "If I do not as yet believe in the ultimate 'evanescence of evil,' I at least believe in the indefinite improvability of man, and of the continued diminution of all hostile influences in the external world. The victory may seem to tremble in the balance, but the scale dips in favour of the good."

With which cheering expression of faith we must take leave of a brave and honest and loving spirit, who with much pain and at no small cost fought his way from darkness to light, and willingly endured that he might help as well as he could the progress of the world he deeply loved:

> "'Twas so in elder years,
> The splendid yesterdays our fathers knew:
> 'Tis so in these pale faded years of ours;
> And when these busy hands and brains are still,
> And mightier builders work with lordlier aims,
> The same old doom will reign, and men will die,
> To crown their age with beauty, and to bring
> Imperial days, while *they* go building on." [1]

WALTER LLOYD.

[1] *Manoli.*

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DOMESTIC SERVANTS IN AUSTRALIA:

A REJOINDER.

In the November number of the Westminster Review appeared an article entitled "Housekeeping Troubles in the Australian Colonies." It is another of those too common pieces of writing giving a little cheap amusement at the expense of a much maligned class. Honestly I am tired of such, and can no longer refrain from taking up the defence of those whose position puts them at a great disadvantage in regard to such attacks. Those attacked are as a rule ignorant of the lances levelled against them, and defenceless in the fact that they are not equipped with the weapon of a ready pen, or the help of a friendly editor wherewith to face their scarcely generous foes.

The writer of the article referred to was a visitor in Melbourne for some months, and his knowledge of domestic servants was gathered during that time; I have been resident in Australia for nearly thirty years, have kept house in Melbourne, in Sydney, in the bush, and in Tasmania, besides which I have had, as a clergyman's wife, a considerable field of experience in finding servants for friends and acquaintances in the upper classes, and in finding places for friends and acquaintances among the lower classes, and at the end I find myself with a very great sympathy for girls and women in service, and a sincere respect for the class as a whole. I can echo Wordsworth's remark to those complaining of undeserved ill-treatment at the hands of their fellows—

> "Alas, the gratitude of men
> Has oftener left me mourning."

I have far oftener marvelled at the faithfulness, the self-forgetfulness, the large gratitude for small kindnesses, than at the absence of such qualities. There are the usual black sheep among them, as in every flock I am well aware; what else is to be expected? But they are the exception, not the rule, and as a rule they fall to the lot of those who look on their servants as necessary evils and treat them accordingly, as beings of a different order, with whom they have nothing in common, but out of whom they will get as much work as they conveniently can. What wonder that the servants in turn regard their employers with as little respect and regard?

Just after reading the paper on "Housekeeping Troubles in the

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Australian Colonies" I happened to take up an old newspaper with an account of a delegation from the Workman's Council of Industry to King Leopold of Belgium. "The workmen are wrong," said the king, "in considering themselves a separate caste. We are all Belgians in different grades and all workmen." All very well, but while workmen and servants are distinctly and unmistakably treated as a separate caste, it takes something more than words to convince them that they are not so regarded, and to persuade them to look on themselves in any other light. Should any servant take up the WESTMINSTER REVIEW and after reading the article referred to still be able to regard the writer as a friend and a brother, that servant must have risen to heights of Christian magnanimity such as few of us have attained to. The day labourer and the domestic servant are regarded by employers, however much the employers may seek to disguise the fact by cheap sentimentalities, as a separate caste, and it is mere affectation to suppose they can be unaware of it.

A Sydney barrister, Mr. Bernard Wise, in speaking before a large audience during the recent great strike, spoke strongly on the point. "You know," he says, "the man who speaking to working men calls them his friends, and says that he too is a working man, only he works with his head, and they work with their hands. Surely a more stupid bit of self-complacency was never uttered than this common phrase, he works with his head and they with their hands. The one man has risen, say at eight o'clock, from a comfortable bed, has come down to a comfortable breakfast, and after reading his newspaper in a comfortable armchair, is driven to his office. Then he works perhaps for some hours with immense energy, but his work is of such intense interest that he, perhaps, prefers it to any amusement, and continues at it with unflagging zest until the time arrives for another drive back to his comfortable dinner and his comfortable bed.

"The other man has risen, perhaps, before daylight, has toiled his eight or nine hours, it may be under a broiling sun or chilling rain, and at work which cannot have much interest for him; for the product will not be his. He has snatched his coarse food at intervals, and has returned at night to an uncomfortable home. Can the lot of the two men be spoken of as similar?"

And so with female servants. They are, in the best of places, on duty from half-past six or seven in the morning till ten or eleven at night, with at most two evenings a week "off." The whole of the time may not be at hard work, but at no time are they free, and judging from the outcries of ladies when they have to do the work for the few days that they may find themselves without cook or housemaid, it is not very easy. No, it is an insult to the common-sense of the servants and a slur on our own honesty to pretend that there is any comparison between their life and ours. Their lives in most

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cases are very far from easy, and unless we, the mistresses, take the trouble to understand their difficulties, and look at the matter from their point of view, the relations between us in the future are not likely to be more harmonious. We, having the greater culture and advantages, should be the first to set an example of loyalty and consideration. If servants overhear, as they doubtless do, many of the conversations about them that take place in the drawing-room, what reasonable person could expect loyalty on their part? Trying to find a servant for a lady who was really a noble woman in many respects, I was told "It's no use, ma'am, Mrs. A. will never keep a servant, she is too fond of *jeering* at them." The quaint word expressed exactly Mrs. A.'s habit. She had a great sense of humour, and a magnificent voice, and her jokes about her servants used to ring through the house as recklessly as though the subjects of them had understood no English. Service here and service in England are very different things. In England a servant has one thing to do, has been trained for that one thing, and may be expected to do it well. Here the demand for skilled labour of the domestic kind is small, consequently the supply is small also, and I know that to get a well-trained house- or parlour-maid, or a good cook, is difficult. There are such, but not perhaps just where and when they are wanted, they have frequently to wait so long for just the situation they are fitted for that they are obliged to take one for which they are not fitted. A woman who was a skilled lady's-maid came to me as general servant, tired of waiting for the place she wanted. A splendid general servant she made too.

In the Australian colonies general servants are more in demand than any others, every year perhaps becoming less so, as living approaches more nearly to the English standard; still general servants are the rule, indeed one lady near Melbourne keeping cook, housemaid, and parlourmaid, hires all of them as general servants that neither may be able to say such and such a thing is not her work. This being the case, it is clear that the same degree of efficiency in any particular branch is not to be expected of a general servant as of a specialist in that branch. But, given fair powers of mind and body, the quality of the work, in one not specially trained, will depend on the spirit with which it is done, and that spirit will depend on the feeling with which the maid regards her mistress.

I know one mistress, the wife of a bank manager in an inland town, who has the happiness to inspire her servants with a most enthusiastic admiration. They seem as though they could never do enough for her, and a servant rarely leaves her but to get married, even then very reluctantly. Calling one day at her house, I heard that a housemaid, who had been long engaged, was really going to be married at last, and on leaving I said to the girl, "So, Nellie, you are going to be married, are you?" "Well, ma'am, I suppose

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so; my man won't wait any longer; he says I must choose between him and the missis, and the missis says I oughtn't to give him up when he has waited so long, but I can't bear to leave her." Mrs. J. is a woman who would allow nothing ill-done in her house, she and her husband are most hospitable people, and the servants have no sinecure; but she has an active human fellow feeling with them, and work for her is a pleasure. As Norman McLeod was to his parishioners "the most brotherly of men," so is she to her servants the most sisterly or motherly of women, without any familiarity or loss of dignity. Their interests are hers, and, in consequence, hers are theirs also, and their service is willing and hearty.

Mr. Rowe thinks that ladies who talk of their "treasures of servants" are of a kind very easily pleased. Mrs. J. is not of that kind; her standard of housekeeping is a high one; she entertains chief justices, bishops, and distinguished visitors to the colony, and no "crudities or indiscretions" on the part of her servants are "winked at"—instead she manages to inspire them with her own thoroughness and sense of duty, and as she respects them so they respect her and themselves. Flattery, cajolery, with covert disdain, will never win more than the eye-service it deserves to win.

Only a few months ago I was calling at another house, and was much struck with the appearance of the woman who opened the door. During my visit I remarked, "I see you approve of lady-helps." "Lady-helps?" said the lady of the house interrogatively. "The one who opened the door," I explained. "Oh, Mary! Yes, Mary is a lady if ever there was one, but she doesn't call herself so; she has never been in any other position, but she is one of the most esteemed of my friends. She has been with me more than twenty years. She was my own maid, and since our reverses she is maid-of-all-work with only a young girl to help her."

But I could fill volumes with the records of faithful and devoted service in instances that have come under my own notice; even among my own servants I have experienced very much. One woman came to me decidedly the worse for drink. I waited till she was in a fit state to be spoken to, and then told her she must go; I could not keep her. "No, ma'am, of course you can't. I'm only sorry I've put you to this inconvenience; I got into taking a drop when I was away up North by myself; weeks and weeks my husband would be away driving stock, and no one but blacks for miles round; and but for a drop of whisky, I think I'd have lost my head sometimes. Once when he came back he thought I was crazed, for I couldn't speak to make him understand. I hadn't spoke for so long, I couldn't make the words. I hadn't forgot, but it seemed as though my throat had forgot how to speak. I thought he'd have shot me there and then. I never slept in my bed, for I knew if the blacks got in their spears would go first through the

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bed." And she went on with the story of such a sad, sad life that, moved by a sudden impulse, I kissed her on the forehead, and said: "I shall not let you go; you will stay with me and not touch whisky any more."

Poor Annie; she promised, and kept her promise faithfully, and her almost abject, dog-like devotion to me was most touching. Some time after I was written to for a servant for a station at £1 a week. Could I recommend one? It was a place for which Annie was well suited, and feeling she ought to be earning more than the 10*s.* a week that I could give her (clergymen's stipends are not large in these colonies), I urged her to take it. With tears she begged to stay. "What have I done? Ma'am, don't send me away; I'd rather serve you for kicks than any one else for a pound a week." She was a rough diamond. "Does she think we are going to kiss our servants?" I hear it said. No, she neither thinks nor recommends anything so foolish. She has told the story only to show the overwhelming gratitude for the very small kindness.

Another, a young girl of eighteen; she was only eighteen in years, but in sense and cleverness she was equal to any woman of thirty, and her strength was simply astounding. Before coming to me she had lived on a farm, where she used to milk twenty cows, walk ten miles into the town to her church, ten miles back, and milk the twenty cows again in the evening. This was her Sunday's work. This girl, for months, when I was out of health, got up at five o'clock each morning, when she was not required to get up till half-past six or seven, that she might get me an early cup of tea. I slept badly, and was in the habit of going out under the trees in the garden, to get the fresh morning air before the sun grew hot, and soon after five out would come Amelia with her tray of tea and toast. I was very glad of it, but knew a young girl, doing hard work, needed plenty of sleep, and I protested against her doing it. Girls sleep heavily, and the self-denial must have been great, but she persisted, and with a face as bright as the morning. Then I had to go away for a change, and left her to keep house, and, with the help of a young nursemaid, to take care of three children. A friend wrote to me that she had been to see how things were going on, found everything in order, and Amelia making cakes for "her children." A year after she left to be married.

Then Martha; she belonged to a large family of good servants. There are many such in Tasmania. Mothers—many of them German—will turn out five or six girls, all of them honest, hard-working, capable servants. Martha was recommended as belonging to one of these "good families," but a girl with a very disagreeable temper. It was a libel; she was a quiet girl, not very strong, and her quietness was often taken for sulkiness, I imagine. Certainly I never saw her out of temper, and once when she had done

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imperfectly what in fact she need not have done at all—a duty she had undertaken unasked—she took a reproof without a trace of annoyance. The next day I told her I thought the reproof had hardly been a fair one, and she replied: "Oh, ma'am, I know you only scolded me for my good." I was quite put to the blush—conscious that irritation had been the sole cause on my part. Martha managed, by her admirable method, to get through a great amount of work, but she could not be hurried. Our Bishop and his chaplain came one evening unexpectedly; rooms had to be got ready, and supper, and Martha was utterly useless. I had to get her to take the baby and let the nurse take her place, but the next day she killed, prepared, and cooked a turkey, with forcemeat and vegetables, made a fricassee of lamb's head, fig pudding, custard, and stewed fruit, laid the table, and waited at table in clean white apron, and all without the smallest help. I did not once go into kitchen or dining-room till, at one o'clock, all was ready.

I have talked the matter over with a friend, who has had large experience, and she agrees with me that servants as a class are unfairly dealt with and much misrepresented. Her husband is wealthy, they have a house in Sydney; one in the country, and often take another in Tasmania for the summer months, yet she says she has never had much trouble about servants. A bad one occasionally, but she is never inconvenienced for long together. Her present housemaid has been with her five years, she is left in charge of the town house, with keys of cellar and store-room when the family are away. Another old servant takes charge of the country house; two other servants have been with her each four years, and her present cook two years. But I could mention such cases without limit.

No, the fault is not always in the servants; where there are good mistresses there will, as a rule, be found fairly good servants, not treasures or jewels perhaps, but with only a healthy allowance of faults. Were mistresses aware how often they condemn themselves in condemning their servants they would be more guarded.

Some officer, I forgot who it was, in planning a difficult undertaking was asked if he could rely on the good conduct of his men in such a hazardous affair. "The conduct of my men," he said, "I charge myself with that." There is an analogy.

Some people are so fortunate as always to call out all the good in those about them, others as inevitably call out all the bad. With our servants, with our children, with all around us, we may be fairly sure that our influence tends in one or the other of these directions. I am not sure that the principle which Rarey declared was the secret of his wonderful power over horses, is not capable of a wider application. He said he "tried to find out what they were thinking about." Our power to call out the latent good in persons who come

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under our influence will probably depend a good deal on how far we understand them; and this we certainly cannot do while there is any trace of contempt in our attitude towards them. It may sound like a platitude, but our lesson is not learnt yet. There is no finer passage in *The Idylls* than where the poet says that

"None of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn."

The whole tone of the article in question is one of good-tempered but scornful derision.

"One afternoon a 'visitor' was announced as being in the drawing-room. To all outward seeming she certainly merited the delicate attention of being ceremoniously ushered into the drawing-room, but it turned out after the weather had been affably discussed, that she was a cook come to inquire into the place." The whole paper is in the same tone. To me I must confess it sounds small-minded, it sounds vulgar, but I am not an authority on such matters.

"Mrs. Robinson went satisfactorily through her catechism. Perhaps the surroundings had a soothing effect as being propitiatory to the cook's sense of dignity. At any rate she expressed herself pleased, and consented to take charge of the kitchen department."

And why should Mrs. Robinson not go through a catechism? Why all the catechising should be the privilege of the mistress, I fail to see. How can a cook undertake certain duties unless she takes care to understand fully what will be required of her? The catechism, we may be fairly sure, did not include the question, how many dinner parties in the week were in contemplation; and Mrs. Robinson did not think it necessary to tell her that as soon as she had tested her capabilities, she meant to "launch out into dinner parties" as a preparation for the festivities of "Cup Week." What the festivities of Cup week were we are not told, but there were three dinner parties beforehand, and then the cook gave way. When it is remembered that, with only three servants, a dinner party means that those three are "on their feet" from about six in the morning till at the earliest twelve at night, the defection is hardly to be wondered at.

One point more and I have done. What is there so very preposterous in the idea of servants asking references from the ladies, or seeming ladies, with whom they engage? Any one with the smallest understanding of the dangers to which young girls are exposed, will see that such a thing would be only just and right. Going along with a strange family is a matter of far graver concern to a servant girl than the mere receiving such a girl can possibly be to a mistress, and though she would not at present be allowed to

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ask a reference, she is a foolish girl if she does enter a house without making inquiries as to the character of its inhabitants. Let it not be supposed that servants in Australia ever ask references; a girl would have no chance of a place if she did. I speak only of what it seems to me should be recognised as reasonable and right. A reference to the nearest clergyman or magistrate would be a simple thing and should be thought no indignity.

MARY SANGER EVANS

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INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by men of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.*]

IS IMPERIAL FEDERATION A CHIMERA?

THIS is a question suggested by what has recently taken place at meetings of the Imperial Federation League. At a meeting held at the beginning of the present year some of the speakers declared that in their opinion the time has arrived when a definite scheme should be formulated for realising the objects which the League has in view. These objects may be briefly expressed in the definition once given by the President of the League, that "Imperial Federation is the closest possible union of the various self-governing States ruled by the British Crown, consistently with that free national development which is the birthright of British subjects all over the world—the closest possible union in sympathy, in external action, and in defence."

More recently a proposal was made, though without success, that the League should be dissolved on the ground that it had failed to accomplish the objects for which it was founded. That is to say the League, organised six years ago to mature public opinion upon this great question, has in the judgment of some of its own members failed to commend its doctrines very widely to the public mind, or to help on to a solution the problem of the relations of the various portions of the Queen's dominions. These inconsistent views of the work which the League is doing are a sign that the present method, the method shall we say of theoretical discussion, by which the plan of an Imperial Federation is recommended, is in many quarters deemed useless and obsolete. Here therefore the writer sees a fit opportunity for glancing back at some facts and arguments bearing upon the ultimate issue, which have always seemed to many persons to put serious difficulties in the way of any federation likely to satisfy those practical men who assure us that it is immediate action and a complete working plan which must be considered.

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In order to explain the writer's standpoint on this question, it may be well at the outset to observe that in his view Federation appeals to some deeper principles than expediency or profit. A *fœdus pacificum*, or permanent congress of nations, is essential in order to adjust and to protect, within proper limits, the antagonistic efforts of individual States to attain their own perfect liberty. The logical alternative to an all-embracing cosmopolitical institution of this kind, must be the complete separation of States, absolute individual State freedom, a conception which is disavowed by the human mind, and practically refuted by the fact of our co-existence. Applying this doctrine to the inter-relations of the different parts of the Queen's dominions, we readily arrive at two important conclusions. These are (1) that in present circumstances the conditions for a true Federation in the case of the British Empire do not exist; the various colonies and the mother country are not equally "States," not equally sovereign, not equally recognised members of the international community; (2) that the recommendation to let the Colonies secede at once and in a friendly manner is opposed alike to national sentiment and abstract reason. Some considerations in support of these two propositions may not prove wholly devoid of interest at the present moment.

(1) The conditions for a true Federation are not presented in the case of the several portions of the British dominions. The Colonies are, according to the letter of the Constitution, dependent bodies not Sovereign States. They never have legally possessed full state rights in the same way that Massachusetts or Virginia had independent sovereign powers at the conclusion of the War of Independence. They rather resemble municipalities on a great scale. This sovereign power which exists in independent political societies is well described by Grotius (De jure belli ac pacis, I. 3, 7): "Summa autem potestas civilis dicitur, cujus actus alterius juri non subsunt ita ut alterius voluntatis humanae arbitrio irriti possint reddi: dominium eminens quod civitas habet in cives et res civium ad usum publicum."

Lord Thring, a high constitutional authority, says: "The British Constitution always has delegated down certain specific rights to subjects of the Crown living in the Colonies, but it has never renounced its right to legislate for all parts of the realm, and the supremacy of the Three Estates has never been wholly lost sight of in dealing with the Colonies."

It remains also theoretically true that the whole foreign policy rests with the Crown. The very term colony implies dependence: the duty of allegiance is not lost by the subject removing from the mother country. Our Colonies, even those of them that enjoy the largest measure of autonomy are therefore dependent bodies granted more or less ample powers and rights by the older dominant authority. But true Federation should be a voluntary union of inde-

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pendent states, which retain some powers, and delegate up other powers to a certain central authority of their own creation. Federation is a compromise suited only for certain conditions of national life, and it should always be a step in advance, a principle of union, not of disunion. It is therefore out of place where a more thoroughgoing although perhaps mischievous union already exists. The proposal then to federate the British Empire involves immense and sudden Constitutional changes, such a change, for example, as that the Parliament of the United Kingdom should be left in possession of only the fullest powers of insular self-government. But will Great Britain consent to have such a limitation of the powers of the Westminster Parliament forthwith thrust upon her? Herein therefore lies a fundamental objection to the doctrine of Imperial Federation, if by the term there is intended any known federal system of government.

(2) Must we then surrender the federal ideal as wholly inapplicable to the conditions of our co-existence with the Colonies? The maintenance for an indefinite period of the existing relations is absolutely impossible, and would not be expedient if it were possible. It is indeed no less chimerical than the notion of straightway consolidating by a fiat of the Legislature all the scattered portions of the empire into an homogeneous simple state. But may we draw no brighter picture of the future of our country than is given by one of our own poets in the words:

"Oh, my England! Oh, Mother
Of Freemen! Oh! sweet,
Sad toiler majestic,
With labour-worn feet!
Brave worker, girt round,
Inexpugnable, free,
With tumultuous sound
And salt spume of the sea,
Fenced off from the clamour
Of alien mankind
By the surf on the rock,
And the shriek of the wind.
Tho' the hot Gaul shall envy,
The cold German flout thee,
Thy far children scorn thee,
Still thou shalt be great.
Still march on uncaring,
Thy perils unsharing,
Alone, and yet daring
Thy infinite fate."

If the constitutional tie between England and the Colonies is to be peacefully removed, it can only be with the consent of the interested communities. There is at present no such consent. Great Britain is not yet prepared, nor are the Colonies able to strike off the links of interconnection. Moreover, Federation,

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properly so called, unless it is to be a unifying force, is as useless as a rope of sand. Why, then, may the present theoretical connection not be temporarily maintained? The political subjection —if that term be offensively insisted on—is easily endured in the Colonies, in consideration of the position of citizen equality between the colonist and the subject of the Queen at home. Our immediate object should be by trying to understand each other's true interests to adjust those interests which apparently conflict. So may we best prepare ourselves for a true Federation in the future. Now, inasmuch as allegiance to the Crown is the most deep-seated principle in modern colonisation, it seems incumbent on us to foster that allegiance in the Colonies. Probably this might be done to some extent if the Crown were advised to confer honours and distinctions without reserve upon colonials of eminence. Next, the Crown might proceed to summon an "Imperial Council," a sort of Curia Regis revived and quickened, thoroughly representative of every portion of the realm, but with no direct political powers whatsoever. The object of this foundation would be to perfect mutual understanding between the various portions of the realm. It would be an advantage if the Sovereign were to preside over the deliberations of this body. Questions of importance might be discussed which lie altogether outside of party, or even practical politics. Meantime also Federation might proceed among the Colonies themselves, for Colonial Federation is open to none of the objections which are of such force when urged against Imperial Federation. But this would not be a permanent arrangement. In time the Parliament of the United Kingdom, expressing the National opinion deliberately and even reluctantly formed, would probably decide on abandoning the political nexus with the Colonial Governments. And Colonial opinion would coincide; for these outlying portions of the empire would then probably be better able in respect of organised force to take their places in the community of nations. If, then, the political tie were severed, there would emerge a number of Sovereign States or dominions, and the ancient sovereignty of the United Kingdom. True scientific Federation would then be at least possible. For the abandoned tie of allegiance to the Crown there would be substituted allegiance to the race. This subjective feeling might be taken as the basis of a new Confederation of the Anglo-Saxon race, from which it is hard to see how America could for long time exclude herself. That truly would be a lame federation of English-speaking peoples, which should not include the largest portion. But there would be no need for an organisation with the political powers of a State, because all the great purposes of a true Federation might be performed by a deliberative and consultative body.

However much these suggestions may be ridiculed as fantastic and impracticable, the present writer considers that any complete work-

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ing plan, such as is often demanded, would be at variance with the spirit and traditions of the British Constitution. The essential characteristic of that Constitution is a gradual and flexible development, founded upon the immemorial custom of our race. "Reason and natural right," the late Mr. Bancroft wrote, in his *History of the United States of America*, "are the fundamental principles of the British Constitution. It is the reality of the rights that is important for the Colonies to have. If the interest of the mother country and the Colonies cannot be made to coincide—if the same Constitution may not take place in both—the connection between them ought to cease, and sooner or later it must inevitably cease." Now that is the true way of looking at the question of Imperial Federation—to consider that it touches the wider problem of freedom, and the realisation of natural right. If it were really true that by the existing system the inalienable rights of the Colonies were being trampled underfoot; if it were true that they could be reinstated in those rights only by the immediate transformation of the whole empire into an Imperial Federation, it is hardly too much to say that there would be no note of dissonance in the encomiums which would spring up from every quarter. As for the federal ideal, it will sooner or later find its realisation in the world. But Imperial Federation—to admit for the moment its possibility—could not pretend to be more than a stage in that process of consolidation which is nothing but the practical recognition of a necessary interdependence.

WILLIAM LOBBAN.

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PLAIN WORDS ABOUT DANCING.

It is not proposed in the present paper to speak of dancing as one of the fine arts, an aspect of the question which I am in no way qualified to treat. I wish to discuss it as a social institution. How has dancing reached its present recognition as an important function of civilised life, and can that position be justified on rational, moral, or æsthetic grounds? The word *æsthetic* may seem to introduce the artistic element which I have just put aside, but it is not so intended. Whatever may be the case on the stage or at other public exhibitions, no one will seriously maintain that in the ball-room or the private drawing-room there is the slightest idea of dancing to gratify the eyes of the onlookers. Not many ordinary dancers can be so misguided as to imagine themselves ministers of art, and it would, indeed, be cruel to demand any standard of beauty in their performance. But there is another and a deeper question of taste involved than that of connoisseurship in graceful movements. In social intercourse there has slowly been formed a certain ideal of personal demeanour, in which various degrees of intimacy are marked by appropriate gestures. There is no doubt something arbitrary in the particular shape such conventions may take in different times and countries, but the general relation between bodily contact and friendship is too natural and necessary to be ignored. It is no accident that we keep an entire stranger at arm's length, while we kiss and fondle those nearest and dearest to us; and the customs which any society sanctions fall to be judged from this point of view. Dancing is evidently a social practice which may be arraigned at the bar of good taste; it is fair to ask whether it is consistent with the standard of personal delicacy which prevails at the time in other matters. This is what I mean by the æsthetic aspect of the question. But before entering into it more fully I wish to look at the subject from the other side.

There is always, of course, a savour of unreality in separating the moral from the intellectual or the æsthetic standpoint, but in the present case it is not only practically convenient, but comparatively easy. The three reasons for which dancing might be condemned are broadly these: because it is silly, because it is wrong, because it is indelicate. Reserving the question as to how far a verdict on one of these counts really implies a verdict on all, we may first consider each in turn.

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Is dancing irrational? This is not such a simple question as it may seem. Let us understand what may be meant by the term. Evidently it is not equivalent to *unintellectual*, for the most enthusiastic advocate of dancing would scarcely claim that it makes any demands on the higher functions of the brain. One may dance, and dance acceptably, with a minimum of mental effort, or even of mental capacity. But dancing is not on that account irrational. To condemn it as such it must be shown either that the practice is ill-adapted to the end in view, or that it indirectly interferes with a reasonable scheme of social intercourse. To decide on the first point we must make sure what is really the end in view. Why do people dance? For pleasure of course; but of what nature is the pleasure? Like most pleasures it is complex; but it may easily be analysed. To young people and to all who have vitality to spare, motion is in itself a pleasure, and this is increased wherever the movements are adjusted in relation to a plan. A definite step or figure in a dance supplies this need, and when music is added there is not only the further demand of measured time to satisfy, but there is the exhilaration of hearing agreeable sounds in a happy combination with the bodily motions. All this is thoroughly natural and rational, as every one must feel who has watched the pleasure dancing gives to children. But at a certain point in the growth of youths and maidens it is found that these simple pleasures are no longer enough. If it were not that dancing at this period from a form of bodily exercise becomes a form of intercourse between the sexes, there would be no need now to discuss it as a social institution. It would have perished from inanition long ago, except as a children's game. There are no doubt many healthy-minded girls who can enjoy dancing with each other after the days of childhood have passed. Whether men could be found to do the same is somewhat doubtful; but even so, it would only prove that some grown-up people continue to find pleasure in occasionally playing a children's game. Looked at purely as an exercise, the disadvantages of dancing—the heated rooms, the exhausted atmosphere, the late hours—place it most unfavourably in comparison with almost every out-door pastime. What gives it its perennial vitality is undoubtedly the sexual feeling which it encourages. But let it not be supposed that this admission necessarily condemns the practice. We are just now considering whether dancing is well adapted as a means to the end it proposes. Its purpose is to produce, consciously or unconsciously, a form of emotional excitement based on a stimulation of the senses, and if the necessary conditions of time and place be taken into account, it must be granted that the purpose is admirably served. In this aspect dancing is eminently rational.

But there remains the wider sense in which the word may be taken. Is the end itself rational? Or rather, is the ultimate aim

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of fostering sympathy between man and man, or between man and woman, by means of social intercourse, likely to be attained in this way? The idea of "society" in the narrower sense assumes that there can be no adequate interchange of thought and sentiment without a physical exaltation of the senses as a preliminary. It must be either a dinner or a dance. This principle, indeed, is physiologically sound, and where it is put in practice with moderation, it must be approved. Unfortunately it does not need to be pointed out how commonly in both cases the means has become an end in itself. The instances are few indeed where dancing is made the prelude to any higher form of intercourse. Nay, is it not notorious that where a compromise is attempted, it always takes the form of introducing a little dancing at the *end* of an evening's entertainment, when the defence suggested above does not apply? Hostesses know very well that after dancing has begun, no less exciting interest is possible. The truth seems to be that while theoretically there is a place for dancing as a fairly rational means of stimulating the faculties, practically it is seldom or never turned to account in this way, being like alcohol too powerful a specific to admit of sufficient control. Dancing for several hours at a time must under all circumstances be simply a form of dissipation, and so far as it is a substitute for the interchange of ideas and of the higher kinds of sympathy, it must, I think, be called irrational.

To pass to the question whether dancing is morally wrong. In a certain sense, of course, it may be argued that if it is irrational it must be wrong, but without entering on the region where reason and conscience join hands, we may ask whether the practice transgresses any generally accepted ethical principle, or whether it can be shown to have necessarily or in actual practice an injurious influence on conduct. What force is there to begin with in the vigorous denunciations of dancing in the discipline of the stricter religious sects? To a large extent these are the outcome of the puritanic conviction that all employment of time which is not in some sense a preparation for the life beyond the grave is in itself sinful. The more humanistic ideals of the present day will not sustain this contention, which would banish many other things besides dancing. Amusement is a part of life, one of the things which it is worth living for, and the proportion of time and energy which it may be allowed to absorb cannot be expressed in an absolute rule. If some people abuse dancing as a means of recreation, that is no reason why others should not make a proper use of it, if social arrangements will permit. We cannot then admit any ethical cogency in the argument that dancing is wrong because it is a worldly amusement. If it is to be condemned on moral grounds, it must be from its effect on conduct. Part of the religious objection is certainly due to the fact, which is incontestable, that dancing

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encourages sexual feeling. But is this necessarily bad? By no means. Sexual feeling is present in some degree in every relation between a man and a woman, and the effort to banish or ignore it will almost always do more harm than good. Here again no universal judgment can be passed which does not distinguish between use and abuse. At the same time it is impossible to deny that in many individual cases the practice of dancing must have the effect of unduly stimulating feelings already under insufficient control, and thus helping to destroy the balance of character. The important question is whether society as a whole is to be held responsible for such evil effects. I maintain that we are, indirectly but unmistakably, responsible for them. My argument, however, can be more properly stated under the next heading, and I leave the direct moral question with the summing-up that dancing transgresses no law of recognised ethics, and does not necessarily impair character, though it may prove a snare in individual cases.

The final question is whether dancing is an offence against good taste. This is a more important matter than is perhaps suggested by the form of expression. Good taste in this sense is not of the kind about which *non est disputandum*. It is the medium by which the community enforces its opinion upon details of conduct which are apparently outside of the moral code, but the indirect bearing of which on life and character are often of greater moment than the weightier matters of the law. The standard of personal delicacy is probably the truest indication of progress towards the social ideal of purity and elevation in life and thought, and it behoves every earnest-minded citizen to be zealous about the consistency of the community to which he belongs, in this all-important respect. It has been already pointed out that there is a reason in the nature of things why various degrees of proximity and bodily contact should mark out different stages of intimacy, and the more truly refined the society is, the more punctiliously are these distinctions insisted on. Manners are the real guardians of morals. Any unauthorised breach of conventional decorum in this matter is visited with severe pains and penalties in the form of social ostracism. Any practice which systematically ignores the usual distinctions may be called sharply to account for its justification. What plea can be offered for dancing? It is clear that it runs entirely counter to the prevailing standard of good taste in other matters where the same question arises. To what end do we make a reverent regard for the sanctity of a woman's person the touchstone of refined and chivalrous feeling, when we allow all the signs of a respectful approach in intimacy to be swept away in a moment before the chartered libertinism of the dance? How is it that we can suffer a pure, delicate-souled girl to be clasped round the waist by a man of whose existence she knew nothing five minutes before? The wonderful convention which governs dancing

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seems able to transform an act which would otherwise be the grossest insult and familiarity into the merest commonplace. Can society make an indelicate act delicate by merely calling it so? It was a logical, if somewhat cynical man whom *Punch* reports to have assured his hostess that he didn't dance, but would be happy to sit out the waltz with his arm round a girl's waist. Why not have a further convention that you should kiss your partner before taking her to a seat? There is a similar arrangement in the game of Kiss-in-the-Ring, which has received the sanction of a certain class of society. It is difficult to see at what point of familiarity the licence must necessarily stop.

It would of course be absurd to suppose that those who dance must be less scrupulous about personal delicacy than those who do not. So long as dancing rests on social sanctions there will be many who do not think of questioning the conventions by which it is regulated. But innocence of feeling and purity of intention, however completely they may excuse individual compliance, have no wider authority. The general rules of ceremonial observance are based on the constitution of things, and no society can play fast and loose with them for its own pleasure without a nemesis. If we profane the shrine of womanly purity by degrading acts of endearment full of the deepest significance, into forms which are either meaningless or have an unworthy meaning, we shall suffer the penalty in a depressed standard of sexual morality. The modern style of dancing is not, of course, the cause of the evil, but it is the most prominent sign of it. Let us face the problem with candour, and save our consistency at any cost.

Is it possible in this aspect of the question to make distinctions as to the use and abuse of dancing? I believe not. Judged by the standards which have been applied, the only legitimate forms of dancing would be those where the familiarity of gesture was in proportion to the intimacy. This requirement would of course put an end to the practice altogether as a social institution. There are people, I understand, who attempt to make, or imagine they make distinctions of this kind, but it cannot be done. Even if public balls are avoided, there can be no security. Those who go to dancing parties at all must be prepared to dance with the partners whom their hostess introduces to them. They may be able to excuse themselves in one case or another without giving offence, but if they keep to the rule of only dancing with those whom they know intimately, they may make up their minds to not being asked there again. There are only the two alternatives—to expose yourself to the familiarities of strangers, or to give up society dancing altogether.

What then is to be done? If it be really true, as I have urged, that the modern style of dancing is essentially indelicate, there is no

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question but that it must either be reformed or supplanted by some more reputable amusement. What are the chances of reform? It is rather remarkable that while in literature, in the drama, in conversation, there has been such a marked advance in the standard of good taste between last century and this, in dancing the change should have been all the other way. The introduction of the waltz in the beginning of the present century was the outward cause of this downward movement; but the ready welcome given to it, and its influence on the style of other dances ever since, prove that it was not alien to the spirit of our manners. Dancing is our national carnival. We have grown decorous in all other matters on condition that we may keep one social custom where barbaric instincts may be indulged without any question of delicacy being raised. Unfortunately our carnival is not limited to a few days in the year. It is difficult to see by what process we could get back to the purity and grace of the old dances. Such reforms are not often carried out from within, by a natural transition. Not much can be expected from the classes where there is comparatively little intelligence and refinement—that is, in the so-called upper class, and in the *bourgeoisie*. With these classes the ball-room or the dancing-saloon, the drawing-room or the suburban parlour, has become much more than a place of recreation. It is almost professedly a market where marriageable girls are on view—usually very much on view. In such cases the vulgarity and indelicacy of the whole affair are not so conspicuously out of keeping with the general standard of taste in those who take part in it as to raise the question of inconsistency, and any appeal to better feeling would probably be in vain. If dancing were restored to its proper place it would no longer serve their purposes in the same way. If it were done away with altogether, they would hardly be capable of devising or even accepting any more respectable substitute. Let them dance on, lest a worse thing befall them!

My appeal is addressed to the upper middle class, in whose hands the progress of the community in such matters really lies. There is good reason to believe that with this class dancing has less firm hold than would appear, and, indeed, that it only keeps its place because no more reasonable form of social intercourse has been devised. Certainly, with them the practice is not specially valued for the objectionable features which are peculiar to the modern style, and no protest would be raised against any change that would preserve its social usefulness. Two things are needed—the round dance must give place either to the minuet and other old dances, or, if possible, to new forms where there is no greater familiarity than the touching of hands; and the total amount of dancing must be brought into a better proportion with other kinds of social entertainment. The second of these demands is perhaps the more serious, for it involves the difficult question of what is to fill up the blank

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spaces. It is so convenient when you get all your friends together, to set them dancing till it is time for supper. You have not asked them to meet each other because you fancied that they had any ideas or tastes in common, but simply because they have entertained you, and you must repay them. The only thing you know they can all do and care to do is to dance. Now why not put an end to all this fictitious kind of entertainment? To a large extent it is the result of indolence. Parents find it the easiest way to amuse their daughters. It is too much trouble, and perhaps expense, to take them to concerts, to the theatre, to lectures. The sons can find amusement for themselves. But for the daughters—let us give a dance! And then all the people we ask will ask them back, and quite a number of evenings will be disposed of. The dancing-party at present is largely usurping the place that should be filled by the means of public entertainment and culture. Let us narrow our circle of friends to the people whom we really wish to see for their own sakes, and we shall then not only have more leisure for other pursuits, but find less difficulty and more satisfaction in giving our guests a pleasant evening when we do invite them. What then is the ideal of an evening party? Surely, if there has been even the slightest selection of the guests on the ground of common sympathies, conversation will fitly absorb a good deal of the time. A certain amount of well-chosen music will be always acceptable, even in a general company; games will probably be a suitable entertainment to some; and dancing undoubtedly ought to have a place wherever there are young people. The pleasures of rhythmical motion give a most desirable relief from the effort of talking or listening, and a more decorous style of dancing will offer little temptation to crush out the quieter forms of intercourse. If such a plan were to admit of more frequent social gatherings where young and old could meet together that would be to some an additional reason for seeking to commend it to public favour.

JAMES OLIPHANT.

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THE JEWS AND THE BIBLE.

THE heated controversialists who have bandied arguments as to the merits of the Bible, ever since the Bible was accepted as the charter of the Christian faith, have carefully and unanimously steered clear of one very vital test which might have given the quietus to many a wordy warrior.

I do not know what would be said as to the common sense of the assailants and defenders, say, of the Koch cure, if in their arguments they wholly ignored the existence and opinions of Koch himself. Or if the discussion were directed towards the merits of, say, Socialism, I could hardly imagine that the supporters and opponents of this economic system would act on a tacit understanding that the actual originators, or any actual practisers, or any industrial communities who themselves propagated and carried out the socialistic idea, should be omitted from the reckoning.

When, therefore, I observe, as many others of the Jewish community besides myself have curiously pointed out, that throughout the centuries the precise value of the Bible has been a subject of dissension, and that from the beginning to the end of those dissensions the disputants have been wholly concerned in attacking or defending themselves or the book, I have said, and have heard it said, "The book is Jewish—how is it the Jew's opinion is without value?"

As regards the New Testament (I give it the name by which it is commonly known among Christians) I do not suggest such a question. Even in this matter I myself think the opinion of an ordinary Jew (*i.e.*, not a Shylock nor a Christian-hater), or the opinion of what I might call the Jewish agnostic (*i.e.*, the Hebrew-born who casts off the religion of his race but takes up no other), might be taken with advantage. But this I would not press, and would not ask any one else to believe. The Jew might, in the opinion of the Christian, be prejudiced in his views.

On the question of the interpretation of the Old Testament, however, the Jew is certainly a person to be consulted.

The fact seems to be that the Christian, in appropriating the Jewish faith, literature, traditions and records, has forgotten its origin; or possibly he thinks that on the strength of the various amendments and additions he has made to it, he has transformed it into an entirely new and original substance.

I know that when I claim the Christian religion as regenerated

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Judaism, and the Christian's Scriptures as essentially Jewish literature, written solely by and for the Jewish people, I shall be met with the sage, sufficient, time-honoured reply that this Christianity is of no nation, but from God; that the books are, through some accidental or unexplained circumstance, conveyed through a Jewish channel, but come from a superhuman source, and are not for the Jews but for all nations.

I cannot, of course, accept such a view, but even if this were the case, I should still say, "Then let us examine the channels." But I hold that this is clearly not the case.

What is called the Christian religion is as essentially eastern in its spirit as that of Islam. It seems to me quite conceivable that, had the Jews been located at the eastern end of Asia and the Mussulmans at the west—had the accidents of time and place been more favourable to Islam and less favourable to Judaism—the receptivity of the Greeks and Romans would just as surely have extracted from the followers of Mohammad what suited them best, and would have transformed it into a new faith for their own use. Possibly it would have been better if they had. For then the rock upon which Christianity now threatens to split would have been absent from this other faith.

The Christian's Bible is divided into two sections. This much, at all events, is in deference to the Jews. In all consistency, the Christian ought never to have recognised any such division, but the fact that the Jews themselves rejected what was to be called the New Testament swayed the early Christians into unconscious recognition of the proprietary rights of the founders of the faith. It was as though they had said, "So many writings are accepted by the Jews—these shall be called vol. i.; to this we add some that are rejected by the Jews—these shall be vol. ii."

I think that the accepted Christian view is that the division is necessary on account of there being two distinct dispensations—one under a stern and rigid system, the other being the new, totally distinct and merciful dispensation of Jesus of Nazareth. I trust I am putting the Christian point of view fairly. I have attempted to bring the Christian view within my comprehension, but I may have failed. I have never yet known of a Jew who could conscientiously say that he grasped the Christian's standpoint. I think the claim of two dispensations is a mere cover. The originators of the Christian doctrine were taking to their hearts an old religion, but they could not take it to their hearts as it stood. They added, therefore, a new and more acceptable volume to qualify the first, and to supply its deficiencies. Instinctively they felt that some reason must be given for this rehabilitation of an ancient people's religion, and they laid down the plank of the two dispensations, across which they stepped safely into Christianity.

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A plank? My metaphor is feeble indeed; for the idea of the two dispensations appears to me to be not simply a stepping-stone, but the whole foundation upon which Christianity rests. The reason why the Jewish and the Christian faiths, though one is the parent of the other, could never coincide; the reason why a Christianised Jew is a monstrosity and a hypocrite, is that to the Jew this idea of the new dispensation is incomprehensible. He cannot shatter his history in twain in this manner. He cannot see why a mighty chasm should divide the earlier traditions of his race from the later; and if the Christian would for a moment consider the matter from a Jewish point of view, he would see that it was for ever impossible. Such a conception may come easily to the races of Europe, and particularly to the Englishman. He has his Norman Conquest, marking a new birth of the nation, an entire transformation of nationality. But even with this experience in his history, the Englishman of to-day would hardly grasp a theory that with the Norman Conquest came an entirely new dispensation, with a new God and a new law for the government of the universe. And if some enterprising race from the west were to take the Anglo-Saxon chronicles and call them inspired, and to add thereto a new series and call them a new testament, Englishmen would ever remain sceptical of such a faith. With the Jews it is even more impossible. Such has been the continuity, the uniformity, and the homogeneity of Jewish history, that to a Jew it is quite impossible to create this barrier between two sections of history. In spite of conquests, dispersals and persecutions, the Jew of to-day is the direct descendant of Abraham, with a genealogy unsullied; and his history is one history, not two.

I should like the Jew's interpretation of his own Scriptures to be understood. I am not qualified to speak for the Jewish race, nor for any one but myself; but I have at least, I think, a more intelligible notion of the Old Testament than most Christians have. To the average Christian the Old Testament seems to be a somewhat cumbersome burden. If it could at this stage be conveniently dropped without much comment, I think the Christians would drop it, and stand by the New Testament solely. And simply because the Old is not understood. Translators have conveyed the Jewish wording into English wording, but the Hebrew spirit has never been conveyed into the English spirit; and the two seem to be growing more and more divergent.

The subject-matter of the Old Testament consists of (i.) the science; (ii.) the law and economy; (iii.) the poetry; (iv.) the history; and (v.) the later reform policy of the Hebrew race.

(i.) As regards the first element of the book, the Jews are not, and never have been, gifted with the scientific instinct. That instinct belongs to the Aryans, not to the Semetic races. From Thales, Pythagoras and Aristotle, to Copernicus, Galileo and Newton,

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and down to the present day, the Aryan race has given birth to a great succession of scientists. The Semetic races are as barren in this respect as the Aryans are prolific. A philosopher arises here and there, perhaps; the smatterings of a contemplative science such as astronomy have been noted among the Arabs; but as to the Jews, the element of scientific inquiry lies not in them. Consequently it is not to be expected that the Jewish conception of the world would be in any degree acceptable to so differently constituted a race as the Greeks, Romans, English, or any other Indo-European nation. I wonder the Jewish doctrines as to natural phenomena have been tolerated by the western gentile so long.

I should have expected to find that even the elementary beliefs of the earliest Greek philosophers, even the speculative notions of the Hylicists and the Pythagoreans, would have been more acceptable. That most interesting of scientific problems, the method of the world's creation, was answered by the Jewish teachers in the simplest and least inquiring manner.

Simply, the world was made by an Almighty Being, out of nothing. A void was transformed in six steps, almost instantaneous in their action, into the great world pretty much as it now stands. The same agency which created it was of course able to alter its arrangements whenever he thought fit—as in formation of an Eden, the holding back of a river, the descent of a fire of brimstone, the stoppage of the moon, &c. This answer is sufficient for the uninquiring mind of a Semetic people. The Aryan has swallowed it, as part and parcel of the belief which he adopted, but he has never wholly digested it.

He has gone further into facts, in a more cool, inquisitive and logical manner than ever we have cared to go; and he would much have preferred a theory of creation which tallied more with the results of his own inquiries. But, unfortunately for him, Jewish science, such as it is, forms an inseparable portion of the whole belief, and the Christian cannot throw it away without throwing away the entire religion, amendments and all. This is the rock upon which the Christian faith appears to split. I cannot but think that the "opposition" Semetic religion—that of Mohammad—being devoid of science altogether, would have suited Western requirements better; or, better still, the Buddhist, or some other Aryan religion, which would have been, one would think, more in harmony with the Western religionist's nature. But the Jewish creed was taken because it was the best of those close at hand. Buddhist and other notions were discovered later, and when discovered they were imported to the West and added to the substructure of Semeticism. As it is, it is a struggle whether the whole shall be retained or the whole thrown away.

(ii.) The law of the Jews has proved by no means such a failure. The Jews have always been a law-making and, even under extremes

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of oppression, a law-abiding race. The Ten Commandments remain unchallenged and unexcelled to this hour; and Moses is still the lawgiver to the nations. The admirable jurisprudence of the Jews, if I may so call it, long acted as a counterbalance to the weakness of their science; so much so that their science has been accepted, under one cloak or another, until its feebleness from a European's point of view has become too transparent for further adherence.

(iii.) The poetry of the East has always received some appreciation at the hands of the West. The Semetic race are an imaginative people. Their vivid imagery and heartfelt poetry cannot fail to impress the soul. The fanciful stories of the Arabian Nights are popular enough, but the Jews produced the best fruits; for they were the most literary race. I think both the Hebrews and the Mohammadans have displayed greater readiness to express both their economic policy and their religious code, in writing, than any other people. Certainly the Aryans, with all their merits, have displayed reluctance in this respect. Socrates spoke, but would not, or did not, write; the earlier rulers of the Church of Rome, though they had their writings, inclined very much to keep them under lock and key, and even now prefer to use a dead rather than a living intelligible language; whilst the impenetrable mysteries of Brahmanism, and the eclecticism of the Buddhist professors, show that the Aryan races have consistently carried their "wrapping-up" proclivities through all their leading religions. The Jews and the Mohammadans, however, at once, spontaneously, at the very founding of their religion, put their code into intelligible writing, and made ample provision that the writings should be continually brought before the people.

All this was very natural. Conservative, never-changing races like those of Judah and Islam, may codify their systems without any dread that after a lapse of time their notions, thus stereotyped in black and white (or in yellow, as the case may be), will be found too old-fashioned for adherence. I cannot but think that the spirit of the Aryan races is antagonistic to any such codification. A changeable, restive people are ill-suited by a stereotyped code, and the instinctive reluctance of the Roman Catholic Church to popularise the Bible was founded on an extraordinarily acute perception of this difficulty. There are, I know, ecclesiastics of the English Church who have opposed, or withheld their countenance from, the work of various societies in propagating the sale of the Bible at a cheap rate among the masses of the people. In a sense, they have reason. The popularisation of the Bible means ultimately, with Teutonic nations, its complete rejection. An advancing people cannot put up with a stationary creed. The book would have been rejected long ago, but, fortunately for it, the receptivity of the Western nations enabled them to interpret and expand it in a way which the original writers

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and readers never anticipated. Just as the awkward predicament of a six-days' creation is interpreted to mean a six-æons' creation—*i.e.*, a creation of practically illimitable duration—so the remaining portions, whenever they present difficulties to the gentile believer, are interpreted away in a wider sense than the actual words themselves admit. For all that, to the Jew, six days, stated in writing, can mean but six days, and not six æons; and there is no necessity that it should mean, to them, anything else. To the Jew, such passages present no difficulties, and he requires no explanations.

(iv.) The history of the Jewish race has been all along a delusion and a snare to the ingenuous Aryan. It is his own fault. He has chosen to borrow an alien system, not of the alien's invitation but of his own free will; and he alone is to blame if he has misunderstood it. The Pentateuch is to the Jews simply what the Anglo-Saxon chronicles would have been to the English, supposing the Anglo-Saxon race had remained unadulterated with an admixture of other peoples. The Jewish annals are put in different form, with a different style of wording, but they fulfil the same functions. The Hebrews, an imaginative, hopeful, patriotic race, loved their brethren and hated aliens; it was but natural that this peculiarity, strongly developed in the course of many wanderings, wars and troubles, should culminate and be expressed in writing in such statements as "We are the chosen people of God," "The God of Abraham, of Israel, and of Jacob"—this Deity being, of course, as antagonistic to any pretensions of the heathen gods as the Jews were to the heathen races. If this feeling has been misunderstood, it is not the Jew's fault, for the Jew never misunderstood it. It was but natural for the Jews to expect, and their teachers to prophesy, that out of their own race the Lord should appoint "a ruler for his people Israel." It must have been the greatest of surprises to the Jews of that day when the Gentile nations chose to take these "prophecies"—*i.e.*, simply patriotic declarations—as applying to themselves; and when the gentiles further appropriated to themselves the right to interpret the old Jewish writings, and did interpret them, one and all, in favour of Jesus of Nazareth, the intelligent Jews of that day, if they realised what was happening, must have been thunderstruck. Judged from a purely historical standpoint, the deification of Jesus of Nazareth was probably the most audacious action in the annals of the world.

It is an extraordinary fact, indicating a total misapprehension of the state of Jewish feeling, that the Jews at that time immediately preceding the fall of Jerusalem have been blamed for refusing to accede to the deification of Jesus of Nazareth. It would have been contrary to their whole spirit if they had acceded. The Aryan nations, not less the Greeks and Romans than the Saxons, Celts, and Gallic peoples, have always displayed a ready facility for deifying

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their heroes, teachers, kings, and leaders. The Jews never went so far, even with the greatest of their leaders—Moses, Joshua, David; with the greatest of their teachers—Samuel, Elijah, Elishah; nay, even with their great and honoured patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—they just stopped short of deification. The narrative of the miraculous ascent of Elijah to heaven was nearly, but not quite, an instance of apotheosis. Having, almost alone among the nations, maintained their monotheism through so many ages, were they likely to abandon their traditions through a palpable misinterpretation by the gentiles of Jewish Scriptures?

(v.) The greatest of all misunderstandings, however, arises with reference to that period when the Jews reached a stage at which the conservatism of the race was threatened, and all the energies of the "prophets," or educated Jews—for the prophets after Samuel were nothing more—were barely sufficient to stem the tide of radical innovations. Let it be understood what Eastern conservatism means. It is a system compared with which the conservatism of Europe, and most of all of England, is a violent, turbulent, intolerable changeability. Even now, imbued as I am by long contact and by the contact of my forefathers with the ways and manners of the Aryan, my soul shrinks at the contemplation of a restless Teutonic policy grafted into a Jewish people. It would never take root. It never has taken root. The fact is recognised, but the reason is not understood. When I say the Jews are a conservative people, I mean that the same beliefs which Abraham spake are all-sufficient now. The Jewish people are not disposed for any change in their notion of the world-creation; nor in their science, nor in their law, nor in their literature. In England, opinion and sentiment change so rapidly that an advanced Radical of the last century, could he be transplanted into the England of to-day, would, I am told, be a most hopeless and irreconcilable Conservative bigot. In one hundred years a greater change takes place among the English than in one thousand years in the East. You, in whom the spirit of change is a living and burning flame, look with pity on the stagnation of an Asiatic country. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." But we, in whom the love of peace is imperishable, recoil from the contemplation of a never-ending restlessness. Lord Tennyson's self-satisfaction is the same claim of superiority with which the sea spake to the land: "Thou art always still; can thou not move, nor heave upwards, nor wander to and fro? Thou art not living, but dead!" Yet we claim that there is some merit in the stability of the land. So we remain embedded in the hearts of the nations of Europe—with them, but not of them. We can never amalgamate.

When, therefore, I speak of Jewish conservatism, it will be understood that I mean a conservatism such as is far beyond the

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conception of a nation full of eddies, tides, and currents, the conservatism of the Pyramids, the conservatism of written characters on tables of stone; and when I make mention of Jewish radicalism, I mean an advocacy or a practice of changes such as a western nation would fail to appreciate.

There came, however, an epoch in which the stability of the race was placed in peril. A tendency towards radical changes displayed itself. The king introduced, the court supported, and the people welcomed divers imitations of the manners and customs of neighbouring nations. Whether it were that the load of ceremonial became heavy to bear, or whether there were other causes, may be open to debate. Certain it is that the same tendency has appeared in the history of all great Eastern nations, and this stage forms a most curious psychological phenomenon. The Japanese are even now passing through it—they are throwing off the conservatism of the last thousand years, with its accumulated burden of stereotyped ceremonial, and are in the transition stage, ready to adopt any German or English customs that may be presented to them. Those who see a new career or a new life for the Japanese people are altogether out of their reckoning. How can it be? Can a race transform its whole nature? The present wave of reform once abated, the customs they are now newly adopting will last the Japanese for the next thousand years, maybe long after the unstable nations from whom they are imbibing customs have sunk into decrepitude or altogether passed away.

Thus at least it was with the Jews. Having once lost their equilibrium, they were eager to embrace all the new fashions that the surrounding nations could give them. It is so plainly written—plainly, that is, to the Jew, if not to the gentile:

"Manasseh was twelve years old when he began to reign, and he reigned fifty and five years in Jerusalem,

"But did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, like unto the abomination of the heathen, whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel.

"For he built again the high places which Hezekiah his father had broken down, and he reared up altars for Baalim, and made groves, and worshipped all the host of heaven, and served them.

"Also he built altars in the house of the Lord, whereof the Lord had said, In Jerusalem shall my name be for ever.

"And he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom; also he observed times, and used enchantments, and used witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit, and with wizards; he wrought much evil in the sight of the Lord, to provoke him to anger.

"And he set a carven image, the idol which he had made, in the house of God, of which God had said to David and to Solomon his son, In this house, and in Jerusalem, which I have chosen before all the tribes of Israel, will I put my name for ever.

"Neither will I any more remove the foot of Israel from out of the land which I have appointed for your fathers, so that they take heed to do all

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that I have commanded them, according to the whole law, and the statutes and the ordinance by the hand of Moses.

"So Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen, whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel.

"And the Lord spake to Manasseh, and to his people, but they would not hearken."

This passage, translated, not from Hebrew words into English words, but into modern forms of expression, would read somewhat thus:

"Manasseh ascended the throne in his boyhood. On growing to maturity he took a vigorous part in the struggle that had been going on between the two factions of the nation, and gave his whole strength to the support of the radical policy which his father had adopted [and which the writer of the chronicle, as an ecclesiastic and a conservative, strongly condemns]. He favoured the introduction of foreign fashions ['abominations of the heathen'] and by every means endeavoured to acclimatise the religious customs of the neighbouring nations. He departed from the traditions of the Jewish race, and thus scandalised the more sober part of the nation, in whose opinion the constitution of the kingdom was imperilled. The masses of the people, however, accepted the changes with the utmost readiness, and even with joy, in spite of the remonstrances and warnings of the ecclesiastical and constitutional element."

This was the weakest period of the Jews throughout their history, and the struggle lasted long. The educated portion of the community, and the priesthood, were left to maintain the stability of the race, as against the king and the populace. With so great a weight against them, they sustained the struggle manfully throughout an epoch, and by the time of John the Baptist the threatened peril was almost extinguished. Then, just at the moment when the fight seemed to be over—at the very time when the priesthood and the rulers were resigning themselves to a well-deserved rest—there arose one whose character and methods were such as to turn back the tide of victory, and imperil the faith of the race more than it had ever been imperilled before. Jesus of Nazareth came forth, and the Constitutionalists were called upon for another, a great, and a final effort.

Jesus of Nazareth was the last of the reformers. His reform proposals were far more sweeping, and his disregard of the established order far more intense, than had been known before. He attempted to override the law of Moses (Mark x. 2-12), scouted authority (Mark xi. 33), volunteered fresh interpretations of the Commandments; and, while he attempted to cover his teachings by a continued appeal to the ancient lawgivers (Luke iv. 4), and always professed to show respect for them, it was easy to see that this was but a cover, and nothing more. The people clearly recognised that, while verbally he gave his acquiescence to the ancient teachers, his proposals superseded their authority entirely. Occasionally he forgot

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his caution, and allowed his true meaning to break out in words (John x. 8: "All that ever came before me are thieves"). He outraged the feelings of the Conservatives (John x. 33), and this party, who had really been the preservers of the nation, proved too powerful for him. There could therefore be but one end. The populace swayed first to one side and then to the other. It was one of the chances of history that the tide of public feeling happened at this period to be in favour of Conservatism. The appeal of the later prophets was bearing its fruit. Their whole cry had been directed against the spirit of Radicalism. "Cling to your ancient faith; abhor innovations; abide by the old law." This was the incessant teaching of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, and Micah. When therefore there sprang from the bosom of the people a leader, great and dangerous, to champion an already defeated cause, the whole mass of the nation, and not merely the sacerdotal and educated sections, were against him. His chances of success were a peril, and he himself was a menace to the stability of the nation. What were the Jews to do? They took precisely the same course as the Greek States, the Romans, and every other people took on such occasions—they sacrificed him in order to preserve their integrity. The same thing is done in English politics of the present day. It is not now necessary to take the life of the dangerous leader, simply because he can be got out of the way by less cruel measures; but the act of deposition is none the less effectual.

That act of deposition, which took the form of crucifixion, was the saving of the Jewish race. The Radical policy was, once for all, utterly rejected. Since that day, though scattered over the whole world, the Jews still remain a homogeneous nation. There has arisen no second Jesus of Nazareth. The vitality of the race is as great now, under the crushing persecutions of Russians and Germans, as it was in the days of captivity by Babylon and Nineveh. Progress and reform may be necessary to the prosperity of the Teuton, but to the Hebrew the essential elements are precisely the opposite. So long as the Jews maintain their absolute conservatism, so long will they remain a distinct and even a happy nation.

JULIAN COHEN.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

In the author of *Origine des Forces de la Nature*[1] we have another illustration of the fact that even on matters of science and on questions that lie at the very foundation of it, heterodox opinions are sure to be held in some quarters. He has convinced himself that there is something wrong with the accepted theory of attraction as a property of matter, and has published the volume before us in order to set forth a new theory which shall replace it. As frequently happens in such cases, there is a good deal of preliminary writing before the reader is brought face to face with the author's special views. Thus we have an introduction extending to forty-six pages, which might with advantage have been considerably curtailed. It is well written, it is true, but it dwells too much on principles which hardly any one will dispute, and which at least should be familiar to all who undertake to read the volume with a view to determining the truth or falsity of what it contains. The first inkling of the author's heterodoxy is obtained when he comes to deal with the "pressure," as he terms it, which surrounds the earth on all sides. It is pointed out that at first the explanation of science was that "Nature abhors a vacuum," while at a later period an explanation was found in the property which matter possesses of attracting other matter. In both these explanations the author thinks physicists have fallen into the error of attributing to the object itself (*i.e.*, matter), in which the effect is produced, the cause which produces it. In other words, it would appear he parts company with orthodox physicists on the point that "pressure" on the earth's surface is not due to an attractive power inherent in matter, but to some other cause which produces the attraction as an effect. He insists that matter is really inert; that any movement it possesses is a manifestation of some force which has acted upon it and taken possession of it, and that when movement disappears the force disappears also. Moreover, he contends that when a body loses force by meeting with resistance, the force is lost, not by the effect of another force, but by the use which is made of it. Hence the

[1] *Origine des Forces de la Nature: Nouvelle Théorie remplaçant celle de l'attraction.* Par Guillaume Poche. Paris: G. Masson, Editeur.

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force which matter possesses, he says, is the movement which animates it, and a body deprived of movement is deprived of force. In all this the critical reader will find much ambiguity, if not a lurking fallacy. Obviously much depends on what is understood by the term force. A body may be at rest, and yet occupy such a position as to possess what is termed potential energy, and there is surely a latent force or energy in a cask of gunpowder, although it may be apparently at rest. Nor will the critical reader accept the author's *dictum* that force is independent of matter, though readily allowing that it may be transferred from one portion of matter to another. So long, indeed, as no example of a force isolated from, and independent of, matter is shown to us, it appears to be more logical to regard matter and force as indissolubly connected, even if they are not looked upon as different aspects of one and the same entity. These and other such points to which exception may be justly taken, are however of little account in comparison with the author's special theory for replacing the Newtonian theory of attraction. There is some difficulty in disentangling it from the lengthy expositions of natural phenomena in which it is involved, and on this account we are not sure that we have obtained an exact idea of it and of all that it implies. It is first broached, though in an imperfect manner, in the introduction, where, speaking of the bodies of the solar system, the author expresses the view that a planet moving round the sun is under the influence of two opposing forces, one of which is a repulsive action emanating from the sun, and the other a reaction whose explanation is deferred to a subsequent chapter. The relative intensities of these two forces are said to vary, and according as one or the other becomes dominant, the planet comes nearer to or removes further from the sun. The earth, too, is said to exert a repulsive action on the moon, which, joined to that of the sun, causes these well-known peculiarities of her movements and allows of their explanation in a natural manner and without any difficulty. After this first inkling of the nature of the author's theory, we are carried some distance before additional light is thrown upon it. We are then told that the interior of the earth produces by the heat which emanates from it a very perceptible repulsive action rather than one of attraction, and that the effect of this is enhanced by the heat of the sun which is reflected from the earth's surface. On the other hand, there is opposed to this a constant pressure which acts on all the matter of the globe, opposing its extension and repressing the expansive force communicated to it by heat. The cause which produces the pressure, or rather the substance in which it resides, cannot, we are told, be perceived, the impressions which it gives us being still less sensible than those produced by gases. Nevertheless, the existence of the pressure is visibly manifested in the bodies which are most

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exposed to its action, in which it produces a tendency which carries them towards the centre of the earth.

From what is said in a later chapter, it would seem that the pressure here and elsewhere referred to is exercised by the ether which, as physicists teach us, fills all interplanetary space, and even permeates between the molecules of all material substances. Putting together, then, the scattered statements of the author, the special theory here advanced to replace that of attraction, may be stated broadly as follows: The great aggregates of matter known as the sun, the earth, and the planets generally, have their particles in a state of vibratory movement due to heat, and by virtue of this they endeavour to expand and increase in volume. In this way they gain in tension, and acquire a repulsive energy, an expansive force which acts in all directions. The energy thus brought into play produces in the surrounding elastic ether a sort of reaction, which manifests itself as pressure, the ether being as it were displaced and pushed back, and in its turn pressing upon the expanding body. Thus we have the two opposing forces, the action and reaction, the repulsive force and the opposing pressure, which regulate or determine the motions of the planets and other phenomena hitherto explained by the Newtonian theory of attraction. For ourselves, we are not impressed with its superiority over the old theory, nor do we think the able manner in which the author applies it to the explanation of natural phenomena will remove the objections that will doubtless be raised against it. We, at any rate, see no reason, whether based upon observation or experiment, for believing that the ether can and does act as the author here assumes, and are disposed to think that in the small number of its assumptions and the success with which it accounts for the phenomena of the solar system, the old theory, as a theory, is much preferable to the one advocated by the author. We would recommend the author, however, as we have previously done in the case of other heterodox writers on science, to formulate in set terms the fundamental propositions of his theory, and the hypotheses on which they are based. Then and then only will it be possible to institute an intelligible comparison of it with the doctrines generally accepted, and so lead to a just estimate of its merits.

Our chemical literature is so poor in works dealing with the historical aspect of the subject, that the publication of a translation of Von Meyer's *History of Chemistry*[1] is an addition which will no doubt be cordially welcomed on all hands. Moreover, on its own merits, it is a work which is entitled to take high rank, and is calculated to be of great value, not only to the student of chemistry in the concrete, but to all who are interested in the progress of

[1] *A History of Chemistry, from Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By Ernst von Meyer, Ph.D. Translated, with the author's sanction, by George M'Gowan, Ph.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

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scientific knowledge and the efforts of the human intellect to unravel the mysteries of the material universe. Though dealing with the origin, growth, and development of a great and important branch of science, the volume is not wanting in the elements of poetry and romance, and these, it may be said, are not less obvious in the treatment of recent discoveries than in that of the earliest struggles. In scope, the volume embraces pretty nearly everything that any reader save the narrow specialist can desire, and in many respects even the specialist has not been forgotten. It devotes special attention to the evolution of the general doctrines of chemistry, the genesis of particular ideas and their subsequent expansion, and the growth of particular branches of the subject. If we may use the expression in such a connection, we may say that proportion and perspective have been carefully considered in the treatment of the various parts of the subject, and their several connections, whether logical or otherwise, have been clearly and fully indicated.

In the earlier chapters, dealing with the earliest times and the age of alchemy, the story moves somewhat rapidly. As a matter of fact, the attempts made in those days to explain the nature of material substances were scarcely worthy of the name of science, as they were almost, if not quite, exclusively based upon speculation and deduction. As the author indicates, indeed, it was not until these were replaced by experimental and inductive methods, and its object became restricted to an inquiry into the composition and properties of matter, that chemistry took up its position as an independent branch of scientific knowledge. To Robert Boyle belongs the honour of having, above all others, given this new direction to the chemistry of his day, and the account here given of the progress made in the interval from Boyle to Lavoisier shows how great was the influence exerted by this remarkable man upon its aims and methods. It is true that during this period the phlogiston theory, to which Boyle was all along opposed, dominated the minds of most chemical investigators, but, as our author shows, this did not materially interfere with the development of the science. Full acknowledgment is made of the services rendered to chemical science by Boyle, nor are his contemporaries less justly dealt with, to whatever nation they belonged. Among English chemists whose researches are partly dealt with in connection with this period, are Black, Cavendish, and Priestley, and, so far as we see, each is accorded the credit to which he is fairly entitled.

The next period to be dealt with is the more recent one, extending from the time of Lavoisier to the present day, and occupies fully two-thirds of the whole volume. The theory of phlogiston having given place to the theory of combustion, chemistry entered upon a path along which her progress became accelerated, and which has

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in these days led her to the prominent position which she now occupies. The successive steps by which she has advanced are brought out with commendable clearness, and the characteristics of each are drawn with a bold hand. Among many other matters, we have admirable accounts of Prout's recognition of the law of constant combining proportions; of Dalton's atomic theory, and the modifications it received at the hands of Davy, Berzelius, and others; and of the dualistic, radical, unitary, type, and other theories which led up to Frankland's doctrine of the valency of the elements. The influence of this last doctrine on the development of chemistry during the last thirty years or more, is then carefully described, as is also the introduction, by Kekulé and Couper, of the structure theory, the establishment of the true atomic weights by Cannizzaro, the periodic system of the elements, Crookes' hypothesis of a primary material, and the general significance of physico-chemical investigations.

The last chapter of the volume is devoted to the special history of various branches of chemistry from Lavoisier to the present day, and sustains to the full the excellence and interest of its predecessors. The history of analytical chemistry, in its various divisions, occupies a prominent place, in virtue, no doubt, of the extreme importance which attaches to it. The inorganic and organic branches of the subject are dealt with separately, though the careful reader will readily discover how, on many occasions, the history and development of the one have been intimately bound up with those of the other. Not the least valuable portion of this chapter is, in our opinion, that which contains sections on physical and mineralogical chemistry, and the application of chemistry to agriculture, physiology, and the numerous technical industries of the country. This may be studied with profit by all who are interested in the practical applications of chemical science, and especially by those who wish to see some of the grounds on which an extension of technical education may be reasonably advocated.

Mr. Johnstone's *Botany*[1] is a well-printed and well-illustrated manual of a handy size, in which the essentials of botanical science are presented in a concise and condensed form. Its merits are scarcely if at all greater—though they are certainly not less—than those of half a dozen other works of similar scope on the same subject which might be named, and it is not characterised by any distinct individuality. Probably this is due to the view taken by the author of what a student's text-book ought to be, and that is, a volume in which the subject-matter is in the form of concise notes and summaries, or, as he otherwise expresses it, a volume which is a kind of illustrated digest and general note-book. This, at any rate, is the character of his volume. To students who are attending

[1] *Botany: A Concise Manual for Students of Medicine and Science.* By Alexander Johnstone, F.G.S. Edinburgh and London: Young J. Pentland.

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lecture and laboratory courses on botany it may be useful, but we should scarcely recommend it as a substitute for a text-book in which the subject is dealt with at somewhat greater length. As regards the statement of facts under the various headings, it is in the main accurate enough, but here and there one comes upon an ambiguity consequent upon the brevity of the style adopted, and occasionally a matter, which the best authorities regard as doubtful, is treated as if a definite conclusion had already been arrived at. The illustrations, which are for the most part taken from the publications of the best authorities, are somewhat numerous, and are neat, clear, and effective. In addition to this, there are upwards of sixty floral diagrams, showing the leading characteristics of the natural orders of angiosperms, which we regard as one of the best features of the volume. Unfortunately, the position of the axis from which the flower arises is only shown in a very few cases, an omission which greatly diminishes their value.

On a recent occasion we noticed a volume of zoological articles reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in doing so suggested what a benefit it would be to students if the whole of the zoological contributions were dealt with in a similar way and issued in a separate form. So far as the large and important group of mammalia is concerned, this has now been done, and the result is a magnificent work, entitled *Mammals, Living and Extinct*,[1] which bears the well-known names of Professor Flower and Mr. Lydekker. Structurally, it is based upon the article "Mammalia," together with forty shorter articles written by Professor Flower for the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia* referred to; but, in addition to these, numerous other articles, contributed by Dr. G. E. Dobson, Mr. Oldfield Thomas, and Dr. St. G. Mivart, have been utilised to a greater or less extent. The task of "arranging these in systematic order, filling up gaps, and adding new matter where necessary," was entrusted to Mr. Lydekker, who has performed it in a manner at once worthy of the subject and his own reputation. As, however, the revision both of the manuscript and the proofs was undertaken by both authors, they are jointly responsible for the whole work, which may therefore be regarded as the embodiment of the ripe knowledge and matured conclusions of these eminent authorities.

One of the first impressions made upon the mind of the reader will probably be a sense of the completeness with which the origin of the volume from a series of separate articles has been obliterated. The amalgamation is practically perfect, and the reader may pass from one end of the volume to the other without being conscious of any break in the continuity or feeling any shock to his sense of

[1] *An Introduction to the Study of Mammals. Living and Extinct.* By William Henry Flower, C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L., &c. &c., and Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.G.S., F.Z.S., &c. London: Adam & Charles Black.

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proportion. As it stands, therefore, the volume is entitled to rank as a systematic and logical treatise on the mammalia, and as such we believe it will be without a rival in the English language. After a few introductory pages, which even general readers may find of interest, the authors give an admirable summary of the general anatomical characters of mammals, in which are described the tegumentary structures; the dental, skeletal, and digestive systems; the apparatus for circulation, absorption, respiration, and excretion; the nervous system and organs of sense; and the organs of reproduction. These descriptions are full and clear without being diffuse, and are a fitting prelude to what is to follow. Passing to the origin and classification of mammalia, the reader will find the latest conclusions on these difficult but important branches of the subject. As to classification, most zoologists will probably agree with the authors that the rapidly increasing knowledge of mammalian forms, and especially of those which are extinct, make it impossible to do otherwise than formulate a scheme which is of a provisional and temporary nature. In the one adopted by the authors we find several points of divergence from that followed by previous writers, but although they are undoubted improvements, they do not appear to involve questions of fundamental importance. In the tabular statement of the sub-classes, orders, families, &c., the names of extinct groups are printed in heavier type than those which contain species still existing, so that the reader can see at a glance the distribution of fossil mammalia in the taxonomic series. The chapter on geographical and geological distribution contains an excellent *résumé* of the facts known on these attractive and important branches of zoology. The zoological regions adopted are in the main those proposed by Mr. Sclater, though due recognition is made of the modifications suggested subsequently by other authorities.

General matters such as the above having been fully and carefully considered, the path is cleared for the systematic accounts of the various divisions of the mammalian class. Into these there is no necessity to enter, as British zoologists are already familiar with the skill of the authors in descriptive writing of the kind required from their contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and other publications. We will only venture to refer to one chapter in this part of the volume, which from its bearing upon man's place in Nature will probably attract many readers who have little interest in general zoology. This is the one which concludes the volume, and is devoted to the highest forms of mammalia known as the primates. Here those who are interested in the important question referred to will find all the facts on which a scientific conclusion can be based fully and lucidly set forth. They will find further that the authors do not hesitate to state what their own conclusions on the subject are, and to express in the main an agreement with those zoologists who, re-

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verting to the classification of the great Linnæus, include man in the order of primates, instead of removing him into a distinct order, as was done by Cuvier and Owen. They offer also some valuable suggestions as to the causes which have probably determined the formation and permanence of races, but at the same time recognise the scantiness of the evidence on which they are based, and the necessity for much further investigation before a clear insight can be obtained into the natural classification and relationships of the races of man. We need scarcely say that the volume is well and copiously illustrated, and is "got up" in other respects in the best style.

Heredity, health, and personal beauty are matters of such wide and general interest that a volume devoted to their consideration has some *primâ facie* claim upon the attention of the reading public. This volume[1] may be expected, therefore, to attract a number of readers, but whether or not they will be favourably impressed with its contents is more or less doubtful. In our opinion, it is too voluminous in size and too diffuse in style for the great majority of readers whom the author would doubtless wish it to reach, and the minority who do actually peruse it will probably agree with the view that the gist of what the author has to say could have been said, and more effectively said, if he had put some restraint upon the fluency of his pen. Taking it as it stands, we have an introduction of nearly twelve pages, which seems to us an unfortunate one. It deals with the question which has recently been much discussed—viz., as to the transmission of acquired characters—and though written with some vigour is somewhat lacking in discretion. Weismann's contention that only congenital characters and variations become hereditary is strongly controverted, but we have not discovered that the author has any positive evidence to adduce against it. His language, too, is such that there is some difficulty in grasping its full meaning, and in many instances there is more than a suspicion that he is begging rather than arguing the question. Thus, when he says "that every organism must be, at any given instant of time, the product, fundamentally, of natural forces constrained along lines of development imposed by external conditions, no matter whence derived, and capable of transmitting whatever it possesses, however acquired," it is obvious that he is not proving but assuming the transmission of acquired characters, and that, too, to an extent that few of the opponents of Weismannism, if we may use the word, would allow. It is equally obvious also that less obscurity of language would be an advantage. In saying all this we do not wish to assert that, as against Weismann, the position taken up by the author is untenable, but merely that his method of defending it is inconclusive, and likely to count for little against the arguments on the other side.

[1] *Heredity, Health, and Personal Beauty*, By John V. Shoemaker, A.M., M.D. Phi ladelphia and London: F. A. Davis.

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On matters relating to health the author writes with evident knowledge and experience, and has certainly much to say that one could wish were known to everybody. But his chapters are so long, and so many subjects of doubtful relativity are discussed, that we feel sure the ordinary reader will have some difficulty in separating what is valuable and practicable from that which is rather of theoretical or questionable utility. Many readers will scarcely see the necessity for so many chapters on evolution, or for the discussion not only of man's physical place in Nature, but of his spiritual place also. Those, however, who are not dismayed by such difficulties as these will find here much valuable information on the laws of health and the means necessary to preserve the various organs of the body, both external and internal, in full functional activity.

The third subject of the volume—viz., personal beauty—will perhaps attract some readers to the volume who otherwise would have passed it by. Among other points considered in relation to beauty, the author discusses the sentiment of the beautiful, the source of the beauty of the fair sex, grace the crown of beauty, and similar topics. In the chapter on female beauty he traces its origin to the choice by men of the best favoured women, and to the sedulous manner in which the most enlightened nations guard their women against physically degrading toil. In addition, he seems to think that romantic love is a factor in the production of beauty, while the superiority of women to men as regards beauty he attributes to sexual selection. We may add, in conclusion, that there is a chapter on the evolution of the American girl which is well worth reading, and is not the least interesting in the whole volume.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

THE enigmatical title "A Troglodyte" has chosen for his studies in the philosophy of Evolution, *Riddles of the Sphinx*,[1] would hardly prepare the reader for the deep seriousness of the study, or the masterly ability which is displayed throughout in the treatment of it. The novelty of his hypothesis, and the distaste with which new theories are received, is the author's excuse for hiding his personality under an anonym, or, as he puts it, wrapping his mantle closely round his face. The special feature of the study is that the author maintains that the riddles of existence can only be solved by metaphysics, but by what he denominates "concrete metaphysics," in opposition to abstract metaphysics on the one hand, and pseudo-

[1] *Riddles of the Sphinx: a Study in the Philosophy of Evolution.* By A Troglodyte. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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metaphysics—that is the physiological method—on the other. By this route he believes that he has arrived at conclusions wholly satisfactory, if they are true. So supremely honest is our author that he will not dogmatise. "It is the consciousness that he can never transcend the supreme alternative of thought, that though he has grasped the truth, truth always leaves him with an *if*. What though his reasoning be forged link by link, an adamantine chain of logical necessity, it will yet be *hypothetical*; what though he show what truth *must be, if truth there be*, he cannot show that truth there *is*."

Notwithstanding the purely philosophical purpose of the book, and the logical method of which the writer is a master, it is distinguished by real literary charm and often rises to eloquence.

It is not easy in a few lines to indicate the hypothesis and scheme of the writer. The first book is critical, and deals with the current philosophical systems and their connection. Positivism, by affirming the impossibility of philosophy, becomes Agnosticism; Agnosticism logically leads to Scepticism, that to Pessimism, which in the end results in philosophical Nihilism, "and Chaos once more swallows up the Cosmos." Having thus faced the worst, and seeing where present methods of philosophy tend, our author courageously sets himself the task of reconstruction. Here he allows that he must make a bargain with Scepticism; he must assume the reality of the Self, "on the basis and analogy of which the world must be interpreted." He rejects alike the epistemological and psychological methods: the fact that the mind has a history is fatal to the claims of the psychological method, as it cannot take account of that history without ceasing to be psychological, and submitting to the restrictions of historical and metaphysical methods. It is here, then, the writer brings forward his own method, which is the basing of metaphysics on science—they must be concrete, and not abstract. "In other words, they must proceed from the *phenomenally* real to the *ultimately* real, from science to metaphysics." Where he differs from current evolutionary philosophy in determining the relation of the higher to the lower, is that, whereas the popular philosophy now endeavours to interpret the higher by the lower, this writer would have us interpret the lower by the higher—that things have had a history is the basis of the evolutionary philosophy; and this means not only that a thing has had a past, but that this past has had a bearing upon and a connection with the present. "And the world has not only got a history, but that history has a *meaning*; it is the process which works out the universal law of Evolution." And here the author admits that we come upon the trace of the teleology which is inseparable from all evolution. "For when the phenomena of the world's evolution are subordinated to the general law of evolution, their relation inevitably tends to become that of a means to an end." This he contends is not the teleology which is dreaded

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by the modern exponents of natural science. It does not attempt to regard all creation as existing for the use and benefit of man. "It is as far as the scientist from supposing that cork-trees grow in order to supply us with champagne corks." "The end to which it supposes all things to subserve is not the good of man, and still less for any individual man, but the universal end of the world-process, to which all things tend, and which will coincide with the *idiocentric* end and desires of the sections of the whole just *in proportion to their position in the process.*"

And this is sufficient to explain why the world cannot appear perfect from the point of view of the imperfect. What comes first in science comes last in metaphysics; it is in the higher and subsequent that the explanation of the lower and anterior is to be sought. We can never therefore fully understand what or why anything is until we know what it is to become. The end will explain the means. Our author then discusses the formulas of the Law of Evolution, giving due honour to Mr. Spencer, whom he declares deserves the undying gratitude of philosophers for the formula enunciated in the *First Principles.* "But it will only enhance Mr. Spencer's glory if, contrary to the drift of his own utterances, we maintain that, being the first, he cannot for this very reason be the last, and express a hope that he may prove the founder of a long dynasty of evolutionist philosophers. He has begun, but he has not ended the philosophy of Evolution." While admitting the truth of Mr. Spencer's formula, he insists that it is not all the truth, and the same with Von Hartmann's. As to his own conclusion, the author gives what is rather an illustration than a formula, though he uses it as the latter. "*All real progress develops both the individual and the social medium. It is a development of the individual in society, and of society through the individual.*" That this principle will carry him very far the writer feels assured, as he proceeds to test and verify it by its applicability to the different stages of Evolution—to the evolution of human society, to that of the lower animals, and finally to that of the inorganic world. The Third Book deals with the theological aspect of Evolution as interpreted by the writer, and develops his theory of the relation of spirit, or consciousness, and matter, which is the converse of that usually accepted. But space forbids us to enter into details; we can only recommend a careful and generous perusal of the whole work to those who are interested in the study of problems of vital interest.

A work of very different calibre from the above is an extraordinary production entitled *Evolution Illuminating the Bible.*[1] The purpose and style of the book are practically indescribable. The

[1] *Evolution Illuminating the Bible.* By Harriot Mackenzie. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1891.

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author appears to admit the extremest theories of materialism, as far as Body and Mind are concerned, in order to introduce a third element, as he puts it, "born of the spirit, spirit." Several chapters are devoted to a review of modern physiology and physiological psychology, principally gathered apparently from two or three handbooks, and familiar to the readers of the *International Scientific Series*, to which almost all the author's reading appears to be confined. As to his theory, it is impossible to extract it from a book which repels the reader by the barbarism of its style. One instance is the curious substitution of the compound, "takes to do with," where a writer would usually say "has to do with": "It is not with the evidences of Christianity *it takes to do*." This is an idiom we confess never to have met with before, and have no wish to meet again. But the work is disfigured throughout with ungrammatical as well as harsh sentences, and is plentifully besprinkled with misprints. Two sentences from the chapter on the "Mysteries of Christianity explained in Scientific Language" will be a sufficient example, but by no means the worst, of the author's style: "Christianity takes to do with the immortal soul created of conscious states, and we have seen that 'primarily' conscious states are derived from the objective world, and carry with them the emotions that accompany them at their origin. I hold it permissible to believe an Ego or soul, so defined, to be built up of luminiferous ether, which, when disembodied as such in functioning, gives expression to the conscious states developed during natural life, and the correlative of consciousness, the phenomena of which conscious states are forms." Towards the end of the book misprints increase rapidly in number, as if the printer and proof-reader had grown weary of their task, for which they may pardonably be excused.

It is a relief to turn from the perusal of the last-mentioned work to the delightful volume of papers by De Quincey, for which we are indebted to the editorship of Dr. A. Japp.[1] The exquisite style of the "Opium Eater," no matter what his topic, is always refreshing and satisfying to the cultivated reader. The principal place is given in this volume to some recovered sections of the *Suspiria de Profundis*, only five in all, which, with the nine previously included in De Quincey's works, still give us less than half of what he wrote, or intended to write. These Suspiria are the most attractive of the essays, as they are purely literary, and not argumentative or didactic, as are some of the papers in the volume. They carry us into that weird region in which De Quincey's imagination loved to range; "The Dark Interpreter" and "Who is this Woman?" being the most striking. "Some Thoughts on Biography" and "Great Forgers" are attractive in another way. The volume is well printed

[1] *The Posthumous Works of Thomas De Quincey.* Edited from the original MSS., with Introduction and Notes, by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., &c. Vol. I. London: Heinemann. 1891.

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and handsomely bound, and we shall welcome its promised successors with pleasure.

We are glad to receive the second edition of Mr. Ellis's *New Spirit*,[1] for, whether we agree with him in his conception of the nature of the intellectual movement thus indicated, or whether we think he has chosen for illustration the best examples, or not, we must confess he has given us an original and pleasing book. The main part of the work consists of essays on Diderot, Heine, Whitman, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. These are not chosen indiscriminately, but because in endeavouring to discover the fundamental instincts of great literary personalities we may discover much more—why and how they affect the world—and thus get a clue to the spirit of the age. The most significant movement of our time Mr. Ellis conceives to be the rise of woman, in which he finds an unfailing source of hope. As we understand it, the new spirit is at heart the spirit of liberty. His examples give us instances of the revolt against ignorance, against despotism, against conventional religion, against social bondage. On its positive side it means the rise of science, of democracy, of woman, of a new enthusiasm which is to take the place of the old religion. It is in the true sense a suggestive book, for if we are not compelled to accept the writer's dicta, they will provoke reflections which may lead us at least to respect certain intellectual movements which in our haste we might have despised.

Dr. Gailhard, in *Darwinisme et Spiritualisme*,[2] has undertaken the task not so much of refuting Darwin himself as his disciples, who have carried the evolution theory to extremes for which perhaps the master was not responsible, only so far as they are the natural outcome of his principles. It is not difficult for Dr. Gailhard to point out that the case for Darwinism is not altogether made out by the facts yet brought to light, but we are not able to see that this in itself is a refutation of the general principle, which is a valid inference from a sufficiently large number of accumulated facts. Dr. Gailhard is not a superficial writer, and is well acquainted with the scientific side of his subject, but if he refuses to accept the inevitable inferences, we do not suppose that a further display of evidence would convince him, as long as he conceives that Darwinism is hostile to his preconceived idea of creation. We can only think he labours under unnecessary alarm when he imagines that Darwinism will overturn the social order, though we may admire his zeal in attempting to defend it.

M. Lasserre has, we think unwisely, chosen the dialogue form for his thoughts upon the *Crise Chrétienne*,[3] and he is conscious that he

[1] *The New Spirit.* By Havelock Ellis. Second edition. London: Walter Scott.
[2] *Darwinisme et Spiritualisme.* Par le Docteur G. Gailhard. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1891.
[3] *La Crise Chrétienne: Questions d'Aujourd'hui.* Par Pierre Lasserre. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1891.

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may be blamed for it. That one philosopher succeeded with it has led many others astray, for generally it is fatal to serious productions. Very few writers have the skill to keep up a sustained interest in serious dialogue, and amongst this few we regret to be unable to place our author. Instead of being dialogue, it is a long and uninteresting series of alternating monologues, and it is not easy to extract the actual views of the writer—or, in plain English, to know what he is driving at; for what we read on one page may be refuted on the next. In these busy times it is too much to ask the reader to unravel a puzzle and make reservations as he goes along; yet this is what M. Lasserre requires, if he is to be understood. He begs the reader only to judge him by the *ensemble*. If he comes across an opinion ardently expressed by one of his personages, he will find it combated some pages further on by his interlocutor; the aggressive tone of certain opinions must be put to the account of dramatic necessities, and the author must not be accused of an unpleasant confidence in himself; and so on. The work is divided into three books—*Philosophe et Douleur*, *Cent Ans de Rêve*, and *La Crise Chrétienne*: this last is again subdivided into "Dilettantisme et Histoire" and "La Science et les Traditions." The author must pardon us if we take his concluding sentence literally: "Ne nous épuisons plus en ces inutiles entretiens."

M. Plytoff arouses more curiosity than he satisfies in his entertaining volume on the *Occult Sciences*.[1] He only conducts us to the threshold, and there leaves us. What he does tell us is well worth knowing, especially as we know we are under the guidance of a distinguished authority. The volume includes information on divination, the calculation of probabilities, visions, graphology, cheiromancy, phrenology, physiognomy, cryptography, magic, the cabbala, alchemy, astrology, &c. Nearly every out-of-the-way subject is touched upon, from second sight to the language of flowers, from magic to invisible inks. We should hardly have expected to have found cryptography, which is something anybody can learn, among the occult sciences; and the phrenologists will be indignant to find themselves in the same category with astrologers. M. Plytoff is not himself a believer, but he has written the book in good faith—he treats the subjects from the point of view of those who do believe, and the reader must use his own judgment as to how much he will accept. As the "occult" is becoming popular, this book will be found very useful.

Pseudepigrapha,[2] by Mr. Deane, is an extremely useful account of some of the apocryphal books of the Jews and early Christians. These books are frequently referred to in theological and historical

[1] *Les Sciences Occultes*. Par G. Plytoff. Paris: Baillière et Fils. 1891.

[2] *Pseudepigrapha*. An Account of certain Apocryphal Sacred Writings of the Jews and Early Christians. By Rev. William J. Deane, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

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works, but are within the reach of few, and the general reader will be grateful for this detailed account of them. The books described are the Psalter of Solomon, the Book of Enoch, the Assumption of Moses, the Apocalypse of Baruch, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Book of Jubilees, the Ascension of Isaiah, and the Sibylline Oracles. Mr. Deane gives an historical account of what is known as to the origin and date of composition of these various works, and then a detailed analysis of their contents. Those who are interested in a very curious and in its way important literary and religious phenomenon should possess themselves of Mr. Deane's book.

Mr. Campbell's *Studies in St. Luek's Gospel, its Demonology and Ebionitism*,[1] is a very different kind of work from the commonplace studies and commentaries which are common enough. It is decidedly original. He has seized upon two striking features of the Gospel which differentiate it from Matthew and Mark, and has developed and illustrated them with considerable ingenuity. His view is that the Demonology and Ebionitism to be found in the Gospel are not accidental, but are in accordance with a distinct theory of the writer's, and what appear to be isolated instances are links in a chain. At the bottom there is the dualistic theory of the world, which the Jews probably derived from their contact with Persian ideas. On the one hand was a kingdom with good angels and guardian spirits allotted to God, on the other a different kingdom with demons and tormenting spirits assigned to Satan. Connected with this dualistic theory the world was supposed to be placed under the dominion of Satan, and this implied the condemnation of the things of the world, riches, glory, pomp, indifference to human relationships, the glorification of poverty and austerity of moral discipline. All these features Mr. Campbell discovers in the Gospel of Luke. The conflict in which Jesus is engaged is a real conflict; a campaign in which the Holy Spirit as a power is brought face to face with the Evil Spirit as another power. The miracles of healing, of exorcism, and even of command over Nature can be interpreted in this light. They are examined in detail and found to support the theory. A second series of illustrations are given in support of the correlative doctrine—that is, of Luke's leanings towards an Ebionite view of Christianity. The renunciation of the world and the acceptance of the cross and poverty are the ethical strains of the Gospel. There is considerable force in Mr. Campbell's view, and some of the illustrations—that of the rich man and Lazarus for instance—are developed with much acuteness. The importance of Mr. Campbell's argument, however, rests on the cumulative weight of the evidence. He does not enter into the question of authorship or date of the Gospel, but

[1] *Critical Studies in St. Luke's Gospel.* By Colin Campbell, B.D. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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the points he has developed so ably are not without their significance on these matters.

An abridged reprint of the *Irrationalism of Infidelity*,[1] being a reply to Mr. F. W. Newman's *Phases of Faith*, has just come to hand. We have no recollection of seeing the original, and have no knowledge of the circumstances of its first appearance; but the author appears to have formerly been a friend of Mr. Newman's. The book is a defence of the Bible from the extreme orthodox point of view, and the writer examines in detail the many objections to it as a divine revelation, which present themselves not only to Mr. Newman, but to most intelligent people. The book may serve to confirm those who have no idea of accepting any critical conclusions, but it will fail to convince any who entertain them.

It needs very little acquaintance with the Gospels and observation of society to realise that *Conventional Christianity*[2] is not the religion of its Founder, which is Mr. Laurien's contention in the book before us. We cannot say the writer's presentation of the subject is a very forcible one, or calculated to effect a reform in the direction he desires. It is superficial, and sometimes even amusing, but it lacks weight.

A much more serious criticism of popular religion is Mr. Ballard's *The Mission of Christianity*.[3] We believe Mr. Ballard, who is a Wesleyan minister, has met with some signs of disapproval from his official superiors for his free treatment of religious subjects, and his plea for a wider extension of the application of religious principles. But he bases his plea on the practical failure of current religious notions, and vigorously urges that religion must take into account the physical and moral necessities of the masses more than it has hitherto done. Mr. Ballard is not only right, but he states his case with soberness and force.

Dr. Reichel's sermons[4] are in many respects far above the average. The subjects are lofty, the treatment often profound, and the language fitting. The preacher does not flinch from recognising the truths of modern science, and naturally as far as possible would endeavour to make them the servants of faith. Yet he is no mere polemic, but addresses himself principally to the elevation of thought and conduct.

Dr. Abbott has published in pamphlet form, under the title of *Newmanianism*,[5] a preface to the second edition of *Philomythus*, which we noticed last month. This is much more than a preface, as

[1] *The Irrationalism of Infidelity.* London: Elliot Stock.
[2] *Conventional Christianity.* By V. Laurien, B.A. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.
[3] *The Mission of Christianity; or, What are Churches for?* By Frank Ballard, M.A., B.Sc., &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.
[4] *Cathedral and University Sermons.* By Charles Parsons Reichel, D.D., D.Lit. Bishop of Meath. London: Macmillan & Co.
[5] *Newmanianism.* By Edwin A. Abbott. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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it is an outcome of a controversy with the *Spectator*, and Dr. Abbott in his vigorous way makes a reply to the Editor of the *Spectator*, offers a few words to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, and some remarks on Mr. R. H. Hutton's *Cardinal Newman*. The Newmanites find in Dr. Abbott an uncompromising antagonist.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

MR. RITCHIE has made some very acute criticisms on Mr. Herbert Spencer's sociological writings in a neat little volume called *Principles of State Interference*,[1] published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. in their cheap Social Science Series. The book consists of a reprint of four essays, the first three of which were published in *Time* five years ago, and are mainly occupied with a criticism of Mr. Spencer's *The Man versus the State*, and of certain parts of J. S. Mill's *Liberty*. The fourth essay appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for June 1887, and is on the political philosophy of Thomas Hill Green. The *Principles of State Interference* is from beginning to end a protest against the *laissez faire* system so ably advocated in the writings of the renowned philosopher. But the criticism often takes the form of ridicule, and in this mode of dealing with an adversary, in our opinion, Mr. Ritchie excels. In the first essay the author criticises Mr. Spencer's famous paper published in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW in the year 1860. This article was afterwards elaborated in *Principles of Sociology*. It is in this essay that, in the opinion of Mr. Ritchie, the philosopher trips himself up. "Society is an organism," is the keynote of the paper. Herein is to be found the famous parallel between the up and down lines of a railway, which supply the commodities in the social organism; money takes the place of blood corpuscles, and the telegraph wires are the nerves. But this parallel, ingenious as it undoubtedly is, suggests reflections quite other than those of the philosopher who made it. Does it not imply that society as it progresses will become a higher organism? Yet this implies a corporate consciousness, which does not satisfy the theory of the individualists that the functions of the State must be a less important part in the social life of an advanced than of a primitive community. Consequently the organism must be compared to an animal of a very low type. "We are bodies dispersed through an indifferentiated jelly." Mr. Ritchie supposes this statement to represent the British citizen moving in his national fog. In short, the parallel gives strength to the arguments of the

[1] *The Principles of State Interference.* By D. B. Ritchie, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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socialist rather than of the individualist, which is just what Mr. Spencer would object to.

Again, in the fifth section of the essay entitled *The State versus Mr. Herbert Spencer*, the views of that eminent philosopher on the value of history are acutely criticised. "There remains a great deal in human history," says Mr. Ritchie, "which cannot be fitted into the columns of a folio 'of descriptive Sociology.' If we analyse the elements of a people's life and separate them off in this way, we are apt to miss just what is most significant about them. . . . . The ancient Hellenes or the modern English can hardly be treated in the same way as the 'peaceful Arifuras.'" Mr. Spencer goes too far in suppressing the personal side of history. Here is Mr. Ritchie's view of the subject. "If the view which tends to split up history into a series of biographies represents one extreme, surely Mr. Spencer's reduction of history to a comparison of scattered elements represents another, as fatal and less interesting. If it is a mistake to think of the English Reformation as if it were only the product of Henry VIII.'s change of wives, an account of the Great Rebellion, which relegates Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell to a thin column, is equally mistaken and misleading. There are such things as typical individuals, in whom great movements and great ideas, to which forgotten multitudes have contributed, become embodied and realised, and in whom they alone can be rightly understood."

The author of the present little volume has hit upon what seems to us to be the feeling of the cultured and moderate thinkers of to-day, who are inclined to take a middle course, borrowing something from either side; and, as far as legislation is concerned it seems now the general opinion that the principles of the school of thought of which Mr. Spencer is a leader have been carried too far; as much too far as those of the opposite school were in the days when the State regulated the price at which bread was to be sold.

The Principles of State Interference is another of Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's Series of Handbooks on scientific social subjects. It would be fitting to close our remarks on this little work with a word of commendation of the publishers of so many useful volumes by eminent writers on questions of pressing interest to a large number of the community. We have now received and read a good number of the handbooks which Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein have published in this series, and can speak in the highest terms of them. They are written by men of considerable knowledge of the subjects they have undertaken to discuss; they are concise; they give a fair estimate of the progress which recent discussion has added towards the solution of the pressing social questions of to-day, are well up to date, and are published at a price within the resources of the public to which they are likely to be of the most use.

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M. Louis Vignon has been reading Professor Seeley's *Expansion of England*, and has written a pendant to it, called *L'Expansion de la France*.[1] It is a very remarkable book, well written, and shows a thorough grasp of the questions which affect Frenchmen at home and abroad. The volume resembles that of Professor Seeley on English expansion in the plan of the writer. It consists of reflections on the history of the nation, showing the continuity of the policy of its statesmen from generation to generation, the aims and objects of the people, and its progress and development taken as a whole, as if the nation were an individual. The progress of France, as a glance at M. Vignon's book will show, is in some respects even more remarkable than that of England, if the difficulties against which she had to contend are taken into account. Our country has been a homogeneous whole ever since the conquest of 1066, and the wise policy of William I. prevented the feudal system from ever becoming the danger to the State it did in France. Consequently in our national development we have generally been several centuries ahead of our neighbours. The aristocracy of France was the most unmitigated curse. It was not until the reign of Louis XI. that their power as little independent potentates, always tampering with the enemies of the country for some mean parochial advantage, could be curtailed and subordinated to the policy of the throne for the general good. What was France before the reign of Philip Auguste but a small tract of land with Paris in the centre, surrounded with enemies? From this position the continuous policy of the succeeding dynasties, aided by the consummate abilities of the French lawyers, welded together the nation as we see it now. But it was a long struggle, not completed until the reign of Louis XIV. Until then the expansion of France is the main point in the history of Europe, Europe is always banded together against her, and in the long run is always beaten. But henceforth the coalitions, under the guidance of this country, become more practical in their opposition and more venomous in their hatred and the French court from that time seems no longer to be able to play its cards with the same skill as before. Louis XIV. and his successors have lost patience and play recklessly, with disastrous results. Here comes one of the most important differences between M. Vignon's book and that of Professor Seeley. Professor Seeley tells of a slow expansion which never ceases until the race has become what it is now. However, there were not the same difficulties to contend against. The English were always protected by isolation from Europe. France naturally could not wage war against the civilised world, and there came a great crash and she lost all her colonies. M. Vignon, then, has to tell a story of the gradual expansion, of the sudden breakdown,

[1] *L'Expansion de la France.* Par Louis Vignon. Paris: Librairie Guillaumin & Co. 1891.

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of the race from stress of the odds leagued against it, and of the fresh expansion of the French in this century. Such is the gist of M. Vignon's able and interesting volume. The statistics he gives of the progress of the French colonies of to-day will be read with surprise even by his own countrymen. Altogether, they contain a population of between thirty and forty millions of inhabitants, and are rich in resources beyond expectation. There is one point that the author has not made much of, and which is in our opinion important when the subject of the book is the expansion of the race, and that is the rapid development of the French Canadian population. This is the only defect we can find in the book. M. Vignon's remarks as to the best policy which France can pursue in the future are, we think, extremely sensible. France, from her geographical position, is constrained to the double policy of a maritime and a Continental, a colonial and a European, and, therefore, a military power. She must revert to her old policy of patience, of "recueillement," and of industrial activity. Frenchmen can hardly realise how much their country has risen in the estimation of the civilised world by the contemptuous indifference they displayed for the silly provocations persistently being hurled against them by the government of Signor Crispi. M. Vignon's book is historically and politically excellent.

We have received two books simultaneously on the same subject,[1] the one in English and the other in French. Both are on the problems of poverty, the English one by John Hobson deals with the poverty of London, the French book called *Le Devoir Social*, by Lèon Lefèbure, speaks of the poor of Paris. The former, however, is written from the Roman Catholic point of view, and the latter from a modern scientific standpoint. Mr. Hobson's little work is well argued as far as it goes, but it leaves us in as great a dilemma what to prescribe at the end as at the beginning, and is therefore unsatisfactory. In fact it seems rather to fall into a vicious circle in the reasoning upon the methods of ameliorating the condition of the unemployed and of those who come under the heading "unskilled" and "low-skilled" labourers. The book is founded upon the data collected by Mr. Charles Booth, and published under the title *The Labour and Life of the People*, a well-known work now, which has furnished the materials for a good deal of more or less scientific theorising on the subject, and so far it is instructive. Mr. Booth has distinctly done the community a service in getting together so many statistics giving light upon the labour and life of the London poor. But his book is by this time well-known and speaks for itself without the necessity of an interpreter. From the data which Mr. Hobson has obtained all we can gather is that

[1] *Problems of Poverty.* By John A. Hobson, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1891; *Le Devoir Social.* Par Lèon Lefèbure. Paris: Librairie Didier. 1891.

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combination may do something for the working classes and that legislation may (but here the "may" even is shadowy) do something more. The balancing of the arguments of the rival camps on the eight hours question is decidedly clever, but the author is always afraid to commit himself, so much so that owing to want of decision the book suffers from weakness, which is in our opinion the prevailing defect from beginning to end. A Frenchman would say it was not "net," and this is the criticism we offer.

Le Devoir Social, on the other hand, is an appeal to the rich as the title indicates. There is no doubt for a moment in the author's mind in regard to what ought to be done, and done at once. The social evils are patent to the eye of the most casual observer. The book is full of feeling of anxiety to put the world straight, of clearness of purpose, and the absence of all reasoning faculty is conspicuous. The first chapter is taken up with a plan for the organisation of the system of poor relief. There are vast sums spent in Paris every year for the assistance of the unemployed, but in consequence of the organisation being too elaborate where organisation does exist, and of other defects in the machinery of administration the relief often comes too late. The author gives an illustration in the case of a lad who had walked to Paris thinking work would be easily obtainable in the great city. Knowing no one, he soon spent the small sum of money he had in his possession and presently found himself in the hands of the police with a character blasted for life. The book gives one very valuable suggestion in our opinion, namely, that homes of assistance should be in the country, and that those who are unable to find work in the towns should whenever possible be sent away from the over-crowded centres of population. We are at one with M. Lefèbure in insisting upon a rest-day for all classes, one day in seven. M. Lefèbure leans rather towards a solution of these problems without the interference of the State. A considerable knowledge of the subject as treated in different countries can be gleaned from a perusal of the volume. As far as French administration of anything is concerned the best suggestion we can offer is a reminder that too many cooks spoil the broth.

Mes Crimes! Mes Prisons[1] seems to us to be a book written by a man who, though actuated by the best intentions, does not appear to have carried out his ideas in the most desirable manner. M. de la Boissière, the author, after spending some years in the United States, returned to France on account of his wife's health. Before his departure the editor of a leading journal invited him to become his Paris correspondent, which invitation was accepted, and thereby hangs a tale.

It will be opportune here to say a word on the subject of M. de la Boissière's excellent intentions. All foreigners who are interested in

[1] *Mes Crimes! Mes Prisons.* Par E. G. de la Boissière. Paris: Albert Savine Editeur. 1891.

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French affairs sufficiently to read the articles of a French newspaper and the reports given of political doings, and especially of the debates in the Paris Chambers of legislation, cannot help being struck by the unquestionably hostile feeling which permeates most of the information sent to the foreign press all the world over, through the ordinary channel of the Foreign Press Association. Now M. de la Boissière in order to put himself *en règle*, naturally, on reaching Paris, sought an entrance to this Association, and having obtained it, and seeking for a card of admission to the Chamber of Deputies, was referred to Baron de Scheidlen, the correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*. M. de la Boissière on hearing the name, fell, so to speak, all of a heap. Here was the answer to the whole question. Our author determined that such a state of things should not abide, and he set himself to combat the original association by founding a new one, of which the qualification for membership was to be that the applicant intended to show sympathy for France in the reports of French news he sent to the foreign journal of which he was the accredited representative. In other words, it was to be an association of correspondents who were friendly to the French people. Of course, the new society soon came into collision with the old one. The older society was in power, and employed every *ruse* to prevent the adherents of the new one from obtaining any share of the places reserved for the representatives of the press at public festivals. The struggle culminated in M. de la Boissière employing personal violence to express his displeasure at the conduct of M. Meunier, a member of the other body, and in his being condemned to one month's imprisonment for the assault, as M. Meunier was too "prudent" to fight a duel. English readers of the book will sympathise with the aims of the author, but will condemn his making use of personal violence, and his taking the law into his own hands; but at the same time it must be remembered that the scenes take place in Paris, and that the duel is in that country a recognised institution.

The American experiences are much the same as we have heard from divers travellers in that quarter, but are written in a pleasing vivacious style, coupled with some light sarcasm. Thus individual liberty is exemplified in the prohibition of the alcoholic liquor traffic, and in the lynching of a poor negro; free thought in the Republic of the United States by the laws passed against the exercise of the Mormon religion. Perhaps the best part of the book is the postscript, in which we learn that the author notwitstanding so many vicissitudes, has not lost his good temper.

Miss Ellen E. Miller is a very plucky woman. She has been fo a trip through Syria and Palestine alone, and on her return has given us a graphic account of her travels,[1] published by Messrs.

[1] *Alone through Syria.* By Ellen E. Miller. With an Introduction by A. H. Sayce. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1891.

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Kegan Paul & Co., and illustrated with several artistic engravings. The chief charm in reading the book is, perhaps, in finding from the description that the country is really exactly what we have from childhood expected it to be from the descriptions in the Holy Scriptures. Miss Miller's little volume has a lyrical ring about it. She expresses her feelings on her arrival in the Holy City as she visits its places of historical interest, in an unaffected style, and though she dares what many men would hardly dare to do, she is always womanly, tender, earnest, in her thoughts, from the first page to the last.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Among the large number of biographies which have lately been published, it is difficult to find even one that is not far too bulky and overwhelmed with unnecessary details. The printing of long and uninteresting letters, and the publication of trivial and often unpleasant facts, have become the recognised privilege of the biographer. It is therefore pleasant to turn to a Life which is not marked by these faults. The veteran biographer, Dr. Samuel Smiles, has written a *Memoir of the late John Murray*,[1] and he has written it well; but he has done far more than write a mere life; he has given an account of the "origin and progress of the House" of publishers from 1768 to 1843. The interest of this book does not wholly lie in the personality of John Murray; his history and character, however, supply the central figure, and give it an unity which it would otherwise hardly possess. At the same time, this *Memoir of John Murray* is of great value, as showing most clearly the difference between the earlier and later parts of this century, and as describing the beginnings of modern publishing; it is also of great interest, as telling of men who formed the brilliant literary circle that is associated with the names of Scott and Byron, of D'Israeli, Southey, Jane Austen, Carlyle, and Mr. Gladstone. In it we read of the struggles of writers, then unknown, but now of assured fame; also of books once famous and now forgotten, and of books once rejected by publishers, now most popular. Thus, for example, Mr. Murray refused to publish *Rejected Addresses*, and failed to secure during the first half of this century the book of Carlyle's which has sold most largely of all his works during this later half of the same hundred years. Perhaps this instance of the tendency of publishers to underestimate the value of manuscripts sent to them for publication

[1] *Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray.* By Samuel Smiles. Two volumes. London: John Murray. 1891.

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is at least pardonable, since the book that the author and publisher disagreed about was *Sartor Resartus.*

The firm was founded by old John Murray, first an officer of Marines, and, later, bookseller and stationer. From 1768 till the day of his death Murray worked hard, publishing some books of fame, like the *Curiosities of Literature;* but his success was slight, and by the end of his uphill work of twenty-five years he had not succeeded in doubling his capital. His son, John Murray, carried on his father's business, and in 1803 separated himself from his partner and began business on his own account. From that year dates the success of the house. John Murray's honesty and extraordinary industry were the main factors of this success. Murray, too, took pains to secure good books, paid their authors liberally, and published books well printed on good paper and pleasantly bound. Some of his ventures turned out hopeless failures, as, for instance, his daily paper, *The Representative*, which was published for six months during 1826, and which caused Murray a loss of about £26,000. On the other hand, the *Quarterly Review*, though at first worked at a loss, proved an ultimate success. The origin of the Review is well told; the idea of publishing a Tory Review seems to have originated with Canning, in order to counteract the influence of the *Edinburgh.* Dr. Smiles has printed many interesting letters that passed between Murray and Sir Walter Scott about the new Review, and a good account of the former's visit to arrange with the latter the details of the scheme. The first number of the *Quarterly* appeared in February 1809. Its success was due to the large number of distinguished contributors Murray gathered round himself, to his liberal payments, and to his own extraordinary energy and industry.

The parts of Murray's correspondence with well-known authors will probably be most interesting to the general reader. With Sir Walter Scott, Murray was in correspondence from 1808, the date of his publication of *Marmion.* Various letters are printed containing guesses as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels. Murray himself declared that Sir Walter's brother, Thomas Scott, was the real author of the *Tales of My Landlord,* and there is a good account of the famous dinner in Edinburgh in 1827 at which Scott declared himself the author of the novels. With Lord Byron also Murray was on terms of intimacy. In 1812 he published *Childe Harold,* and letters passed often between publisher and author. The story of the burning of Byron's memoirs is of considerable interest. It is impossible to mention even the names of authors whose works were published by Murray. But letters will be found from nearly all the great writers of the first half of this century to the publisher; as, for example, from Malthus, Isaac D'Israeli, Leigh Hunt (described as "vilely wrong-headed in politics"), Carlyle, and others. Jane

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Austen, Dean Milman, George Borrow, Napier, were among those whose works were published by John Murray.

It will thus be seen that the literary gossip of a brilliant literary age largely centred round Murray. His house was a kind of literary club, at which distinguished foreigners were welcomed and introduced to Byron, Gifford, D'Israeli, and others. Enough has been said to show how great is the interest of Dr. Smiles' book. With the details of the publishing business, its difficulties and dangers, we cannot deal; but we can most confidently recommend all those interested in literary history to read this memoir of one whose life is a record so peculiarly typical of the present century, and whose character fitted him to be the patron and friend of men whose reputations will even outlive the publishing house which the honesty and industry of John Murray first founded.

We are glad to welcome a new and cheaper edition of Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*,[1] it is not now needful to recommend the book, as it has already won for itself a place among English biographical works. Its chief value lies in the fact that it is a wholesome corrective to the somewhat aggressive self-satisfaction of the present generation. No one can read through the Lives of Dr. Routh, of Charles Marriott, or of Dr. Hawkins, without feeling that men lived in what we usually regard as the dark ages of the early years of this century as intellectually vigorous, as saintly, and as conscientious as any of the present day. There is, too, a great charm in Dean Burgon's style of writing biography. He does not weary us with unnecessary details, nor does he obscure his portrait by complexity of workmanship; he gives us the sketch of his characters as he conceived them, and we shall generally agree with his conception.

But the lives of the *Twelve Good Men* have a further value and interest. They show how great is the change that has come over English thought and life during the last half-century, and in particular the change that has come over our Universities. Whether the change be for good or evil is not for us to say, but Dean Burgon has proved by these Lives, if indeed proof were needed, that the present century is an age of transition; and we can forgive his pessimistic view of the future, since he teaches us so true a lesson in optimism. Change is not always from bad to good, but more often from good to better. He has shown us the good, and has left us free to look for the better.

It is a task of no little difficulty to compress into one volume, even of over five hundred pages, the history of civilisation from the days of the rise of Christianity down to the days of universal exhibitions, and of African discovery; yet this task has been

[1] *Lives of Twelve Good Men.* By J. W. Burgon, late Dean of Chichester. London: John Murray. 1891. New edition in one volume.

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attempted and carried out with considerable success. M. Gustave Ducoudray's *Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation* has served as the basis of an English adaptation, entitled *History of Modern Civilisation.*[1] The book in its English dress is, as we are told in the preface, considerably altered, owing to its author's almost exclusively French standpoint, some corrections and additions having been made. A good feature of this *History of Civilisation* is to be noticed. Far more room than is usual in such books is given to the economic, social, literary, and artistic side of history, and, although this has been done rather too much at the expense of political events, the improvement is a real one. As is natural in a book dealing with so extensive a subject, some small mistakes have crept into the text. The English Civil War did not commence in 1640, nor is it exactly true to say that Henry VIII. "only succeeded in establishing his religious and political despotism through the terror excited by his violence." We should disagree with several of the generalisations with which this book is full; but on the whole have no hesitation in recommending people to read it. It is a fairly successful attempt to perform an impossible feat—to write the history of about 2000 years in less than one-third the number of pages. The value of the book is, however, seriously impaired by the absence of an index.

Some Distinguished Indian Women,[2] by Mrs. E. F. Chapman, is a little book, fortunate in the time of its appearance and happy in the name of its sponsor. At a time when English people have had their attention directed to the condition of women's life in India, this series of short biographies will be read with interest. The Marchioness of Dufferin has written a short preface, in which she points out that the women whose lives are recorded, who have broken through the hard-and-fast rules of caste and custom, have not lost their true womanly character in the struggle: a statement fully borne out by a perusal of their short biographies. In her brief introduction, Mrs. Chapman has given a short history of the progress of the movement in the cause of women's welfare in India, from the abolition of the practice of Suttee in 1829 to the foundation by Lady Dufferin of the "National Association for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India" in 1885. The list of persons whose lives are here recorded includes one Parsi, two Marathi, and two Bengali ladies. Mahometan ladies have been as yet backward in the movement towards education and freedom. Mrs. Chapman also says that the great difficulty in the way of success is the ignorance of English ladies in India of the native languages, and she pleads, reasonably enough, that this should be remedied.

[1] *The History of Modern Civilisation*, based upon M. Ducoudray's *Histoire Sommaire de la Civilisation*. London; Chapman & Hall. 1891.

[2] *Some Distinguished Indian Women*. By Mrs. E. F. Chapman. With a Preface by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. London and Calcutta: W. H. Allen & Co. 1891.

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Into the details of the lives we cannot enter. They are marked by great perseverance, and tell the tale of a bitter struggle against caste and creed, often endured with well-nigh heroic endurance. We can only hope, in conclusion, that the book will be widely read, and will be the means of winning sympathy and assistance for our fellow-subjects in India.

Other works of biography have also lately been published which cannot, however, compare with those already mentioned, either in interest or in usefulness.

The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens[1] is an enlarged edition of a privately printed pamphlet issued to subscribers only, in 1883. Both sprang from an essay read to the Manchester Literary Club some years earlier. On the whole, we think that the author would have done wisely to have left his work in pamphlet form. As such it would have been accessible to those lovers of Dickens who wish to trace each fact and detail in the life of their hero, and would not have obtrusively thrust itself on the attention of the literary public. Looked at as a book, we cannot but think that Mr. Langton's work is both unnecessary and unimportant. We have the record of Dickens written by himself. We have his tales, and, above all, we have his characters. We shall learn more of the man Dickens by careful reading of *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* than we shall by looking into Mr. Langton's book. For, after all, in the two hundred and fifty pages which he has laboriously compiled we learn little that is new. It is true that we are convinced that Mr. Forster's Life is sometimes inaccurate; and, for example, we are told that "for four pregnant years of his youthful life" Charles Dickens lived in Ordnance Terrace. The latter part of Mr. Langton's book consists of "Retrospective Notes and Elucidations," which are really an attempt to construct an autobiography of Dickens from his own books. We must leave this little book, and while recognising its author's love and affection for his hero, we cannot refrain from advising intending readers to read the works of Charles Dickens rather than books about him. We cannot fathom the intellectual processes of the minds of great men by accumulating evidence as to the minute details of their lives; but we can learn their thoughts and ideas from the records they themselves have left behind them.

A book in many ways similar to the last we have mentioned is *Swift: the Mystery of his Life and Love*,[2] by Mr. James Hay. The author indignantly resents Mr. Leslie Stephen's assertion, with which most of us will readily agree, that the question as to whether Swift was married to Stella is not of much importance; and so has set himself to prove that Swift was not married to Stella, nor to any one

[1] *The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens.* By Robert Langton, F.R.Hist. Soc. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1891.

[2] *Swift: the Mystery of his Life and Love.* By James Hay. London: Richardson & Co. 1891.

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else. After reading through the evidence that Mr. Hay has gathered together, we shall all agree with another remark of Mr. Leslie Stephen's, to the effect that "the fact is not proved, nor disproved." On the evidence of an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1757, Mr. Hay states that both Swift and Stella were the children of Sir William Temple. The evidence is not, however, conclusive. A large portion of Mr. Hay's book is taken up with a list of aphorisms selected from Swift's work. Disconnected aphorisms are not generally the outcome of philosophical thought, and certainly to be understood must be taken in reference to their context. In short, we can say little in favour of Mr. Hay's book. He has worked hard, collected facts, and used them ingeniously to prove what is, after all, an unprovable and improbable hypothesis. On only one point can we allow ourselves to be in agreement with him—that is, on the point of our genuine admiration for the Dean whose character Mr. Hay has tried to defend, to do which he has stirred up facts and memories and scandals long since better forgotten.

Another book has been added to the long list of translations from German classical writers by the publication of *The Student's Greek Tragedy*, by Dr. A. W. Verrall.[1] This little book is a good instance of the danger of carrying too far the custom of placing on the back of a volume a shortened title, which is generally misleading. Here, for example, on the outside we read "The Student's Greek Tragedy. Verrall." On consulting the title-page we find that the book is from the German of Dr. Munk, edited by Dr. Verrall; on referring to the preface we learn that the translation has been done by Mr. D. B. Kitchin, M.A. As a natural result the book lacks unity and agreement. As we read the body of the work we are constantly met by figures referring to notes at the end, which in many cases disagree with the text; in the same way, the preface is almost entirely occupied with an elaborate defence of Euripides against the attacks of Dr. Munk. It is much to be regretted that Dr. Verrall should have been led into thus misleading the unwary student, who will not, as a rule, read either preface or notes. If Dr. Munk's opinions on Euripides are put down to Dr. Verrall in many a public schoolboy's examination papers, Dr. Verrall will have only himself to thank.

It is hardly fair, too, to take the title "The Student's Greek Tragedy," as the book has no connection with the justly popular "Student's Series." Neither for accuracy, nor inaccuracy or originality, is the book remarkable, nor does there seem to be much reason for its production. Professor Jebb's Primer is preferable, and for more advanced students Professor Mahaffy's book is both fuller and more suggestive. One advantage, however, which the present work possesses is the large number of quotations in it taken from the

[1] *The Student's Manual of Greek Tragedy.* Edited from the German of Dr. Munk by Dr. A. W. Verrall. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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late Dean Plumptre's translations of Æschylus and Sophocles. The paraphrases are not always quite either happy or accurate. Thus, to select one or two examples, Clytæmnestra is made to say (p. 79), "Thrice did I strike my husband to the *heart*," which with an axe would have been an impossible feat. Again: "Thou . . . . shalt be changed into a dog, and shalt be thenceforth a sign to mariners" (p. 284), is not a fair representation of Polymestor's prediction to Hecuba, that her *tomb* should be a landmark; neither was Polymestor told by a "Thracian seer," but by Dionysus, the prophet among the Thracians. Lastly, when Æschylus called his tragedies "παρόψιδες from the Homeric banquet," he did not mean "crumbs," as we are told on page 29, but "side-dishes."

This volume is the third of the *History of South Africa*,[1] though it is the fifth of the series of books dealing with the subject that Mr. Theal has already published. It fills an important gap, extending from 1795 to 1834, that occurs between the second volume of the *History* and the volume entitled *History of the Boers in South Africa*, both of which were reviewed at some length in the July number of this REVIEW last year. Commencing with an account of the conciliatory measures adopted by the English commanders upon the surrender to them of the Cape Colony in 1795, the first two chapters of this volume narrate the events that occurred in the Colony during its administration by the half-dozen British Governors who ruled it in succession, until the arrangements were completed for its transfer to the Batavian Republic in 1803. In the third chapter an account is given of the brief administration of the Dutch Governor, Jan Willem Janssens, who, having been installed on March 1, 1803, found himself confronted by a hostile British army on the Blueberg beach at the beginning of the year 1806. The British mustered about four thousand rank and file, and outnumbered the force under General Janssens by nearly two to one. Though the Dutch general "had long before placed on record his fixed conviction that the Cape Colony was too great a burden to be borne by the exhausted mother country, and that as it could not be held without heavy expense, its loss would really be an advantage," he bravely did his duty in striving to defend it. The result was the complete success of General Baird: and the daring project of Lord Castlereagh—who, while Napoleon's great French army was still encamped at Boulogne threatening the invasion of England, had despatched eight regiments of the regular army to effect the conquest of the Cape Colony—was triumphantly achieved by the speedy capitulation of Capetown on the 18th January, 1806. The remaining chapters of this volume record the history of the Cape Colony until the close of 1834. The period is a very important

[1] *History of South Africa.* [1795–1834.] By George McCall Theal. With seven Charts. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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one, chief amongst the events detailed being the formal cession of the Cape Colony to Great Britain by the sovereign prince of the Netherlands in 1814, in consideration of Great Britain paying to the King of Sweden £1,000,000 sterling in liquidation of a claim against the Netherlands, also advancing £2,000,000 sterling towards improving the defences of the Netherlands, and finally, bearing further charges not exceeding £3,000,000 sterling towards the final settlement of the whole of the provinces under the dominion of the House of Orange. In return for these £6,000,000 Great Britain also received the settlements of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, which now constitute the colony of British Guiana, and promise to become one of the most valuable of the lesser dependencies of the Crown. The arrival and settlement of the British colonists in 1820 in the district of Albany is narrated at sufficient length; and a comprehensive sketch of the history of the southern Bantu tribes in the early years of the present century occupies a chapter of itself. The volume is completed by some twenty pages of "Notes on Books" consulted by Mr. Theal, and by an unusually full analytical index, extending over nearly forty pages. The maps and charts are excellently done, and the whole volume materially enhances the value of the work which it so considerably advances.

BELLES LETTRES.

The Lost Heiress[1] is a genuine romance—"a tale," as the sub-title truly describes it, "of love, battle, and adventure"—the three perennial themes of romance; and all three are well handled in Mr. Glanville's stirring pages. The scene is laid in South Africa, at the time of the Zulu war which ended in the crushing defeat of Cetewayo at Ulundi, and some of the most dramatic episodes of the war are skilfully woven into the narrative; above all, the tragic end of the Prince Imperial, which must always be not only a sorrow but a humiliation to English hearts. The quality which especially strikes us in Mr. Glanville's work is that, though never in the least high-flown, it maintains throughout a certain heroic level, both of sentiment and of action. We can but end as we began, by saying that it is a genuine romance—a rare thing in contemporary fiction.

There is a curious resemblance between *Guy Mervyn*, by "Brandon Roy,"[2] and *His Cousin Adair*, by "Gordon Roy." It is not merely the similarity of the signatures, for that might be merely a coinci-

[1] *The Lost Heiress: A Tale of Love, Battle, and Adventure.* By Ernest Glanville. London: Chatto and Windus. 1891.

[2] *Guy Mervyn.* A Novel. By Brandon Roy. In three volumes. London: Spencer Blackett. 1891.

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dence, but the likeness in style and sentiment is so marked that we read *Guy Mervyn* under the impression that it was a new work by the author of *His Cousin Adair*, which we noticed two months ago, and it is only by a chance comparison of the title-pages that we have discovered that one is by "Brandon," the other by "Gordon" Roy. The internal evidence gives rise to the supposition that both signatures shelter a feminine personality. For one thing, the women seem, in both books, to be drawn from knowledge, and the men from imagination. In both, too, the ethics are eminently feminine. Love troubles—especially in *Guy Mervyn*—are heaped on the principal characters, apparently for the express purpose of "bringing them to God"—an adaptation of means to ends which the average masculine mind is incapable of conceiving. Still, though the pseudonyms (if such they are) of Brandon Roy and Gordon Roy are not likely to attain the celebrity formerly achieved by "Currer Bell" and "Acton Bell," their novels are considerably above the average. The great blot on *Guy Mervyn* is that it is too like a certain class of tracts, where religion is introduced in an offhand, familiar way. A glaring instance of this is where the hero, Guy Mervyn, assembles his tenants and villagers to hear from his lips some delightful and important news, which turns out to be that he "has found Jesus." To our mind such a scene as that would ruin any novel; but to the author it is probably the *raison d'être* of the book.

All the first part of *Mea Culpa* [1] would, it seems to us, be best described as entertaining—eminently, unusually, entertaining. Then, as the plot thickens, *cela tourne au drame*, and the story ends in tragedy of the deepest dye. But after all, the essential and distinguishing quality of the book is its amusingness. Many tales are quite as tragic, but few contain such amusing characters as are to be found in *Mea Culpa*. One is often assured in novels that certain of the characters are eminently witty or humorous, but for the most part one has to take the author's word for it. In *Mea Culpa*, however, while several of the personages say and do amusing things from time to time, there is one—Armidis, the composer—whose whimsical flow of wit and wisdom is like sunshine throughout the book, making the earlier chapters delightfully gay, and throwing a faint gleam even on the final catastrophe.

Unequally Yoked [2] is the history of a young clergyman, ardent and enthusiastic by temperament, of aristocratic birth and fastidiously refined in all his habits and instincts, who madly breaks with all the traditions of his class, estranges himself from his family, and throws to the winds his cherished purpose of celibacy, to marry a girl of the lower middle class who has nothing to recommend her

[1] *Mea Culpa: A Woman's Last Word.* By Henry Harland. In three volumes. London: W. Heinemann. 1891.

[2] *Unequally Yoked.* By Mrs. J. H. Needell. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1891.

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but her beauty. For she cannot even give him love for love; not that he is not well fitted to inspire it, but that the girl is incapable of feeling it. The husband, despite his infatuation, is a man of powerful will, and the very incarnation of conscientiousness. The wife is ignorant, vain, and foolish, with no more conscience than a bird. For all the *péripéties* of the struggle between two such jarring natures, as well as for its final issue, we must refer our readers to Mrs. Needell's pages, where the mutual action and reaction of the two characters, and the force of circumstances on both, are admirably depicted.

A Domestic Experiment[1] is one of the many books which oscillate between farce and tragedy, without ever resting on the pleasant intermediate ground of comedy. But here there is the additional drawback that neither the farce nor the tragedy is good of its kind. The farce is not frank, jovial farce; and the tragedy is dismal without being very touching. It is not exactly a dull book, but the atmosphere of it is not pleasant. The good people want simplicity, and are always in false positions; while as for the rest of the characters, some are too silly, and others too base, to excite any sympathetic interest.

Another of the tall slips of booklets from "The Pseudonym Library."[2] The same senseless form which entails cutting the pages on three sides, but, as we foretold when reviewing *The School of Art*, while the extra trouble remains the same, there is much less reward for it than there was in that instance. Dr. Kitchener, after giving an elaborate receipt for dressing a salad, ends by saying: "Then throw it out of the window." So with *Amaryllis:* after the pages have been carefully cut at top, bottom, and sides, perhaps the wisest thing to do next is to put it on the shelf, for it is really not worth reading. There is in it the making of a pretty story, and the scene being laid amidst the unfamiliar scenery of modern Greece, it ought to be romantic; but it is not. There is an academic prosiness about the style which is destructive of all charm. Perhaps it is a translation? It has somewhat the air of it.

A New England Nun[3]—so called from the first story in the volume—is another collection of Miss Wilkins's exquisite New England *contes*. Last year we expressed our unfeigned admiration for her delicate work, when we first made acquaintance with it in *A Faraway Melody*. Miss Wilkins's fiction is, so far as the English tongue is concerned, unrivalled—a thing to itself. It depicts the humble village life of the Eastern States with surprising realism of detail; the slipshod, illiterate, dialect is not one whit softened, and

[1] *A Domestic Experiment.* By the Author of "Neala; a Study from Life." Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1891.
[2] *Amaryllis:* "Pseudonym Library." London: Fisher Unwin. 1891.
[3] *A New England Nun, and other Stories.* By Mary E. Wilkins. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.

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all the sordid, poverty-stricken, modes of living are presented with the faithfulness of a Dutch *genre* picture, or a photograph. But over all this harsh crudeness of material detail, there is, in the spirit of the tales, a poetic glamour which not only redeems them from anything like squalor, but invests these simple annals of *les déshérités de la terre* with a sort of glory and effulgence, and makes them elevating and ennobling.

The chief interest of *Madeline Power*[1] lies in the story—not but what the characters are fairly well drawn, but though they are by no means puppets or lay figures, but men and women whose fortunes excite interest, they are mostly well-known figures in fiction, and they do not arouse much "psychical" curiosity in the reader. But there is plenty of dramatic incident of a more or less cheerful complexion; the style is pleasant; and altogether *Madeline Power* is pleasanter reading than many more pretentious novels.

Stephen Ellicott's Daughter[2] is by Mrs. J. H. Needell, another of whose novels we have already noticed this month. The present work is a longer and more elaborate performance than *Unequally Yoked*, but it possesses essentially the same characteristics—fineness of texture, polish rather than brilliancy, and an exalted moral and intellectual standard, ably exemplified in characters far above the average types of humanity. The moral keynote is impersonal enthusiasm, rising almost to passion, whether for the beauties of nature, for science, for erudition, or, above all, for humanity. Mrs. Needell knows how to present the several phases of this noble (and we may add, fashionable) ardour under their most attractive aspects. But, after all, it is an atmosphere like that of high mountain summits, too highly rarefied "for human nature's daily food"; and sometimes one cannot help speculating doubtfully whether, if there were more among us who could breathe it freely, the world would be better or worse. The story is at once beautiful and poignant; but, on thinking it over, we are forced to the conclusion that in the two great exemplars—*Stephen Ellicott's Daughter* and *Anthony Henderson*—virtue and nobility of aim are pushed to fantastic excess, and that their transcendent altruism is only by a few degrees less productive of unhappiness than the weak selfishness and base dishonesty of Lancelot Henderson and his father. Mrs. Needell asserts that "a man cannot love a faultless woman"; to us it seems difficult *not* to love a really faultless woman. In Hester, it is not her faultlessness, but a certain *recherche*—almost a dilettantism—of virtue, that makes her less lovable than, with her beauty, her grace, and her sterling worth, she ought to be. In morals, as in literary style, *le plus difficile c'est la simplicité.*

[1] *Madeline Power.* By Arthur W. Marchmont, B.A. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1891.

[2] *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter.* A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. In three volumes. London and New York: F. Warne & Co. 1891.

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We beg to acknowledge two elegant little volumes from Messrs. Putnam, *Knickerbocker Nuggets*,[1] containing an admirable selection of Irish stories, with an introduction and notes by Mr. W. B. Yeats.

We cannot say that we are favourably impressed by *The Greenleeks Papers*.[2] They are a volume of essays on an immensely wide range of subjects, on not a few of which the essayist's opinions do not widely differ from our own. But his style is but a bad imitation of Carlyle.

We have received from the "4e Série de la Presse Chrétienne," *Nelly ; ou, La Fille du Médecin*.[3] It is agreeably written, but in everything, said and unsaid, it is too transparently didactic in purpose to be capable of being judged by the canons of Belles Lettres.

M. E. Pierret's *Les Illusions du Cœur*[4] is a difficult book to gauge. It no doubt contains a good deal of clever writing, and much—too much—minute and subtle analysis of character; but the impression it leaves is not a satisfactory one. The hero is a sort of "John o' dreams, unpregnant of his cause," and neither he nor the author seems to be aware that all his *déceptions* proceed, not from the nature of things, but from the peculiar weakness of his temperament. The publishers, in an accompanying leaflet, kindly instruct us that the book is "symbolical"; but they must allow us to think differently. A character such as that with which M. Pierret has invested "Jean Durocher" can never symbolise the youth of any age or country. It is an individual study.

The interest of Henry Gréville's new work, *Péril*,[5] is many-sided. It would be hard to say whether the reader derives most pleasure from the natural and well-ordered development of the plot, or from the play of character which determines its direction and issue. But plot and characterisation are, in varying proportions, the normal sources of interest in all really good stories. What constitutes the particular charm of *Péril* is that all the prominent characters are unusually interesting people; several of them are lovable, and not one is absolutely unsympathetic; so that the reader enters warmly into all their troubles, and when they rejoice, rejoices with them. To substantiate this dictum, we must treat this novel for a moment as if it were a play, and introduce the *dramatis personæ* in due form. To begin with, the source of the "peril," which gives the book its name, is, it need hardly be said, a woman—a woman belonging to that *monde interlope*—the debatable land between good and evil repute—whence emanate most of the syrens who in England figure as the

[1] *Knickerbocker Nuggets.* Representative Irish tales. Compiled, with an introduction and notes, by W. B. Yeats. In two volumes; first and second series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] *The Greenleeks Papers.* Edited by the Rev. Titus Tiptuff. London: J. M. Dent & Co,

[3] *Nelly; ou, La Fille du Médecin.* Par A. E. de l'Etoile. Tours: Mame et Fils.

[4] *Les Illusions du Cœur.* Par Émile Pierret. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1891.

[5] *Péril.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

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heroines of breach of promise cases and divorce suits, and in France, in a somewhat different way, bring misery and ruin into many a household. For the most part their wiles have comparatively little power over men in the full force of age; their favourite prey is ardent and impassioned youth, or vain and credulous old age. The syren in *Péril* is not, like the majority of the sisterhood, a needy adventuress. She is rich, and is careful to maintain an outward semblance of repute and consideration. Her riches make her doubly dangerous, for they give an air of disinterestedness to her advances, and, proceeding as they do from an infected source, they cast ridicule and dishonour on any man whose intimacy with her makes him suspected of sharing them. Her aim is to rehabilitate herself, and take her place *dans le vrai monde* by means of an honourable marriage, and her choice falls on the rising young artist, André Heurtey. In his case the danger of her scheme succeeding is immeasurably increased by the fact that, in addition to all the seductions of her beauty, her elegance, her apparently brilliant position, and her consummate practice in winning men's hearts, she can offer to André unfeigned and passionate love—a new experience in her life. His is a more difficult character to sketch, for it has fewer salient points than that of Raffaelle Solvi. He has been strictly—almost sternly—yet lovingly, reared, by a wise and capable mother, who is, nevertheless, narrow-minded and intolerant to a degree perhaps only attained by good women of the *petite bourgeoisie* in a French provincial town.

The home of his childhood was Cherbourg, where his mother, early left a widow, supported herself and her two children, André and Eliette, by her industry as a *lingère;* but when André's first successes in art had necessitated his removal to Paris, Madame Heurtey had, with many misgivings and much heart-searching, sold off her business, and accompanied him, making the sacrifice of taking up her abode in what she regarded as a sink of iniquity, rather than expose her beloved son to its temptations without her protecting and restraining influence. André was an affectionate and dutiful son, and indefatigable in his calling, in which he was beginning to achieve no small measure of success. In fact, all had gone well with the little household: their residence alone was changed; their habits remained unaltered, till, in an evil hour, André's friend, Niko Mélétis, presented the handsome young painter to Mademoiselle Solvi. Niko Mélétis is one of Henry Gréville's most charming creations. By his father's side he is a Smyrniote; by his mother he is French. But in the "*année terrible*," having recently lost his mother, whom he adored, he was so profoundly affected by the cruel misfortunes of her native land that he got himself naturalised as a Frenchman, and in that bitterest of winters, made the campaign of the Loire under General Chanzi.

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Wounded at Patay, the delicately nurtured southern youth lay all night on a heap of snow by the roadside, and when he arose from the long and dangerous illness which ensued, he was, as all the Faculty pronounced, incurably consumptive, with but a year or two of life before him. Year by year, he had lingered on, always feeling himself a doomed man, with no future to take heed for; but his natural gaiety and sweetness of disposition never failed him. Such was Niko Mélétis when he became the bosom friend of André Heurtey, and by degrees entered into intimate relations with Madame Heurtey and Eliette, growing at length to be the trusted counsellor and mainstay of the whole family. To Eliette he seemed the incarnation of chivalrous self-sacrifice and heroic patriotism; her admiration was but heightened by the deep and tender pity with which the thought of his approaching death inspired her. These are the elements which, worked up with the consummate tact and skill of Henry Gréville, go to form the story entitled *Péril*. To tell that story in our halting words, or even to indicate its *dénouement*, would be a grievous wrong both to the novelist and to our readers.

POETRY.

THE stream of occasional poetry is one that never dries up. Without any definite and imperious call to consecrate their lives to the poetic muse, there are many minds cast in the mould of sentiment and rhythm whom the moral and reflective impulses of life urge to set forth in verse the particular *status quo* which they happen to enjoy. The poetry resulting from such endeavour is largely and directly didactic, and thus makes a primary departure from the realm of art. Let us add that these productions are commonly tainted by some provincialism of thought—commonly run into some groove of religion and philosophy—that destroys the beauty which is the property of the universal. *The Shadows of the Lake*,[1] by Mr. G. F. Leyton, comes fairly under the head of this criticism. Written by a man with plenty of poetic temperament, and marked by considerable imagination and power, the diverse pieces which form the collection are all or nearly all disturbed by a jarring element, and except in some passages of the poem from which the volume takes its name the true nature of poetry is not seen. It is perhaps unnecessary to blame too much for a fault which has more or less characterised the poetry of all the later part of our century. If the greater suffer from a defect, the less can hardly escape. It is not

[1] *The Shadows of the Lake, and other Poems.* By G. F. Leyton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

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indeed impossible that at some future epoch the great poet may be able to represent with perfect art the complex issues which lie on the didactic side of life; but no occasional singer will ever do it, and unhappily these are they who more often attempt it.

It is a pity that the author of *Joyous Gard*[1] should deem necessary to the treatment of one of the Arthurian legends an obscurity of expression which mars whatever other merit the poem possesses. In dealing with the thought and language of another age, he might have learnt from Chatterton and his successors that to faithfully reproduce the old cycle is not to abandon reality for the phrasing of epithets and hyphen-joined compounds which savour more of euphuism than of an epoch when simplicity of tongue accompanied heroic deeds. All that one finds in the poem is a certain melody of words. Perhaps the author is of the late Théodore de Banville's opinion, that nothing more is needed. If so, he would have done more wisely to keep his harmony for some select circle.

The Immortals, and other Poems,[2] is a small volume of sonnets and miscellaneous poems, prefixed by a vision of the past in which the great bards and prophets of history discourse in spirit conclave. This first piece is modelled on a metre of Cardinal Newman's in the *Lyra Apostolica*, and is very well worked out on the lines which are laid down in the preface. There is nothing very new in the book as a whole, nor does the manner of saying evince sufficient freshness and vigour to warrant us in hailing a new poet. But everything is intelligible, much is appropriate, and most is harmonious. Under the influence of an original theme, Mr. Warwick Bond might perhaps develop his gift. We invite him to try.

Having already given to the public a couple of volumes under the titles of *Verses of Country and Town* and *Woodland and Dreamland*, Mr. Rowe Lingston has recently published a third series in very much the same style, and to this he has given the somewhat enigmatic name, *Through Misty Veils.*[3] The alternative cognomen is a little more understandable. *Verses of the Past and Day Dreamland* come nearer to the comprehension of ordinary mortals, and in what they have to say reveal much to praise and little to blame. The rhyme and rhythm are as varied as the subjects. Indeed, the latter are rather too miscellaneous to form a proper whole. Mr. Rowe, however, would appear in what he has so far written to be feeling his way both to his own proper work and to the taste of his readers. Later on we shall doubtless be able to welcome something of more defined tone.

[1] *Joyous Gard.* By Aelian Prince. London: E. W. Allen. 1890.
[2] *The Immortals, and other Poems.* By R. Warwick Bond. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.
[3] *Through Misty Veils.* By Rowe Lingston. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.

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FEDERATION AND FREE TRADE.

In his *Expansion of England*, Professor Seeley repeatedly lays down the principle that a forecast of the political future can legitimately be based upon the political history of the past.

Now, history shows us a gradual progress toward the abolition of war. Private war between individuals, families, tribes, clans, and provinces is no longer allowed in any civilised country: only its mimic form survives in the generally bloodless European duel, and in the lawless vendetta of Kentucky and Corsica. Anarchy has always been chronic wherever there was no strong central government. There were some five thousand semi-independent warring sovereignties in the Holy Roman Empire of Germany at the close of the thirteenth century; for the central power was not strong enough to keep the peace. Nations now, however, are becoming consolidated. The number of Powers that are free to make war is always growing less, but war will never cease until all the nations of the earth shall unite in one strong central international government, established chiefly for the purpose of abolishing war.

Probably this result will be brought about by a long and gradual process of political evolution—by the consolidation of nationalities as the result of war, by alliances for peace and for partial disarmament, by the growth of and increasing respect for international law, by arbitration, and by the voluntary confederation of nations.

This process is now and has long been going on in all its forms, yet its most striking results have been accomplished by the arbitrament of war.

The Revolution confederated the thirteen American Colonies, and nothing but a war for common interest could then have united them. The Confederation, and even the Constitution, proved insufficient to hold them together, and the United States could only be welded into a nation by a tremendous civil war. All Christian Spain united to drive out the Moors. The Swiss Cantons were obliged to confederate for defence against foreign attack, and even Switzerland has had numerous civil wars. Innumerable wars were required to consolidate France. Russia has extended her sway over half of Europe and Asia by a long series of conquests. Cavour could never have brought about the unification of Italy by peaceful methods. It was the alliance with Napoleon III. that gave Lombardy, Modena,

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and Parma to Sardinia—the result of Magenta and Solferino; Venice was added by the alliance with Prussia, and by the Prussian victory of Sadowa, which also left Victor Emmanuel free to annex Tuscany. Garibaldi, driving out the Bourbon King by a revolution, contributed Sicily and Naples, and attempted to drive the Pope out of Rome; yet the Italian nation could never take possession of Rome —the keystone of the arch—until after the battle of Sedan.

The present German Empire was created by Bismarck, by "blood and iron," by the Danish war, by the Austrian war, and by the war with France. In the Franco-Prussian war all Germany joined, united by a common interest; and yet not quite all Germany, for Vienna is as German as Berlin. A civil war may yet be necessary to consolidate the present German Empire, or at least another victorious war with France, or with Russia, or with both together. And how many wars must devastate Europe before the whole German race is fused into one permanently united nation?

The Triple Alliance is also called the Central European League of Peace, but a more effective and lasting league of peace may yet be formed after the next general European war. Germany, Austria, and Italy might then take all the smaller States into the league, thus forming almost a general European league. Russia (an Asiatic power), England (a world-wide empire), France (perhaps vindictive, though exhausted), might not join such a league. No single nation would dare to attack the league, and probably all the European Powers would then feel it safe to agree to a partial disarmament. Such a league might be the beginning of the long and painful process of the evolution of the United States of Europe.

International law has shown a steady growth for a century past, and there has been an increasing respect for treaties. Forced treaties are made only to be broken; voluntary treaties, however freely and deliberately agreed upon by both parties, may expire by limitation, but now are seldom broken.

Arbitration is now so generally accepted in all minor questions that Sir Lyon Playfair and many other eminent men believe that the time will come when arbitration alone will suffice to put an end to war. England was not perfectly satisfied with the result of the Geneva Arbitration, and the United States considered the Fishery award excessive; yet highly civilised nations that voluntarily enter a court of arbitration do not go to war about an adverse decision. Arbitration will become more and more common, and will settle still more dangerous disputes as the world progresses in political civilisation. Nations will gradually become more like individuals in their respect for justice and common honesty and for legal decisions. Patriotism and national selfishness will not always be synonymous terms. Yet voluntary arbitration alone will not always prevent war, or at least not until the Millennium. Nations will often refuse to go

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into court, or even to submit to an adverse verdict. War can only be finally avoided by means of compulsory arbitration. A sheriff will be needed to enforce the decree, and a strong government to support the sheriff. Our laws and courts alone would not save us from anarchy. Private war has been suppressed by governments and by the police. The moral force of public opinion requires the physical force of an organised government to give it full effect. The morality of a nation is the average morality of its population, of its millions of voters. The greatest statesman often has to yield to public opinion, to the passion of the hour, to the decree of the ballot. England is not always controlled by a Gladstone or a Salisbury, but ultimately by the average Englishman. In America public opinion has a still more rapid effect.

The commonwealth of Australia is a striking instance of voluntary confederation. Yet a union for defence in case of war was one of the leading incentives to federation. There can be no doubt that the Australasian Constitution will be ratified by all the colonies in the course of time, and that New Zealand will ultimately join the commonwealth. The federation of the Canadian Colonies was apparently voluntary, yet it was powerfully assisted by Imperial British influence, by the fact that during the Civil War the United States had suddenly developed as a great military Power, and by the fear of separate annexation. And how permanent is this dominion? Is everybody satisfied? Certainly not Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the French Canadians only so long as their Church can have its way. It may yet take a civil war, or several civil wars, to solidify Canada—especially if Canada should become independent.

The Imperial Federation of the British Empire is hardly yet considered to be a question of practical politics. No authoritative plan of federation has yet been formulated, for it is evident that the self-governing Colonies will never enter an Imperial Union without a full and proportionated representation in an Imperial Parliament, and they might in time have the majority in such a Parliament; while there are probably insuperable difficulties about the admission of the Colonies to the present Imperial Parliament. The radical solution of the problem lies in the absolute divorce of the local affairs of the United Kingdom from Imperial affairs. The British Parliament might surrender its Imperial powers to a new Imperial Parliament representing the whole empire, just as New South Wales is to surrender certain sovereign powers to the new Australian Parliament. Britain would thus become a province of the Empire, and her position would be somewhat akin to that of Prussia in the German Empire. The House of Lords could remain at Westminster, but a new Westminster would have to be built for an Imperial Legislature, in which the selection of the members of the "Upper House" would not depend upon the hereditary principle. Such an "Upper House,"

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composed of the leading men of the Empire, whether lords, commoners, or colonists, would have a position of power and influence corresponding to that of the United States Senate.

England lost her American Colonies through her blind conservatism and through the domineering, greedy, and insular egotism of her old Colonial system. Her present Colonial system is far more generous, yet the self-governing Colonies, being subject to the dangers, must have the rights of citizenship, or they will all ultimately sever their connection with the Empire.

In face of all the difficulties, voluntary federation seems impossible as long as the peace of the world is not disturbed. If, however, there should be a general European war in which France and Russia should combine against the Triple Alliance, and if England, through the Eastern Question, should become involved in such a war, and while her fleets were engaged in preventing a French invasion, in protecting Constantinople and the route to India, as well as her commerce and her coaling stations; if French and Russian fleets should bombard or mulct of heavy ransoms the chief sea-board cities of her great colonies—while, at the same time, a costly campaign was in progress in Afghanistan to repel a Russian invasion of India—such a war, then, might lead either to an Imperial Confederation for protection in war, or to a final separation of the principal Colonies from the Empire. The necessity for a combined defence of the whole British Empire might overwhelm all selfish interests, and demonstrate that Imperial Federation was necessary for the common interest of the Colonies as well as of the Mother Country. And if the whole Empire should unite in a confederacy, even though it were strictly limited to questions of peace and war, a century of such a connection would lead to a more perfect union.

The idea of a Pan-American Congress naturally suggests the federation of all the Americas. At the first glance it would seem that the process could only be by voluntary confederation. The recent agreement, however, for a federation of five Central American Republics resulted in a revolution in San Salvador, in a war between that State and Guatemala, and in a rebellion in Honduras.

Canada, not being independent, could not be invited to take part in the conference, yet it is the general hope and belief in America that Canada, in the fulness of time, will seek annexation to or federation with the United States of her own free will. Yet Britain would object to losing Halifax and Esquimault and her alternative route to the East by way of Canada. Canada's vote for annexation might even lead to a war between England and America. The more the United States grow in population, wealth, and power, the more they will object to all these great British naval stations in their near vicinity—Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, and

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Esquimault. Even little Nassau was a thorn in their side during the Civil War. When the isthmian canals are finished, America may wish to control the Caribbean Sea. By what moral right does England claim the dominion of the sea?

It would seem that a war between two such enlightened nations should be impossible. Yet the high civilisation of the United States did not prevent the Civil War. As the political union of the whole Anglo-Saxon race is hardly conceivable at present, it is always possible that some angry dispute may lead to war, in which case the United States would try to take Canada, and if once they took it they never would be likely to give it up. Lord John Russell said during the Civil War that the North fought for "Empire," and in a certain sense he was correct, for the Northern States objected to being bounded on the south by a hostile Confederacy. The same objection applies to a foreign and possibly hostile State stretching from ocean to ocean on their northern boundary.

The Pan-American Congress has agreed to a treaty of arbitration, signed by a majority of the American Republics, but as it is not yet ratified, it may be regarded as premature—or stillborn! Such a treaty could only be enforced by the power—at present mostly a latent power—of the United States, and the great North American nation would hardly consent to allow itself to be overruled by a majority composed of Central and South American Republics; for South and Central America have been colonised by the Latin races, and these Latin-American States have not yet arrived at the advanced stage of political development of their great northern neighbour. States that habitually reverse the result of a Presidential election by revolution will not always yield to the adverse decision of a Court of Arbitration. The revolutions of the past year in Central America, in Brazil, and in the Argentine Republic, the current civil war in Chili, and the extreme sensitiveness and jealousy exhibited by the distinguished Latin-American delegates during the Conference, are by no means encouraging.

South American States may confederate, or wars may bring about unification. There may be a North American, a Central American, and a South American Union. The three may act together in opposition to Europe. They might form—at some far distant day—a military and naval union under the leadership of the United States, or later they might even federate on a more equal basis.

This Conference has inaugurated the survey of an intercontinental railway to unite all the railway systems of South America with the North American system. Improved communication tends toward federation.

The Conference is only the entering wedge; it cannot help doing good; it is in the line of a natural development.

For the past twenty years Europe has been arming for the greatest

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war in the world's history, which will bring more men into the field, and will cause greater slaughter in actual battle, than ever occurred in the wars of Attila, of Genghis Khan, of Timour, or Napoleon. For meanwhile there has been rapid progress in warlike invention. Revolving cannon and the rapid-fire guns, the latest machine guns, the magazine rifle, the smokeless powder, and the dynamite shell have never yet been tried in any great battle. The next great naval conflict will also be more deadly than the battle of Trafalgar, and the first-class modern battleship costs more than twenty of Nelson's ships of the line. War will effect its own cure to a large extent—it will become so bloody and so costly that nations will only fight when the strongest national passions are aroused.

Europe cannot be united by conquest. Even Charlemagne's Empire dissolved after his death. Napoleon tried that method, and after he had failed, said that Europe would become either "Republican or Cossack." Europe may become "Republican," but it will never be "Cossack." Such a conquest by Russia, or by any other nation, even if possible, could never be permanent. As Prussia takes the lead in the German Empire, so Bismarck would hardly be able to conceive of any possible unification of Europe that would not depend upon the hegemony of Germany. Germany though, is practically homogeneous, notwithstanding the Danes, Poles, and Alsatians. Colonisation and Home Rule may ultimately solidify Germany. Europe, however, is a hopelessly divided collection of nations of different languages, churches, laws, and customs, impregnated with historical hatreds and ambitions, with national selfishness, jealousy, vainglory, prejudice, and pride. It is impossible to conceive any such forcible unification of Europe. The Czar of Russia rules some eighty different nations and tribes, with as many languages and dialects, but the Russian Empire represents the conquest of a higher over a lower form of civilisation. Russia has conquered, and will permanently absorb into her empire, many Asiatic tribes, peoples, and countries. However that may be, no European nation could be for ever crushed. Even Poland—an exception that emphatically proves the rule—still exists after more than a century of suppression and colonisation, and the Polish provinces of each of the three empires will yet demand, and obtain, as it seems to us, the control of their local affairs. Neither the hegemony of France, nor of Germany, nor of Russia could prevent European wars. European concerts and congresses are equally inefficient. The great war will probably come in spite of the present League of Peace.

There are yet many questions in Europe that are scarcely likely to be settled except by war—the Eastern Question, that of the future of the Danubian and Balkan States, and, above all, that of the Austro-

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Hungarian Empire. Although the Dual Empire is a complex confederation based upon home rule, yet it is, thus far, somewhat experimental, and largely maintained by the personal influence and prestige of the present Emperor. Personal unions have always been temporary, except when such personal union tended to the consolidation of adjoining nations of the same race and language—as of Scotland with England, or of Castile with Arragon. The union of all Germany, Austria, Spain, the Netherlands, and most of Italy under Charles V., could not last. Neither can the Austrian Empire, though perhaps the Crown Prince Rudolf might have held it together for another generation. Austro-Hungary is mostly composed of Germans, Slavs, and Hungarians, and there are whole provinces of Italians, Roumanians, Servians, Poles, and Bohemians. The principle of nationalities, Pan-Germanism, Panslavism, Irredentism, race jealousy, and race egotism, all tend to break it up, and when the Empire is dissolved all these various populations will naturally be annexed to their proper nationalities. Bohemia is so largely German that very likely she would prefer to go to Germany, while Hungary might possibly remain alone, a kingdom by itself—perhaps the last refuge of the House of Hapsburg; or it might ultimately join a Danubian Confederation. How far Panslavism may enable Russia to absorb the original Turkey in Europe, or whether there may be some Balkan or Danubian confederation, no one can tell. But either the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles will be neutral, like all other isthmian canals—natural or artificial—or Russia must hold Constantinople and Gallipoli. Some leading Russians, however, claim that they could have obtained the neutrality of the Dardanelles at the Congress of Berlin, that they would not agree to it, that they propose to control the passage, and to make the Black Sea a Russian lake, and they expect first to attain the Dardanelles by way of Armenia and Asia Minor. No man can forecast the future and permanent map of Europe. The Americans had comparatively a blank sheet on which permanently to map out the nation. Still an evolutionary process was necessary. The map of Europe, however, is the work of thousands of years of the wars and conquests of many antagonistic nations and races of different languages, traditions, histories, and developments. War alone, probably, can determine the final boundaries of Central and South-Eastern Europe. Indeed it may be doubted whether there is a single national boundary in Europe that will never again be changed—excepting perhaps the Pyrenees. The principle of nationalities, and differences of race and language, as well as the Alps, tend to break up Switzerland; while, on the other hand, free institutions, historical associations, and a long-established and popular federal government may always maintain the union of the Swiss Cantons—at least until the surrounding nations become as free as Switzerland. If the rebellion of last year in

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Ticino, however, had been a little more serious, some Italians might have set up the claim that Ticino was just as much a part of Italia Irredenta as the Trentino. Very likely the Trentino will go to Italy in the end, but the Irredentists go altogether too far when they claim Istria and Trieste, for Central Europe cannot give up its only port on the Mediterranean, or certainly not until the final federation of nearly the whole Continent.

National boundaries lose much of their importance after federation, for hostile frontiers then become mere secondary limits between confederated States. The fortresses are neglected. The custom-house officials depart with the sentinels—in fact, they go first generally, or will surely follow. The internal boundaries gradually become fixed and practically permanent—like State lines in the United States, like the lines of English counties or of French departments. All subsequent rectifications are constitutionally made by Legislatures—commonly with the consent of the majority of the interested populations.

Long before all the pending European questions are permanently settled, however, Europe will probably get tired of war. The blood and dynamite process will be followed by national bankruptcies and by a general exhaustion. Common sense—somewhat on the Australian or American plan—may then rule the day, and leagues of peace may lead to a confederation; established at first for the sole purpose, perhaps, of abolishing war on the Continent of Europe.

And how far will the Russian power extend in the yet remote future? And what is to be the limit of Russian conquest in Asia? From the "Roof of the World," from the central plateaus and mountain valleys of Asia, successive waves of conquest have rolled down over all Asia and over most of Europe. From and before the earliest dawn of history to the time of the Mantchus and the Mongols the hardy and warlike tribes of central and northern Asia have repeatedly conquered and ruled China, India, and all the rest of the continent. The Russians now control most of those brave fighting races, and will command the whole of them. With all this fine fighting material, armed and disciplined as well as their European army, and supported by a complete system of military railways, why should not they in turn follow the regular course of history, and take possession of China? The invasion of India is less likely, for in that case Britain would meet the Russians at the "scientific frontier," or even north of Candahár, and at the Hindu Kush. When the Siberian Pacific Railway is finished, however, what is there to prevent Russia from annexing nearly the whole of China? Surely she would succeed in this conquest as well as the Mongols or the Mantchus. If England can rule India, Russia could probably govern China, and Russia's dominion, sup-

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ported by a superior military force, would be far more secure. The Chinese have a few enlightened leaders, like Li Hung Chang, but as a whole they are so conceited and conservative that they would not probably be prepared to meet the advance of Russia. They were never a warlike people, and centuries of peace and isolation have unfitted them for war. Like the Egyptians, they have acquired the habit of submitting to the conqueror. England holds Hong Kong, and might seize Canton, Shanghai, and some other coast towns, if Russia should attempt to subdue China.

Are not all the Asiatic races inferior, and is not their civilisation inferior, to the European? And therefore, is it not the destiny of all Asia to be governed by the European nations? Russia and England govern half of it already, and control the foreign trade of nearly the whole continent. Then there are France in Tonquin, Spain at Manilla, and the Dutch in Java. In fact, it seems quite apparent that the European races (not the Anglo-Saxon race alone) are to rule this whole planet. Still, in this general theory of the international future, China is an unknown quantity. In the Middle Ages her civilisation, though different, was perhaps equal, as a whole, to that of Europe. Of all existing governments China was the first to suppress private warfare, and although Japan was the last, yet the rapidity of the change proves the capability of the race for political progress. It is difficult to believe that any European Power will attempt to annex Japan, and China may make considerable progress in adopting European methods — in arming, organising, and in building railways—within the next ten years, before the through Siberian railway is completed to the Pacific. Possibly China and Japan might even unite at some far future day, and so become one of the great Powers of the world. In his *Problems of Greater Britain* Sir Charles Dilke says: "The world's future belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, to the Russian, and the Chinese races." (No one knows Europe better than he, yet he leaves out the United States of Europe—a federation which would be more powerful than the whole Anglo-Saxon race combined.) Questions of superiority of race, however, and of comparative civilisation, are the principal data from which we should prognosticate the future of China.

Thus within a few centuries—possibly much sooner—the world may be divided between four great Powers: Pan-America, the United States of Europe, the British Confederation, and Russia. Pan-America would probably control nearly all the Western Hemisphere; while Africa, a part of Southern Asia, and all the islands of the Eastern Hemisphere, would belong to the several States of United Europe, and to a Greater Britain. The extension of Russia might lead to the federation of the British Empire. Imperial Federation and a preponderating Russia would suggest the necessity of at least a military union of Continental Europe and of Pan-

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America, or the order might be changed or reversed. The creation of any one of these great Powers would compel all the others. It would be no longer a question of the balance of power in Europe alone, but of the balance of power on all the earth. Then, perhaps, after some world-wide contest, these four Great Powers might agree to unite in one international government. The final ending of war would be the leading inducement to such a union.

Local self-government is a vital part of the scheme of Federation. It is universal in all America, yet in Europe the idea is comparatively new. The defeat of the Austrians at Königgratz gave Home Rule to Hungary. Armenia claims it; so does Ireland. Finland, Bokhara, and Khiva have Home Rule; why should they not be allowed to keep it? And if Russia should hereafter annex Danubian, Balkan, Turkish, or Persian states and provinces, it would be good policy for her to leave them the control of their local affairs. Thus even Poland might be satisfied. Home Rule is the basis of the German Empire, but one of the pressing dangers of the Austro-Hungarian Empire lies in the fact that in Hungary Home Rule involves the oppression of Roumanians, Servians, and other subject populations, and gives to Hungary too great a share in the government of the Dual Empire, thus giving just cause for jealousy and discontent to Bohemia and other Provinces.

Home Rule—for home affairs—will yet prevail in Europe and Asia as in America. All the great Imperial Confederations will be based at first upon the largest possible extension of local self-government that may be consistent with the prevention of rebellion, and with the perfect organisation of the military force of the Confederation.

Free Trade and Federation go hand in hand. The world is now in a chronic state of war, or rather of warlike preparation and expenditure, of latent war, or of armed neutrality. Truly a happy family! Accompanying and intimately connected with this preparation for war there is almost an universal war of tariffs—a war between America and Europe, between Russia and Europe, a tariff war of America, Russia, the Continent, the self-governing Colonies, and all the rest of the world together, against Great Britain—an epidemic of Protection. Now, in whatever degree a national policy of Protection may tend to render a nation self-sufficing in case of war—Protection thus forming an essential adjunct to the war power—and although commercial treaties, differential or preferential duties, customs unions, reciprocity, or the Zollverein, may often lead up to and foreshadow Federation—as in the case of the German Empire—yet Free Trade still remains, as ever, the only scientific solution of the tariff question. The world, however, has refused to accept Free Trade, and the practical solution of the tariff question will probably be found in Federation. Any confederacy based upon preferential

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duties would be sure to give them up finally, and to adopt absolute Free Trade within the Federation, for, the war-power of the confederating States being surrendered to the Confederate Government, such States would no longer have any military necessity for a war tariff against each other. Australasian Federation has brought with it immediately, as an essential part of the scheme, the inestimable boon of internal free trade. Although Federation is possible on a reciprocity basis, yet complete internal free trade will always follow in the end, and the federation of the world must ultimately result in absolute and universal Free Trade.

The federation of the world is the great dream of the future—an international Government with its chief Executive and Cabinet, its common army and navy, international congress, court of arbitration, and code of international law, supported by an annual tax, perhaps of a gross sum—proportioned to its population and resources—assessed upon each nation. The progress that the world has made already in governmental evolution foreshadows it; it is the logical and legitimate result of the development theory as applied to politics.

In the fourteenth century every man's house was fortified, and he was free to fight his neighbour: the robber knight stopped caravans; the baron fought baron; the Guelph, Ghibelline; while now the law suffices to make a man's house his castle, and private war is ended.

Utopian? No! Would not the abolition of private war have seemed Utopian to the robber knight of five hundred years ago? But now the world is bounding and rushing ahead. Progress was slow in the Palæolithic age; in this age of electricity it is far from slow, but rather so rapid as to take a man off his feet, and to sweep him away with the torrent. Look at the progress of every kind of the past fifty years! Compare the Japan of the Tycoon with the Japan of the Mikado—a leap at a single bound from the Middle Ages and the feudal system to the age of steam and of representative government—the progress of five hundred years in less than thirty. Who would have believed ten years ago in the possibility of an Australian union, or even two years ago that such a union could be made on the basis of internal free trade?

No, it will not take another five hundred years to bring about the Millennium of the united nations and the abolition of war. If all the nations could free themselves from their prejudices, and make radical changes as rapidly as the Japanese, if they had the adaptive power of the Japanese, or the hard common-sense of the Australians, no time would be lost in establishing a world-embracing Federation, and all the burning questions that now divide the nations would either be settled in the International Legislature, or would have to be tried and decided by an International Court of Arbitration, whose decrees would be enforced by the combined power of the civilised world.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[THIRD ARTICLE.]

IN the first[1] article in this series, it was proposed to study briefly, *apropos* of the work under review,[2] a few prominent phases of Lincoln's character and life-work, to consider the "Martyr President" as a politician, orator, writer, wit, abolitionist, military man, and moralist. These topics, excepting the last two, have all been treated in the two[3] preceding articles. This paper, and the next, will complete the proposed task by touching upon the military and moral sides of the subject.

As has already been stated, one of the earliest distinctions enjoyed by Lincoln, in fact "his first public recognition," say his biographers, was his election to the captaincy of the mounted company of volunteers that was sent from New Salem, Illinois, to the Black Hawk war; but before Lincoln had had an opportunity to even smell gunpowder, the time of enlistment had expired; and as most of the company refused to continue in the service, short rations and hard marching having so far been their only lot, the young captain suddenly found himself with no command. Lincoln and several of the other officers were not, however, of the number of these home-sick volunteers, and the future Commander-in-Chief of the United States army and navy immediately re-enlisted as a private soldier.

Lincoln now became a member of a company of mounted volunteers called the Independent Spy Battalion, an organisation unique of its kind, it would seem, from the account given by one of its troopers. It was not, he says, "under the control of any regiment or brigade, but received orders directly from the Commander-in-Chief, and always, when with the army, camped within the lines, and had many other privileges, such as having no camp duties to perform and drawing rations as much and as often as we pleased." With this *élite* corps Lincoln served through his second enlistment, but he took no part in the two engagements which put an end to the war, and so cannot be said to have acquired much

[1] See the WESTMINSTER REVIEW for June.
[2] *Abraham Lincoln: A History.* By John G. Nicolay and John Hay.
[3] The second article appeared in the July WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

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important military experience, when his final release from service was signed by a young lieutenant of artillery, Robert Anderson, who, twenty-nine years later, as the commander at Fort Sumter, was to be Lincoln's subordinate in one of the most stirring moments of American history.[1]

Lincoln never took very seriously his brief season of campaigning, which covered a period of about two months at the end of the spring of 1832. The habit of glorifying the military career of a candidate for public office which is so common in American politics, never found an imitator in Lincoln. In a speech which he made in 1848, when the friends of General Cass were trying to advance the latter's presidential candidature by praising the rather obscure part he had taken in the war of 1812, Lincoln said: "Did you know, Mr. Speaker, I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled, and came away. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as General Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterwards. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. If ever I should conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest that they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."

Another proof of the very sensible way in which Lincoln looked upon this Black Hawk episode is found in the fact that "in a country where military titles are conferred with ludicrous profusion[2] and borne with absurd complacency," Lincoln, who had actually been commissioned and had served in an active campaign, never employed the title of captain nor permitted others to use it in addressing him.

During the period between the Black Hawk war and the outbreak of the Rebellion of 1861, Lincoln's mind was never occupied with questions of a military nature. When, in May 1846, the Federal Government called for 50,000 volunteers for the Mexican war, and three regiments were assigned to Illinois as its quota, Lincoln was

[1] It has long been believed that Lincoln was mustered into service at this time by Jefferson Davis; but the most careful search through the records fails to confirm this story, although the future President of the Southern Confederacy was in fact, at the outbreak of the Black Hawk war, a lieutenant in one of the regular army infantry regiments stationed in the West.

[2] During the Civil War, a newspaper wit wrote: "The other day a boy threw a stone at a dog in Pennsylvania Avenue and hit three Brigadier-Generals."

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busily occupied with his campaign for a seat in the Lower House of Congress. Though opposed to the principle of the war, as has already been pointed out, he said in one of his speeches that it was the duty of the citizen to stand by the flag. But, unlike some of the other leading politicians of his State, Lincoln did not show any inclination to re-enter the army. But when in April 1861 he made his own call—the first of a series—for volunteers to suppress the Rebellion, from that time to the end of his life military affairs naturally held the first place in his mind.

The first clause of section second of the United States Constitution declares that "the President shall be Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States"; and the closing words of section third empower the President to "commission all the officers of the United States."

Read in the light of the experience of the Civil War, the magnitude of the military authority conferred on an American President is apt to appal the friends of civil liberty. It astonished the American people themselves. Before Lincoln entered the White House, few Presidents of the United States had had recourse to these constitutional "war powers," for the reason that the country had generally been blessed with peace through the three-quarters of a century of its existence; and when, as during the Second War with England and the Mexican war, the Presidents were called upon to exercise some of the prerogatives of the general, the theatre of the conflict was so distant, the duration of the war so short and its scale so small when compared with the Great Rebellion, that the acts of neither President Madison nor President Polk revealed the latent and tremendous military authority which could be wielded by an American Chief Magistrate.

When the country was launched on the Civil War, the situation was very different from what it had ever been before. From the opening of hostilities to the final surrender of the South at Appomattox, Washington had been Lee's objective. More than once the city was in sight of the enemy, and during Early's campaign in July 1864 a severe engagement was fought in full view of the dome of the capitol, and was witnessed by President Lincoln, who stood "amid the whizzing bullets of the sharpshooters, until an officer fell mortally wounded within three feet of him." Between Washington and Richmond, and within short distances north and west of the Federal capital, were fought the most obstinate battles of the war. The President went frequently to "the front," and the different commanders of the Army of the Potomac would run up to Washington on a flying visit to consult with the Commander-in-Chief. Washington, therefore, may be almost said to have been the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, and the President to

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have been its generalissimo. Thus every circumstance favoured Mr. Lincoln's exercise of military authority.

The Confederate Constitution, which was modelled on that of the United States, conferred on Jefferson Davis the same military powers enjoyed by Lincoln. Davis was a graduate of West Point, and saw active service for several years, retiring from the regular army with the grade of first lieutenant of dragoons. During the Mexican war he was a colonel of Mississippi volunteers, and won distinction at Monterey and Buena Vista. President Polk offered to make him a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and under President Pierce he was Secretary of War. Davis naturally felt, therefore, that he had had the experience which entitled him to exercise the duties of Commander-in-Chief; and he did so, though not always with advantage to the cause. This military training and the utilising of it on the part of Davis were other reasons why Lincoln, if he were to cope with his adversary, must not neglect to take advantage of the military authority conferred upon him by the Constitution.

And still another circumstance, besides Davis's action and the power granted by the Constitution, led Lincoln to take a personal and direct part in military affairs. When the war broke out the venerable Scott—who, though of Southern birth, never entertained for an instant the thought of deserting the Government (as Lee and other officers so basely did) to which he owed his education and his honours—was at the head of the army. But age soon compelled him to retire, and McClellan succeeded him. The faults of this officer quickly became apparent, so that Lincoln, in spite of himself, was forced more and more to assume the duties of Commander-in-Chief, and it was not till the last year of the conflict, when Grant was placed at the head of the armies, that Lincoln felt that it was no longer incumbent upon him to devote so much attention to the conduct of the war.

Thus we see the whilom captain of the Black Hawk war forced by circumstances to assume military responsibilities of the gravest character. When this important fact dawned upon him, Lincoln, with the good common sense and energy which had always characterised him,[1]

[1] When Lincoln returned home at the end of his Congressional term, "he gave a notable proof," the authors tell us, "of his unusual powers of mental discipline. His wider knowledge of men and things, acquired by contact with the great world, had shown him a certain lack in himself of the power of close and sustained reasoning. To remedy this defect he applied himself to such works upon logic and mathematics as he fancied would be serviceable. Devoting himself with dogged energy to the task in hand, he soon learned by heart six books of the propositions of Euclid, and he retained through life a thorough knowledge of the principles they contain." That this study produced good results is proved by the remark of Horace Greeley in his interesting "Estimate of Lincoln" published in the July *Century Magazine*. Mr. Greeley says: "He was the cleverest logician for the masses that America has yet produced." In his early boyhood we find another peculiar example of the determined way in which Lincoln went to work to acquire fresh knowledge. "Of the books he did not own he took voluminous notes, filling his copybook with choice extracts, and poring over them until they were fixed in his memory. He could not afford to waste paper upon his original compositions. He would sit by the fire at night and

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determined to devote all his spare time to a proper preparation for the assumption of these new duties. So when, towards the end of December 1861, McClellan fell seriously ill and paralysed the action of the army for several weeks, Lincoln gave himself night and day to the study of the military situation. "He read a large number of strategical works. He pored over the reports from the various departments and districts of the field of war. He held long conferences with eminent generals and admirals, and astonished them by the extent of his special knowledge and the keen intelligence of his questions." When "Stonewall" Jackson began his second campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, in the spring of 1862, "Mr. Lincoln, at Washington, was exerting himself to the utmost, sending a dozen despatches a day to Banks, Fremont, McDowell, and McClellan—all admirable in clearness, intelligence, and temper, always directing the right thing to be done and the best way of doing it." This raid initiated a series of discouraging Union reverses, and McClellan's formidable advance on the rebel capital gradually changed into an unnecessary retreat. "It is safe to say that no general in the army studied his maps and scanned his telegrams with half the industry—and, it may be added, with half the intelligence—which Mr. Lincoln gave to his. It is not surprising, therefore, that before the catastrophe finally came the President was already convinced of the substantial failure of McClellan's campaign as first projected."

Other striking illustrations of President Lincoln's rapid military development are seen in his communications with his generals, which were many and notable, and "always clearer and more definite than any that he received from them."

Mr. Lincoln was often very modest in advising. Thus he ended a letter to General Hooker, who commanded the Army of the Potomac at the beginning of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863, with these words: "All I ask is that you will be in such mood that we can get into our action the best cordial judgment of yourself and General Halleck, with my poor mite added, if indeed he and you shall think it entitled to any consideration at all."

When Early made his final raid into the terribly harrowed Shenandoah Valley and Sheridan was sent after him, Lincoln wrote to Grant: "I hope it will have no constraint on you, nor do harm any way, for me to say I am a little afraid lest Lee sends reinforcements to Early, and thus enables him to turn upon Sheridan." It is a remarkable coincidence, as pointed out by the authors, that at this same moment Sheridan[1] was taking a view of the situation similar

cover the wooden shovel with essays and arithmetical exercises, which he would shave off and then begin again." To a man who had met and surmounted such difficulties as these there was nothing appalling in a determination to conquer the principles of military science.

[1] See his report to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, 1865-66, Supplement, ii. 41.

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to that of the President, which was the correct view, as after-events showed, though not that held at first by General Grant, who mistakenly thought he could prevent any reinforcement being sent from Richmond by Lee.

Often the President's communications with his generals contain one of those graphic, vivid metaphors, or some striking, homely phrase, for which Lincoln was famous. Thus on one occasion, weary of McClellan's persistent dilly-dallying, the President called for two of the corps commanders, and said to them: "If something is not soon done, the bottom will be out of the whole affair. Now if General McClellan does not want to use the army, I would like to borrow it, provided I can see how it can be made to do something." When finally McClellan had got within reach of the rebel capital, the President sent him a sharp despatch in which this phrase occurred: "Attack Richmond or give up the job."

When General Rosecrans complained of his relative rank in the army, Lincoln wrote him: "Truth to speak, I do not appreciate this matter of rank on paper as you officers do. The world will not forget that you fought the battle of Stone River, and it will never care a fig whether you rank General Grant on paper or he so ranks you." To General Hooker he once telegraphed: "I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other."

The military plans urged by Lincoln were often better than those proposed by his generals. When Rosecrans met his terrible discomfiture at Chickamauga, Lincoln sent to General Halleck his own views on the situation, "the wisest possible under the circumstances as shown by subsequent history," say the authors. McClellan's disastrous Peninsula campaign of 1862 was taken against the judgment of the President, who advised a direct attack on the rebels, then retreating southward from Manassas. This plan "was a sound and practicable one, it was the plan they [the rebels] expected, and dreaded to see adopted, because it was the easiest to accomplish and hardest to resist." When later he was trying to persuade McClellan to start forth once more in the autumn of 1862, the President finally sends a peremptory order to advance, and even tells the General how to carry it out. This time McClellan adopts Mr. Lincoln's plan, but is removed before he gets started, the former's procrastination having at length exhausted the patience of the President and the North. Long before the military authorities carried out his idea, Mr. Lincoln had indicated the shores of the Mississippi as the region where negro troops might be most easily and speedily organised and most successfully employed. When Lee was starting to invade Pennsylvania, General Hooker proposed to the President the bold and startling plan of leaving the rebel army on his right, pushing

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south and capturing Richmond. "But the suggestion was too extravagant and hazardous," say the authors, "to commend itself to the calm judgment of the President." His answer, written without a moment's delay, read: "If left to me, I would not go south of the Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it. If you had Richmond invested to-day, you would not be able to take it in twenty days. I think Lee's army, and not Richmond, is your sure objective point. If he comes towards the Upper Potomac, follow on his flank and on his inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his; fight him, too, when opportunity offers. If he stays where he is, fret him and fret him." We are told that he wrote this despatch before consulting General Halleck,[1] but that the latter gave it his full approval, "and there seems to be no question that the President's decision was the wisest which could have been taken."

Lincoln was sometimes ready to take upon himself grave responsibilities. Thus, when Lee escaped from Gettysburg "he regretted," say the authors, "that he had not himself gone to the army and personally issued the order for an attack." "We had only to stretch forth our hands," said the President, "and they were ours, and nothing I could say or do could make the army move." When the Confederacy was tottering, and Lee was making astute overtures to Grant, the Secretary of War received an important despatch from the General, which he handed to the President. Mr. Lincoln read the telegram in silence. He asked no advice or suggestion from anybody about him, the authors, who were witnesses of the incident, tell us, but, taking a pen, wrote with his usual slowness and precision a despatch in the name of the Secretary of War, showed it to Mr. Seward, and then handed it to the former to be signed, dated, and sent. "The language is that of an experienced ruler, perfectly sure of himself and of his duty."[2] When Lee and Meade were moving along the line of the Rapidan, the President was so anxious that an attempt should be made to crush the rebels, that he wrote as follows to General Halleck: "If General Meade can now attack him [Lee] on a field no worse than equal for us, and will do so with all the skill and courage which he, his officers, and men possess, the honour will be his if he succeeds, and the blame may be mine if he fails."

It may now be interesting to know the opinion of competent authorities concerning Mr. Lincoln's military aptitudes. On this

[1] Appointed by Mr. Lincoln in July 1862 to command the whole land forces of the United States as General-in-Chief, though, "in reality, he was from the first only what he afterwards became by technical orders, the President's chief-of-staff."

[2] The despatch ran as follows: "The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

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point the authors say—and the statement was reiterated by Colonel Hay when I met him a few weeks ago—that "forced to assume the duties of Commander-in-Chief of the National forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After-times will wonder, not at the few and unimportant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed." General Sherman, we are told, repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he read Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and pronounced his military views remarkably correct. General W. F. Smith, a highly educated soldier, has said: "I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions." General J. H. Wilson, the dashing cavalry officer of the Civil War, holds the same opinion; and the late Colonel Robert N. Scott, one of the "most vigorous and best trained intellects in the United States Army," frequently called Mr. Lincoln "the ablest strategist of the war." Mr. John C. Ropes, a well-known authority and writer on military questions, says:[1] "Mr. Lincoln's ability to select men for high military command increased visibly from year to year during the war; and not only was this the case, but his ability to give them an intelligent and appreciative support and encouragement, if they deserved it at his hands, became with every year more and more apparent. The President became, in fact, a diligent student of the war. He found in time that the rules of war were only the rules of sound sense and experience applied to a subject, the general principles of which, although he knew nothing of them at the beginning of his administration, he found himself able without great difficulty to acquire and act upon. Hence his conduct of affairs became with each year more judicious and capable."

THEODORE STANTON.

(*To be continued.*)

[1] See his interesting article, "The War as we See it now," in *Scribner's Magazine* for last June.

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TENNYSON'S LINCOLNSHIRE FARMERS:

A RETROSPECT.

Two generations have passed since Tennyson entered the lists against Burns as a poet of rural life. Whereas Burns had ready to hand a speech essentially poetic, and gliding easily into musical cadence, Tennyson worked in one of the most uncouth dialects ever spoken by man "since the making of the world." He has nevertheless succeeded in moulding this into poems instinct with dramatic power and character, and brimming over with broad and racy humour. The poems dealing with the *Northern* or *Lincolnshire Farmer* are not mere linguistic *tours de force*. Apart from their artistic merits they are valuable as transcripts from the life of a bygone age. Their accuracy of observation and vigorous delineation of rustic character invest them with historic value, and render them interesting as a standard of comparison.

These farmers were almost the last of their race. Their portraits at first sight appear to be lugubrious caricatures. Their ignorance appears so colossal as to be incredible. It must be borne in mind, however, that in their virtues, in their failings, in their mode of life and manners, and even in their speech, they differed very little from the time when their forefathers, with native grace, submitted to the yoke of the conquering Normans. Through changes—dynastic, religious, or social—they remained unchanged. The nearest market town formed the utmost limit to their travels.

The farm labourer was equally conservative. His ideas were almost as luminous as those of his typical ancestor, "Gurth, the son of Beowulf, the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." Not that he acknowledged himself the "thrall" of anybody. It was an article of his creed that "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves." His most treasured possession, after that of his knowledge of men and things, was that of his independence. He never dreamed of leaving his native village. And his ideas were as circumscribed as his locality. Though by nature gifted with splendid stubbornness, he yielded unquestioning obedience to the farmer. When work permitted, he attended church on Sunday, and snored through the service in his humble free seat with as much devotion as the farmer in his high-backed pew. His humour was of the ruminating and ponderous

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kind, and manifested itself on occasion in solemn horse-play. When opportunity occurred he proved himself a mighty man at the tankard or trencher: these were moments of supreme bliss. In an animal way he was happy. He had no ambition, and therefore no discontent. Though he sometimes grumbled, and pretty loudly too, he nevertheless believed his condition to be unalterable. The agitator had not discovered him. Joseph Arch was as yet unborn, and Tom Mann had not preached the new crusade of labour.

Yet these farmers and labourers whom Tennyson chatted with in Somersby fifty years ago were the witnesses of the beginning of a revolution in the state of English agriculture whose consequences no man then was able to foresee, which many, even now, fail to appreciate. The system of large farms was coming into vogue. They were destined to absorb all the small holdings, and to drive the sturdy yeomanry, who for generations had managed them with credit and success, into the new rising manufacturing centres to eke out a miserable existence. The craze for large farms infected the old Lincolnshire Farmer:

> "Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs up to the mill;
> An' I'll run up to the brig."

The ruling passion was the acquisition of "proputty" by the consolidation of neighbouring small holdings into his large farm. The new system introduced new dangers. One man in every three was, as it developed, thrown out of employment. Thus rendered arbitrarily idle, the unemployed left their village, and flocked to the large towns. Hence the over-crowding and over-competition, with their resultant complications of social and moral evil.

Before he left home, Tennyson saw the beginning of these changes. He is one of the few living Lincolnshire men who saw the now obsolete operations of sowing broadcast and dibbling beans. He would remember thrashing with the flail—which gave occupation to many men through the winter—being superseded by the horse-machine, and the resentment which the innovation aroused. The Lincolnshire farm labourers awoke as from sleep. Their hatred rose to frenzy. They resorted to violence. Machines were destroyed. The lives of their owners were threatened. For awhile terror and confusion reigned. The red fires of incendiarism lit the midnight sky. Farmers became afraid. The machines were guarded by night and day. The blind power of ignorance made itself felt. At first the law seemed powerless. The lame and toothless parish constables were either unable or unwilling to arrest the ringleaders. Ultimately, two farm labourers, aged respectively twenty-two and twenty-four, were captured, not far from Tennyson's home, tried at the Lincoln summer assizes in 1831, and sentenced to death. *Both were executed.*

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The agitation subsided. It broke out again in 1848, with the introduction of the steam thrashing machine. Even the "Farmer, old style," who had stood firmly for the first machine, resented this innovation:

"A kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin the blessed feälds wi' the Divils oän teäm."

The opposition, however, soon died down. "The old order" had changed. The tide of rural migration was now flowing merrily into the towns. Small holdings were fast becoming a rarity, and large farms, with a minimum of labour, the rule.

As we have already observed, the race of men from whom Tennyson drew the type of the old style farmer is extinct.

"Nature brings not back the Mastodon." This type can never again recur. It disappeared with the stage coach. Indeed, the "Farmer, *new* style" has almost become a being of the past. Here and there, in remote villages in marsh or fen, may be found a decrepit survivor, who, amid all changes, has retained unchanged his old habits, and thoughts, and ways of speech. He is frequently a sore trial to his more refined descendants. The odour of the "crew-yard" clings to him, even in the drawing-room, and he sniffs it with palpable delight.

In all essential respects, the old style farmer was a heathen. His mind was incapable of comprehending abstractions, and the only deity he recognised was the Squire. Tennyson has subtly indicated his lack of reverence by honouring his Squire with the glory of a capital, while a very small "g" suffices for his "god amoighty." He had no imagination, and was therefore devoid of superstition.

Ignorant beyond the possibility of modern conception, he was in no way conscious of his defect. Indeed, he concedes the palm of superior knowledge very reluctantly even to the parson.

"Larn'd a may beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn."

As for the medical profession, he considered it beneath contempt:

"Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur they say what's nawways true."

Hence it is not surprising that he should despise the abilities of his brother farmers. Their condemnation is categorical and final. One "'ant a 'aäporth o' sense;" another "niver rambles the stoäns," or mended a fence.

It was only natural, therefore, that he should have a due sense of his own supreme importance. He sincerely believed he was indispensable to the existing order of things. After him, the deluge. It would be impossible to supply his place. This perplexed him sorely.

"Whoä's to howd the lond ater meä, thot muddles meä, quoit."

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Surely the frame of things would be out of joint. Some mistake had been made, and it must be put right. If it was absolutely necessary that some one should be taken, he had abundance of substitutes to suggest, who never would be missed. His "god amoighty" and parson evidently understood little about the true merits of things. And the simple-minded, asthmatic old heathen calmly proceeds to enlighten the Deity, and demonstrates how much better he is than his less gifted and shiftless neighbours:

"I beänt won as saws here a beän, and theer a peä."

No, even in his failings he was methodical. He had his "pint of aäle" every night, and his quart every market night, "this forty yeëar." He would not alter his mode of life and thought, either for parson or for doctor. He was his own lawgiver. If he did his duty, he could rest content, and enjoy himself after his own heart. From boyhood to the end he had been inured to work, and that of the hardest. He had not spared himself, and he failed to see the justice of sparing others. We have the impartial testimony of his worthy son that

"He toiled and moiled 'issen deäd, and he died a good 'un, he did."

He had started "wi' amost nowt." Now, at the last, he could hold up his head as high as the best of them, for he had "haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squire's, and land o' 'is own." He had entered into the fruit of his labours. He had made the wilderness a flourishing place. "Dubbut look at the waäste!" he exclaims to the nurse, as he lay dying, "theer warnt not feëad fur a cow; nowt but brakken and fuzz; warnt woth nowt a haäcre;" and now he has the consolation of knowing that, through his industry, it has "lots o' feëad, fourscoore yows upon it, and some on it down i' seëad."

The picture of the parson is by no means idyllic. The farmer's conception of religious obligation appeared to be the payment of the tithe and attendance at the services of the church. The former afforded him no pleasure, and the latter no profit. The "eäasy and freeä" consolations of the clergyman had no effect upon the old man. So long as his wife lived he had regularly attended church. In his lofty pew beneath the pulpit, he could hear, though he failed to understand, the parson "a boomin' awaäy like a buzzard clock over his head." He was content to take the parson's religion on trust. Among little men he was a great man, and he knew it. He exercised the manly privilege of being independent. He was the centre of the universe, as known to himself. Nothing could be more perfect than his serene self-complacency. He believed all the known world looked up to him with respect. We can see the smirk of satisfaction that overspreads his broad, honest face, as he is honoured with

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the friendly recognition of the neighbouring aristocracy. "Loook," says he, "loook 'ow quolity smoiles when they seëas me a passin' boy. Says to thessen, naw doubt, 'What a man a beëa, sewerly.'" But the foundation of his egotism is genuine. He attributes their admiration to his having done his duty "by Squire and by all."

As we have seen, he held his own attainments in the greatest estimation. Measured by his lofty standard, the majority of mankind were lamentably lacking.

New ideas he abhorred. He regarded novelty not merely with suspicion, but with active hostility. His faith in the existing order of things was absolute. "Whatever is, is right." Like most men who have been prosperous in life, he believed this world to be the best of all possible worlds. It could not be improved. A man of few wants, cheap comforts, and tangible ideals, he was reluctant to leave his gains behind and pass hence—where, he knew not. Of a future state, he appears to entertain the vaguest notion. Death, to him, as to many a rough and honest fenman of the bygone days, meant extinction. In some cases it came as a friend, relieving men of the relentless cares of a miserable existence. In others, its coming was, to say the least, extremely unwelcome. Its spectral form crossed the threshold unbidden, and beckoned them from the light and comfort of home into the unknown darkness. It had come thus to our friend. He met it boldly. But he claimed the right to grumble out his own opinion. The old heathen had a hazy notion that the visit was due to a mean collusion between the parson and his "god amoighty." Surely they had made some mistake. They could not have known how much was left to be done that only he could do. Still, he would accept his fate with open face like a man. He would neither wince nor whine. The light was burning low. The night was even now. He would follow the hand into the darkness alone, and unafraid. "Sin' I mun doy, I mun doy." "Just one glass of aäle," and he would start for that country from whose bourn no traveller returns.

The farmer *new style* is depicted as a distinctly meaner type of man. Bigoted niggardliness is engrafted on the parent stock of obstinacy. He is an inveterate land-grabber. He is narrow-minded and tyrannical. Even in his affections he is sordid. He "married for munny." As he and his son are driving their team a-field, he rates him for his folly in "bein' sweet upon parson's lass." The young lady possessed, in this fond father's eyes, one fatal failing. "Parson's lass ain't nowt, and weänt ha' nowt when he's deäd." "Luvv," pleads this affectionate parent, should be the last thing to be considered in selecting a partner for life. Money, in this, as in all other worldly affairs, should be the prime consideration. So far from this being the root of all evil, it is the fountain of all virtue. "Munny" removed all temptation to crime. It was "proputty,"

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and what more could the heart of man desire? For did not "proputty" command respect here below. Indeed he believed it was the key to the gates celestial, for "them as hez munny's the best." Poverty, in itself contemptible, was the contagious source of vice. "Taäke my word fur it, Sammy, the poor in a lümp, is bad."

We are left in doubt as to whether Sammy accepted this oracular statement, as we are, moreover, as to whether his affection stood the test of trial. His considerate father promises to leave the "proputty" to him if he married a "good 'un." "Good," it is needless to explain, did not refer to any moral or intellectual virtue.

The parson's daughter "wasn't worth nowt," and was therefore utterly ineligible to enter into matrimonial alliance with his noble stock. Lacking money, she lacked everything. "Proputty" cancelled all defects, and beautified every blemish. If the lad were so lost to all sense of filial reverence as to persist in his insane idea, there was no alternative for his sorrowful father but to leave the "proputty" to his younger son. Nothing would induce him to mitigate the condition, or to alter his decision. As the much-lectured Sammy had evidently set his heart on the poor sweet lass, it would be interesting to know whether "proputty" or "luvv" won the victory. He resents the condition that parental affection had imposed. The inherited obstinacy peeps out; his father observing it, says: "Doänt turn stunt, taäke time, I know what makes ya sa mad."

And to mollify the anger he has aroused, he condescends to relate his own amorous experiences: "Warn't I craäzed on the lasses myssen when I were a lad?" Yes. But he had discovered an antidote to the insane fantasy, which he imparted to his son for his present relief. It was to keep the glorious ideal of "proputty" always before his eyes. His own affections, under the control of this magnetic talisman, had guided him where "munny wor." "My son," counsels the bucolic Solomon, "go, and do thou likewise."

The types drawn with such exquisite skill by the Laureate are by no means flattering to the Lincolnshire farmers of the past. With all their faults, they were no hypocrites, but bluff, honest, brave, hard-working, plain men, who shirked nothing in the way of duty. To their industry England owes not a little of her material prosperity to-day.

JOSEPH J. DAVIES.

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PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian Jew has the ear of the entire civilised world; his wrongs, real or alleged, have touched its heart, and the Press, that barometer of public opinion, has responded by leaps and bounds. Russia is well able to keep her own secrets; but during the past year stories of persecution have oozed out, so strange as to suggest that more remains behind than has been told. Stirred by these, Exeter Hall has sounded its trumpet of wrath and the Mansion House has spoken. But all has been useless. The Czar has hardened his heart, and the evils complained of remain unredressed. Yet even Russia, cynical as she may be, cannot afford to defy this universal sentiment, which will be found more difficult to deal with even than syndicates of bankers. Thousands of Jews have escaped, or by paying the required fine, have been permitted to leave the country. These have landed upon our shores, only to experience the coldness usually meted out to unwelcome guests. East London fears the result of the immigration which has begun; foreseeing a struggle for existence which may even pale the horrors of the Ghetto.

A pro-Jewish agitation would not be complete without an appeal to Mr. Gladstone. The veteran statesman, writing a year ago to the editor of the *Jewish Chronicle*, recommended that the Press should sift reports, establish facts, and rouse the consciences of Russia and Europe. Now, in May of this year, writing to Mr. Montague, M.P., he repeats his advice. Is it needed, and if so can it be followed?

What are the facts? It is alleged that the Russian Government has unwillingly inflicted hardship in its own defence. The Russians fear the Jews, who have disobeyed the laws, and have corrupted officialdom until restriction has become a byword, and the Pale of Settlement exists only on paper. They tread the great cities underfoot, few merchants of Jewish origin pay guild money, they decline to enter the professions, they will rarely work at any trade, broking and tavern-keeping constitute the limits of their ambition. The Jews are solely to blame for their troubles, and smart under a rod of their own growing. This defence of the stronger party to the case, and indictment of the Jews, has the merit of exceeding plainness of speech. Can it be traversed? Let us examine the facts?

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Until 1881 the lives and property of Jews had been respected. Their liberties were restricted, not obsolete. In that year all was changed. The Pale of Settlement, especially in the South, became a centre of riot. Crimes were charged against, and violence was offered to, those who had no means of retaliation; and whose only defence was passive endurance. The restlessness of the country, the low moral tone of the most ignorant and unreasonable peasantry in the world, commercial jealousy, and official intrigues were responsible for the outbreak. The Jews had thriven; that was a crime. As the Government had refused them the privileges of citizenship, they had no right to rise above their neighbours. A rescript, for which General Ignatieff was responsible, took cognisance, not of the sufferings of the Jews, but of the condition of the Christians. Commissioners who understood and were able to apply the lesson of the *Fable*, "The Wolf and the Lamb," were appointed, in all towns inhabited by Jews, to inquire (1) into the manner of mal-practices by which the presence of Jews became injurious to the Christian population; (2) into the best methods of preventing Jews from evading old restrictions; (3) what new laws were required to stop the pernicious conduct of Jews in business. The inquiry resulted in the May Laws of 1882.

These laws, which were so severe that hesitation was felt in applying them throughout the Pale, were supposed to be of only temporary application. They were known as laws for the time, and only came into full operation in 1890. Pending their enforcement Count Pahlen's Commission was appointed to investigate the subject. Its conclusions were favourable to the Jews, but it was set aside until a circular set of questions, addressed to the Governors of provinces, should have been replied to. These questions were not framed to ease, but to add to existing burdens. One was whether the laws of 1865, which afforded relief to the competition of artisans, might be repealed. A second, whether Jews could be expelled from all villages, and restricted to towns. A third, whether it was desirable to increase the zone of fifty versts, within which no Jews might live. As every hardship, which may be evaded by bribery, is a source of revenue to the official, these questions were equivalent to asking the officials if it were desirable to add to their incomes. The interested satraps naturally replied in favour of increased disability. Thus the fate of the Jews, for nine years, has been dependent upon administrative orders from the Governors of provinces in which they lived.

The May Laws define the Jews' duties to the State. These consist of military service, and pecuniary contributions. In common with all Russians, Jews are subject to the Law of Conscription. Unlike Christians, they may not provide a substitute. They may not follow any trade, or profession, until they have produced evidence of registration in the recruiting district. While subject to military service,

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Jews cannot rise higher than the rank of non-commissioned officer. They may not serve as sappers, miners, frontier guards, secretaries, band-masters, attendants upon officers, nor in the commissariat. They are not eligible as candidates for the post of official deputy, nor may they serve on recruiting committees, or in the navy. The family of a Jew who evades military duty must pay a fine of three hundred roubles. In the case of a Christian, the penalty falls upon himself. The journal of statistics gives the proportion of Jews to the population as 3·95 per cent., whereas the percentage on the conscription rolls are 5·80. Thus the Hebrew is ground between the upper and nether millstone.

Pecuniary contributions, above ordinary assessment, are the Box Tax, which is divided into universal and subsidiary. *Universal*, a tax on all meat slaughtered according to Jewish rites, and upon every pound of such meat sold. A Jew upon satisfying the butcher that he holds a degree, or is a member of a learned profession, may, if single, purchase two and a half pounds of meat, or one fowl free of duty; if married, four and a half pounds of meat, or two fowls. *Subsidiary*, a percentage on the rent of shops, warehouses, and houses; on profits accruing from breweries, factories, and trade accessories. A tax on glass works, copper works, tallow works, pitch and tar works, and as cattle-breeders. A tax on capital bequeathed, on printing offices, twenty roubles for every hand press, one hundred and twenty roubles for a small machine press, two hundred roubles for a large or double machine press. For wearing a skull cap (worn during domestic prayers) a tax of five silver roubles. A tax on sabbath lights, of which it is the custom to have at least two on every sabbath and festival; this amounts to 230,000 roubles annually. Apparel specially worn by Jewesses is also taxed. The Holy Orthodox Church is nothing if not intolerant. M. Pobiedonostzeff seeks by persecution to drive Lutheranism out of the Baltic provinces. Peasants are imprisoned, or sent to Siberia, for doubting the efficacy of icons and the bones of saints. The punishment for either forming a sect, or joining one, is imprisonment for a first offence; for a subsequent one, banishment. But it is no answer to a charge of cruelty to say that other religious bodies are persecuted. The Jews are not a nation, their helplessness pleads for them, but in vain. Is it surprising that they seek, where possible, to escape from the tyranny of the law by bribery? But when immunity from suffering is determined by the power of the purse, the poor are in an evil case.

The Czar is dependent upon the Tchinovniki, who form a wall between him and the masses. Ten thousand tsarlets devour the land. Yet the Autocrat is responsible. It is his business to keep his finger upon the pulse of the State. If he fails here, he fails all along the line. The Czar is apparently less ignorant of affairs than

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his advocates would have us believe. So lately as February in this year, he resolved to put in force the resolutions passed by the Commission appointed to determine the relations between the Jews and the State. The pious human ruler has given five millions of his subjects a ukase sealed with the dungeon, the knout, and Siberia. Diplomatic falsehoods are among the weapons of persecution. It is sought by these to put the world off its guard. It is a part of the "plan of campaign," that any influence which might mitigate the condition of the Jews should be stopped. In the autumn of 1890, it was denied that the Government had an intention to institute fresh measures of oppression. As it was inconceivable that the Czar could be guilty of the trick of signing, and then saying he had no intention to sign, an edict, the denial was accepted. Shortly afterwards those who put their trust in princes learned that an edict had been drafted, although not presented to the Committee of Ministers. At the last moment, the purpose was abandoned; an act of assumed clemency for which Europe was grateful. But where was the mercy? New edicts are works of supererogation. The May Laws are all sufficient for purposes of persecution. Without new Imperial rescripts, in December 1890 Russians were forbidden to sell, lease, or mortgage real estate to Jews throughout the Empire, a measure hitherto applied only to Poland. Where Jews have acquired such property they will be compelled to dispose thereof. The Jewish artisans, apothecaries' assistants, dentists, and midwives, with all apprentices, are to be expelled from all places outside the Pale. Exceptions to this are obtainable only by special permission from the Minister of the Interior. Even then the children of such must be removed to the Pale as soon as they come of age, or marry an unprivileged Jew.

This Pale of Settlement, which stretches along the frontier, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, is a hell of seething wretchedness. Here five millions of Jews are compelled to live, and die, in a Ghetto of filth and misery, mocked with a feast of Tantalus. Beyond are lands where corn rots for lack of ingatherers; yet they are cabined and confined. Inability to bribe a corrupt mass of administrators has led to the expulsion of poor Jews, from villages within the Pale, into crowded towns, such as Tchernizo, where the population has consequently risen from 5000 to 20,000, where they unwillingly swell the volume of poverty and suffering. Russian writers describe Jewish homes as filthy, festering spots—ignoring the cause.

Necessity is a cruel lord. In Berditscheff, the official statistician says, "Jews are huddled together more like salted herrings than human beings." Sometimes whole families, to the number of twelve will live, eat, and sleep in a hut of three rooms; which, in addition, will be employed as workshops for refining wax, making tallow candles, and tanning leather. The streets of the Jewish quarter are

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scarcely four feet wide, the houses are in ruins; nude children grovel in the gutters, and slovenly women lie stretched across the causeway, sleeping in the sun. Abject misery is everywhere. Does not this indicate a reign of terror? Surely Isaac of York lives to-day. Torquilstone Castle is a fact. Brian de bois Guilbert casts libertine glances upon the Rebeccas of an ancient race. Front de Bœuf is an autocrat, instead of a marauding baron. That is all. Between the Norman and the Russian there is no difference. A scratch reveals the Tartar beneath the veneer of St. Petersburg. Can this be denied? In Mohilev and Odessa, the chief of police may, and do, chastise with the knout Jews who fail in due politeness towards Christians. At Korno, last August, Marks Charik was chained and scourged for such an offence. The story of Dr. Gronowski, who branded a Jewish boy, before his weeping mother, with the word "thief," in German, Russian, and Hebrew, for the venial offence of stealing strawberries, need not be retold. It is known throughout Europe. He meanly lied and has been pilloried; but continues shameless. Christians, who have friends in the police, may do as they will with Jews. A Christian seduced a Jewess under promise of marriage; and, when urged to fulfil his engagement, had her expelled from the city for presumption. She was only a Jewess; "what else," he cynically asked, "was she good for?" A young woman in Moscow, who, although she had passed her examination in medicine, was not permitted to live in the city, provided herself with a prostitute's ticket from the police in order to be able to stay. These things are done in the light. What has the Czar to say?

The Pan-slavist party regards the Jew as an alien, and therefore a source of danger and disintegration. It is assumed that the authorities must ever watch against his treachery. He has no rights or privileges, except what have been granted by Imperial statutes, which are precarious. His whole conduct and occupation must be regulated by law, and he may not acquire the position of a permanent inhabitant of Russia. Has it not occurred to the Czar that Jews, having no country, cannot disintegrate the empire to their own advantage? Give them the rights of citizens, and they will live as patriots. At present they have only the right to die as private soldiers; to it they bravely vindicated their claim in the last war.

The Czar must, it is said, take into account the social jealousy which rends the kingdom in twain. It seems incredible that the position of the Jews can have anything in it to envy, but blood will tell. The race is indomitable. A few years ago M. Pobiedonestov, who is not Semitically inclined, wrote: "Should the Jews continue to act as they are doing, there is reason to fear they will excel Russians in everything." This is the writing of accusation. The

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temperate, industrious, intelligent Jews live where Russians find only a stone. They have been trained in so hard a school and are satisfied with so little profit that Russians cannot compete with them. But should the Czar take cognisance of this? Jews are citizens, though oppressed ones. They pay taxes, foster trade, and contribute to military service. They are a source of strength politically, and of wealth socially. Why should the Government desire to destroy this element of its prosperity? Surely the Czar should put the interest of the State before that of any part thereof. Jewish disabilities are demonstrably the cause of the evil. Remove the cause. On the day when Jews and Russians are declared equal before the law the Semitic question will disappear. Is the Czar inclined to do this? Let us see. Recently a gentleman named Grasman, who had served with success in the Ministry of Justice, being promoted, was presented to the Czar. The autocrat detected the man's Hebrew origin, and, although he had been many years a Christian, closed all doors of promotion to him with the caustic remark: "Fine Christians these Jews make, and no mistake."

Officials view the subject differently. These derive half their incomes from bribes. To them the Jew is a milch cow. To ask their opinion upon Jewish disabilities is like consulting foxes upon the defences of poultry-yards. One Jew in Berditscheff is said to pay in bribes a sum which would maintain half the poor Jews in that town. He raises it by an illegal tax on Kosher meat sold to his co-religionists, and the police remove his competitors by administrative order. This cannot long continue. Bribery must cease, owing to the poverty of the oppressed. Then the effect of the laws will stand revealed.

Do Jews only bribe? Until recently a Jewish convert to the Orthodox Church received from fifteen to twenty roubles; children half the sum. Converted Jews might be divorced from their spouses. A Jew named Kaufman having been seven years married to a woman who had borne him two children, became enamoured of a Christian girl. To obtain her he changed his creed, and so obtained a divorce. He then claimed his son. The mother, refusing to give him up, was taken in chains to her birthplace, and imprisoned until the boy was produced. A boy of fourteen might legally renounce the father's faith. This is altered. Jews are henceforth to be admitted to the higher courses of study in a ratio of five per cent. to the whole number of students, to be determined by nationality, not by faith. A ukase issued in November prohibits Jews from embracing the Russian faith, unless the entire family of the proselyte does so. This is to prevent the practice of sacrificing one member of the family to the Russian Church, and so acquiring the right to earn a living for all, the Jewish members acting nominally as the servants of the convert.

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It is singular that Jews should desire to enter Russia. Yet they do. Some have sent their sons to universities and then claimed permission to live in the country until the boys had finished their education. Since October foreign Jews who had violated the law which only allows guild merchants to reside at large, have been liable to expulsion. In February Russian Consuls abroad were forbidden to attach *visas* to the passports of travellers, except merchants of a certain standing. Later they were forbidden to give *visas* to the passports of Jews desiring to enter Russia, until inquiry had been made into their identity and the object of their journey. The representatives of large banking houses and financial establishments were exempted, but might only obtain *visas* for a stay of three months in Russia.

The restriction of the right of residence is a serious evil, interfering with the self-adjustment of the labour market in a way which forces competition to its keenest point. What are the Jews to do? The law declares that they shall live in one place, and not in another; and wherever they live, they shall not enjoy the means of living. In September the Jews were expelled from Trans-caspian territory; in October, Jews, not having the right to live in St. Petersburg, were ordered to be transferred, with their families, to their proper places of abode; in January the Jews were ordered to be expelled from the Terke region of the Caucasus; in February the Jews in Novgorod were expelled. It has been declared expedient to expel them from the Cossack Stanitzas of the Caucasus. Three years ago the Jews were forbidden to live on Crown lands. Eighty-seven families were recently ordered to leave Saraka districts, because they had settled there after the passing of the Ignatieff laws. Artisans are henceforth to be confined to limits of residence within the Pale. It is the same with millers; therefore mills are idle, and the price of corn has declined. In Courland and Livonia, descendants of Jewish families which were established when those provinces were incorporated into Russia, may remain; but no others may settle. Towns are changed by local order into villages; suburbs of towns, which have grown since the introduction of railways, are subject to the declaration of an administrative order that they form no part of the towns, and Jews may be expelled. Jews who have lived eight years in a village may be interned therein, and may not move, even walking distance, without leave. Jews leaving one village for another lose their rights, and must go to the Ghetto of the nearest town. This is practically a sentence of death. Executions are going on, not upon scaffolds, but in dusky Ghettos, where the victims of oppression pine without hope in the world.

What may Jews do? Trade and money-lending have been the only callings open to the majority. In petty trade the Jew has to buy a licence to sell almost every separate article. Tea, salt, tobacco,

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spirits, are all heavily taxed; thus he becomes an indirect tax-gatherer from the poor, and a source of revenue to the Government. What they may do is a bagatelle compared with what they may not do. Nearly all channels of industry are closed against Jews—who may not employ Christian labour. They may not own mining interests, nor own or rent land. This latter is regarded as a decree of starvation. M. Ostrovski, Minister of Lands, advises that Jews should not be employed on Government works outside the territorial limits, so as to dispose of pretexts for their inhabiting other parts of the empire. Direct Government service is closed. Jews only serve Government by becoming food for powder. Here tyranny exceeds itself. Conscripts are sent to recruiting centres, often far distant, by *etape* (walking all the way), if rejected they may be summoned again. An aged woman unable to pay three hundred roubles for her son—a deserter—was about to have her hut sold, when, in her despair, she thrust herself into the stove and was burnt to death. In February, General Gourko, Governor-General of Warsaw, issued a decree sanctioning the removal of Jews to the recruiting centres by *etape*, by the police; lest, by crippling themselves, or obtaining substitutes, they should evade military service. This gives the police power over the Jews, and offers inducements to bribery. If Jews and Russians were one, the police would lose a lucrative source of income.

There are other grievances. Jews pay taxes, yet their vote for election of Zemstros has been taken away, a measure only applied to persons awaiting trial for a criminal offence. They may not become masters, or vice-masters, of trades guilds, mayors, presidents of municipal meetings, members of school boards, police councillors, nor in the nine western provinces, foremen of juries. In districts where the population is almost wholly Jewish, they may only serve on juries in the proportion of one in ten.

The Jews are doomed to mental starvation. Students who can live upon a crust, regard hunger as a mere incident, if only they may satisfy their craving for knowledge. This the Jews must not do. Directors of high schools are forbidden to admit Jewesses. To an industrial school at Rovno, towards which 10,000 roubles of Jewish money were contributed, not one Jewish pupil has been admitted to learn a trade. At Vinitza, with a population of 25,000, of which 10,000 are Jews, Mr. Wernstein, a Jew, founded a technical school, to which only eight Jewish scholars have been admitted. Jews are not permitted to share in the advantages of the Tchernizoff Primary Schools. Odessa has a population of 106,000 Jews, out of a total of 240,000 souls; only 5 per cent. of these may enter the University. In July 240 students applied for admission to St. Vladimir University, 106 being Jews; of these only 5 per cent. were admitted. As if this were not enough, the Commissioners of

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Reforms now report in favour of reducing the proportion of Hebrew students in Universities, to 3 per cent. of the whole number.

Heavy restrictions are laid upon the entrance of Jews into the learned professions. They may not enter the Civil Service, nor become army doctors, or engineers; nor practise in the public medical service, with certain exceptions so rare as to be practically non-existent. In April 1890, it was decreed that no Jew should be admitted as an advocate before the District Court of Judges, without the sanction of the Ministers of the Interior and of Justice; since which no sanction has been accorded. M. Manassein has instructed judges and Imperial procurators not to allow Jews to be enrolled in future as barristers, while all barristers practising in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other large towns, are to be expelled. In November it was determined to confine all apothecaries to the Pale. A Jewish doctor, in Kieff, has been informed that his licence does not extend to his wife, and that he must choose between sending her away and leaving with her. A law student in the same town was in January prohibited from transferring property to his wife, because the law which permitted a graduate to acquire property did not communicate the same privilege to his family.

In defence of persecution the Jew is charged with crimes. Is he guilty? What are the charges?

Usury.—Yet usurers flourish most where Jews are not permitted to dwell. Outside the Pale, where there are no Hebrew money-lenders, the usurers are retired shopkeepers, dismissed officials, and even priests. They are termed *Kulaks*, *i.e.*, clenched fist, and *mirived*, devourers of the commune.

They keep taverns, and are drunken.—Although the Jews are numerous in Poland, Katkoff, no friend to aliens, has said, "There is less drunkenness in the South-west province where the Jews are than in the central province from which Jews are excluded."

Smuggling, coining, and forging.—If Jews are smugglers let it be remembered that this offence, on a large scale, is only practicable on the frontiers, where oppressive laws compel them to reside, and then deny them the rights of labour. All protection develops smuggling. The same is true of the other charges, a debased coinage, and an ill-regulated circulation of paper-money, offers temptation to traders, who, having foreign connections, enjoy exceptional facilities for passing it.

Nihilism.—Few Jews are Nihilists. Charges against Jews almost always bear evidence of having been trumped up. Of those to whom charges have been brought home, one, Mladekky, had long been a Christian; two others, women, had been the mistresses of Christians.

That persecuting Russia should be insolent is not surprising. Only a half civilised Tartar could have said, as Prince Metchersky

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wrote in the *Graschdanin*, the organ of Government, and read by the Czar, "Nobody in Russia persecutes the Jews. The accusation is an abominable lie, concocted by the Jews themselves, and circulated in all the Jewish papers in Europe, the name of which is legion. There is no truth in it, not an atom of truth." After this the Czar's marked discourtesy towards his memorialists, the Lord Mayor, and those who hate tyranny in all forms and everywhere, may be forgiven. It was the way of the Muscovite. Madame Novikoff, mistaking audacity for patriotism, with cynical candour and astounding disregard for facts, denies all need of urgency. Russia, she affirms, has made no new laws; the educational difficulty is owing to lack of space. Besides, Jews are naturally hostile to Christians. "It is," this vivacious writer says, "the agitation of the Jewish press, with its unscrupulous legends and calumnies, which has made Russia indifferent to oratorical displays. A great Power which none would dare to attack single-handed can calmly face the Lord Mayor."

Much may be pardoned from a woman; but has not the writer unconsciously revealed the truth? Russia's motto is "might makes right."

We are told that great forces are upon the side of the oppressed. We know that many of their race are rich and influential, and it may be that the vague rumours of future settlement in Africa, South America, or even Palestine, may have a substantial basis. But the necessity is urgent. Wholesale expatriation cannot be immediate. The Czar must be approached, and urged either to relax the laws, so that he may be enabled to rally around him at need, five millions of grateful loyal subjects, or, if he will not do this, to grant them reasonable facilities for leaving Russia. Even an autocrat will find that it is at once easier and more glorious to free five millions of people than to destroy them.

C. N. Barham.

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VILLAGE EDUCATION UNDER POPULAR CONTROL.

THE debate on the Assisted Education Bill has left no doubt as to what the Liberal Party will do in the matter of popular control at the earliest opportunity. The purpose of the present writer is not to discuss the case for or against popular control as based upon the extent to which the public elementary schools—whether popularly or privately managed—are subsidised from the Imperial Exchequer. That would indeed be an oft told tale. The aim of this paper is to ask public attention to a phase of existing popular control which since 1870 has constituted one of the most serious flaws in our educational machinery, and to plead for a thorough overhauling of this question in order that the representative management of the schools of the people may, in the future, be all that its supporters would wish it.

The weak link in the chain of popular control as at present known is the small School Board, and the material extension of the areas of administration for the small rural Boards of the country is one of the first reforms to be taken in hand.

Frankly, to those who desiderate a national system of popularly controlled generously-equipped Christian Schools, this question is one of pressing import, for the vagaries and eccentricities of the pettifogging Boards of the Arcadian bye-ways, are bringing discredit upon the School Board system. Let the reader's mind be at once disabused of the idea that any general attack upon the great and beneficent measure with which Mr. Forster's name will ever be associated is herein intended. 1870 will always stand out boldly in the constitutional history of this country as the year in which a general provision for primary education was first made by statute. Previous to 1870 there existed no public authority charged with the duty of calling into being elementary schools in localities where voluntary agencies had been unequal to the task.

Previous to 1870 no statutory obligation rested upon the English parent to see that his child received the benefits of an educational equipment. 1870, as the great statesman, now unhappily no more, clearly proved, in introducing his great measure, saw at least a million and a half of the children of the poor absolutely unprovided

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with education of any sort. 1870 saw primary school accommodation for 1,878,584 pupils; 1890, saw a system of State Schools in existence offering seats to 5,539,285 (Church of England, 2,651,078; Wesleyan, 214,819; Roman Catholic, 341,953; British, 416,253; and Board, 1,915,182). 1870 found 12,467 certificated teachers at work; 1890 saw no fewer than 46,539 pedagogues of both sexes teaching the young idea how to shoot.

Any wholesale criticism therefore of Mr. Forster's Act would be altogether beside the mark.

Nevertheless, the experience of the two decades that have passed since that Act was inscribed upon the Statute Book has made one thing overwhelmingly patent—viz., that the parish is too small an area for effective popular control, in matters educational at any rate.

In England, at this moment, there are no fewer than 1983 School Boards (Parliamentary Return revised to April 1, 1891). 1839 of these Boards administer parochial areas. The Principality rejoices in 304 School Boards, 285 of which are Parish Boards.

Each of these Boards, except in a very few cases where the secretarial work is performed honorarily, maintains separate official establishments, the expenses of which are borne by the public purse.

Of the total number of Boards, 111 administer such small areas that they are each peopled by less than 250 persons; 372 have areas peopled by from 250 to 500 persons; and 501 have populations under their control each ranging from 500 to 1000. There are, therefore, roughly a thousand Boards, each with less than a thousand persons in the area under its administration.

That such a state of things should continue is very absurd, if only from the fact previously pointed out, that so many different official organisations have to be maintained at the public expense. Look at the following table. Consider the folly of triennially electing a Board of five members to popularly control the eighteen youngsters in attendance at Peterstone (Mon.). Does it not appear that the climax of absurdity is reached when a chairman, four other members, a clerk, and possibly a school attendance officer, sit in solemn conclave to manage the daily routine and direct the education in the little school of fifteen pupils at North Fambridge in Essex? (By the way, one Board member for three pupils.) However, let the table (see following page), which gives *a few* of the smaller Boards, with the attendance in the only school in each case under their control, speak for itself.

From the point, however, of the future success and extension of the principle of Popular Control, there is a much more serious consideration to be dealt with than the unnecessary official expenditure connected with these minute administrations. The fact cannot be blinked—indeed the Liberal party will do well to face it at once—

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School Board.	County.	Population in area of administration (1891).	Average attendance of Pupils.	Number of Members.
Balking . . .	Berks	169	26	5 + a paid clerk
Hauxton . . .	Cambridge	232	26	5 „ „
Morvah . . .	Cornwall	184	39	5 „ „
Kirkland . . .	Cumberland	175	22	5 + honorary clerk
Cadeleigh . .	Devon	240	29	5 + paid clerk
Clayhanger . .	„	239	28	5 „ „
Hittisleigh . .	„	117	33	5 „ „
Stoke Rivers . .	„	197	29	5 „ „
Caundle Purse . .	Dorset	194	31	5 „ „
Dunton . . .	Essex	140	16	5 „ „
North Fambridge .	„	142	15	5 honorary clerk
Peterstone . .	Monmouth	156	18	5 + paid clerk
Car Colston . .	Nottingham	276	20	5 „ „
Cudworth . .	Somerset	140	22	5 „ „

that *in nine cases out of ten popular control in these very small areas means inefficient and often incapable management.* The statement can, unfortunately, be only too abundantly tested.

With a close and intimate knowledge of the working of the small School Board, and as an earnest but candid friend of the movement in favour of popular management, the writer has no hesitation in saying that it is nothing short of an abomination that the prejudiced illiterates who form a good sprinkling of these small Boards should be permitted to lay the finger of administration upon the educational machinery of this great State.

It is no uncommon thing indeed for members of such Boards to openly declare themselves actively hostile to a generous education for the children of the toilers!

"Oive a done wi'out eddycashun," said a chairman of a School Board recently, "an wat on 'airth does 'Odge's childurn want wi' buke-larnin? 'Ull it larn 'um to 'oe turmuts any better?"

"Which o' them booklearnin' men," said another "Chairman of the Board," whose daily wont it was to sit from noon till 10 P.M. in the bar-parlour of the village "public," "which o' them could take forty twopenn'orths like me and get safely 'ome?"

These, so far from being exaggerations of the actual state of things, accurately represent the high water-mark of the intelligence of an appreciable section of the directors of popularly-controlled education in agricultural England! Why do such persons seek office as members of School Boards? A simple question simply answered. For the very cogent reason that being directly or indirectly largely interested in the state of the local rates, they are burningly anxious to see that the School Board tax is kept down to the lowest possible minimum. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any large proportion of the members of rural School Boards can be

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said to have a soul above "one-eighth of a penny in the pound upon the ratable value of the district." The whole policy is, not unfrequently, *how not to spend money on educational needs.* Can it well be otherwise? The leading lights of the parish have little or no estimate of the value of education. Money spent on schooling is grudgingly doled out because its dispensers earnestly believe that it had much better be thrown overboard in mid-ocean.

Then again, the School Board members are, as a rule, personally interested in juvenile labour, and ludicrous as it may appear, it is a well ascertained fact that many of them are to-day illegally employing the very children they should be compelling to attend regularly at school!

As the local attendance authority, the duty devolves upon a School Board to see that all children, not legally entitled to exemption by age and educational attainments, or prevented by other reasonable excuse, shall be in attendance at school, and yet, *mirabile dictu*, cases are on record where the local School Board member has been prosecuted for himself breaking the law he was appointed to carry out.

Were it not for the serious side, for the vision of little scraps of humanity going out into the world, handicapped in that most vital particular—the proper training and development of the mind—this would be charming.

"We admit," said the School Board party on the recent Education Commission, "that the small rural boards are very reluctant to summon their neighbours for not sending their children to school, *and that not unfrequently members of the Board may be offenders against the law by employing children who should be at school.*"

Surely it cannot be tolerated that a School Board member himself shall now have an opportunity of doing a child out of the education about to be offered him by the State "free, gratis, and for nothing"!

Year by year the Education Year-Books teem with the iniquities of the small Board. One example of such statements must suffice. Mr. W. Scott Coward, Chief Inspector of Schools in the north-western counties, writes in the current Report of the Committee of Council on Education:—

"The apathy and often wilful neglect of the small School Boards in performing this important part of their duty [the administration of the law compelling regular school attendance] are responsible for much of the irregularity in country districts. I see little remedy for this. Weakness, inefficiency, and worse, are not uncommon in small bodies acting remotely and out of the glare of public opinion. My hope is that sooner or later we may have larger bodies acting over wider areas, with larger views of their office and greater independence of mind to direct the important work of public education."

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There is no need to burden these pages with similar extracts, though the opportunity is, unhappily, only too bountiful.

It is worthy of note that the members of small Boards have another way of getting round the conflict between their interests as employers of juvenile labour and their duty as representatives of the local attendance authority.

The Education Department—most unwisely—practically permits these bodies to fix their own standards for total and half-time exemption from school. The sequel is obvious. The limits are fixed at a standard that is cruelly low when the future of the children is considered.

Factory labour, thanks to the gallant efforts of Mr. Sidney Buxton and other friends of progress, is provided for. It cannot commence on the half-time system until eleven years of age has been reached; neither is full time labour in mill, factory, or workshop permissible until after the thirteenth birthday. But the child who wishes to proceed to any other form of labour—hedging, ditching, weeding, dropping "taters," scaring crows, or what you will—is touched by the Education Acts only. Under these, if the local authorities like to fix their limit so abominably low, *a child may at once proceed to half or full time labour at ten years of age.* And that is exactly what happens. Every year the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education bewail the fact that the great majority of agricultural children prematurely close their education at ten years of age.

What in the name of all that is logical will be the good of offering to make education gratuitous up to fourteen years of age if children are to be snatched away—just when they are reaching the best end of their training—at ten years of age?

Here, again, comes in the need for a more efficient local authority—a more enlightened form of popular control—and the reformation of the evils induced by the present system, by the levelling up of the standard for full time exemption from school. But inscrutable as are the ways of the small School Board, and artless as are the pleasantries of its members, the eccentricities of its proceedings are not altogether devoid of humour.

Witness the following statement from the Blue Book of 1889. An inspector of schools, who relates the incident, whilst examining a popularly-controlled rural school, noticed that the floor presented a very dirty appearance. Turning to the schoolmaster he asked when it was last scrubbed. The master replied that *he had been there sixteen years, and to the best of his knowledge it had never been cleaned during his time!* The inspector ventured to remonstrate with the chairman of the Board—a farmer—who was present, but the latter, in virtuous indignation, desired to know whether the inspector was aware that the cleansing of the floor would necessitate an outlay of the ratepayers' money of six shillings!

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Highly suggestive of the *personnel* of the School Boards in the locality are three resolutions adopted within the last few months by a North Wales Association of School Teachers.

1. "Urging the disqualification of any School Board member who illegally employs a child of school age."

2. "Asking that no School Board should be allowed to hold its meetings *in any room in connection with a public house*," and

3. "Asking that no public house should be allowed to be used as *the office of a School Board*."

It is of a Welsh Board of popular control, by the way, that the following ludicrous story, from the highest source, is told.

The members of the Board in question quarrelled so much one with another that ultimately the report of their dissensions reached the ears of the Education Department, and an inspector of schools was sent down, whose mission it should be to throw oil, if possible, on the troubled waters. When he entered the room, with true parochial instinct, all the members and the clerk rose with one accord and began violently to clamour forth each his own views upon the matter. During a lull, the inspector ventured to suggest that it would be more convenient if the members spoke one at a time, and that he would hear the chairman first. The chairman thereupon began, "Well! you see, sir, we've a-had so much trouble wi' our clerk yer, that I ups and I writes to London——"

"You're a liar!" shouted the clerk, "for you can't write!"

Surely the friends of national education under popular control have need to improve such control as this from off the face of the earth. Take one more instance of the inefficiency of small boards of management.

Lying before the writer is a Somersetshire newspaper, dated March 1891, and let the date be noted with shame. The columns of the paper contain the report of a School Board in connection with whose school the local inspector reported that better heating provision was necessary. Several members appear to have thought otherwise, and "the clerk read from the Code that the temperature of a schoolroom must be evenly maintained, and must range from 56° Fahr. to 60° Fahr. The chairman raised an objection to have a stove to raise the temperature to 60° Fahr., *as that was the heat to grow cucumbers.* Mr. —— said he should oppose the stove, *as such a heat as the Code mentioned would suffocate the children.* Mr. —— said he had visited the school four times since the last sitting, and the temperature on each occasion was 46° Fahr. He should strongly oppose any alteration being made, the grate having been considered sufficiently large for many years. Mr. —— informed the members that he had visited the school on three occasions, and mentioned the dates, times, and temperatures which were duly copied by the clerk. The last time the temperature was 46°

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Fahr., and on the previous days he had visited the room *it was a little colder;* but as he felt assured that the schoolroom was warmer than the labourers' cottages, and somewhat different to schoolrooms when he was a boy (as often he had picked sticks from the roadside to heat the schoolroom), he should side with the other members, and would second the proposition that no alteration was needed."

It was pointed out to this sweetly reasonable assembly that the school would lose its grant, and as half of the said grant constituted the main part of the teacher's salary, the latter would severely suffer through the Board's non-compliance with the inspector's order. "This, however, did not alter the Board's decision," so presumably the salary-shorn pedagogue had to "grin and bear it."

That it is not all "beer and skittles" for the teacher under the small Board will be readily admitted. Should a member of the Board keep a huckster's shop the pedagogue is practically forced to buy his tea and sugar at that shop, or—it will be made "warm" for him.

Let a single instance of the tyranny of popular control—pushed to an absurdity—suffice, and let it be understood that the writer is prepared to produce, if necessary, the complete evidence required to substantiate the following statement:

The chairman of a village Board was accustomed to employ children illegally, and it became necessary for an inspector to make inquiries. Information was obtained from the master of the school. A second time the inspector came to the master for information, but the master, having been warned by the Board, hesitated to give the necessary information for fear of dismissal. The inspector told the master he must give the information, and he would be protected by the Education Department. The master then gave the information, and the Chairman of the Board was subsequently convicted and fined £27 10*s*. He was then called upon by the Department to resign his position as a Board member. Soon afterwards the teacher was called before the Board, and told "that he was at the bottom of the mischief," and was ultimately dismissed!

The position of the teacher under the small Board, of a surety, is unenviable to the last degree. If he attempt to secure regular attendance at school then some of his "farmer" Board members resent his zeal, and come down on him with no light hand. On the other hand, if the children are permitted to attend irregularly, his school is found to be inefficient on the day of inspectorial judgment, and again retribution is swift and unerring. All the same, he is solemnly charged by all the ethics of pedagogy, and all the scholastic pundits from Socrates to Arnold, to enter upon his great and important work with an even and equable temper and a calm and judicial frame of mind!

Now, for the remedy, the enlargement of the areas of these Boards

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in order that wise, intelligent, and enlightened men and women may be attracted to the work—and this is exactly what the best friends of popular control would wish to see.

The minority of the Education Commission recommended the consolidation of small country parishes and the amalgamation of their School Boards. To this it would be well to add the provision that the unit of administration should be the area peopled by not less than 15,000 persons. Indeed, it is a matter for consideration whether the ideal administration would not include two forms of management.

(1) General District Boards of Education administering areas coterminous with the administrative counties of the country (Borough School Boards in districts of, say over 30,000 persons, to remain *in statuo quo*, and to be considered as District Boards); and

(2) Local School Committees elected by and subject to the District Board—Membership of the School Committees not to be confined to the representation of the District Board.

There are those who see in the District Councils it is now proposed in the scheme of local government to establish, the machinery for the District Board of Education. It is very questionable, however, whether the District Councils could safely be burdened with the direction of local education in addition to their other and multifarious engagements.

The work of national education is of sufficient importance, and its efficient administration of sufficient moment as a factor in national Defence, to call for Boards of Management specially elected.

In any case and under all circumstances, the small Board must be enlarged, *and the cumulative system of voting must go.*

And, apart from all the other considerations adduced, this extension is imperative in the interests of the local ratepayers themselves, *because it would induce a more uniform and equitable incidence of local taxation.*

Probably—together with the saving initiated by the reduction of separate official organisations—this last reason would be as potent for improvement as all the rest put together.

The incidence of the principle of demanding a penny locally as the *sine quâ non* for an Imperial subvention of similar value, works most iniquitously for the very small districts. The poorest districts, needing the most substantial help from the coffers of the State—for we are "all Socialists" now—are exactly those which find it impossible to raise the local equivalent necessary to ensure a reasonably generous State subvention.

And it cannot be denied that this fact is explanatory of, and condones to some extent, the attitude of many small Boards towards the education they are charged to direct. Consider the inequality in the ratable value of various localities.

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A School Board rate of one penny in the pound places at the disposal of the London School Board an income of £130,000; of the Liverpool School Board, £13,600; Manchester, £10,000; Birmingham, £7500; Leeds, £5000; and Bristol, £4500. Look now at the proceeds of a penny rate in some of the small School Board Districts throughout the country taken at random.

Jacobstow and North Tamerton (Cornwall) £10 each; Morvah (Cornwall), £5; Rhoscolyn (Anglesea), £6; Maes Mynis (Brecon), £4 1*s.* 8*d.*; Kirkbride (Cumberland), £8 6*s.* 8*d.*; Clayhanger (Devon), £8; Ashen (Essex), £6 13*s.* 4*d.*; Keinton Mandeville (Somerset), £4 10*s.*; Barnardiston (Suffolk), £4 12*s.* 7*d.* and so on.

Of course, there is no comparison between the educational needs of the great urban centres and those of these small rural districts, but at the same time there is a far greater disproportion between the proceeds of a similar rate levied in these various localities than there is between their actual educational requirements. And let it be remembered that, big or little, School Boards have certain official expenditures in common. What follows? Manchester manages with a School Board rate of 3·9*d.* in the £; Liverpool with a rate of 3·9*d.*; Sheffield 7*d.*; Bristol 5*d.*; Birmingham 8·4*d.*; and Newcastle 4·9*d.*; whilst the few poverty-stricken little country districts which are striving to do their duty to their children—over 220 in all out of the total number of 2124 Parish School Boards—are groaning under School Board rates varying from 1*s.* to 2*s.* in the £.

Think of it ye who exercise John Bull's peculiar prerogative to such effect when the Sixpenny Demand Note makes its appearance! Think of it, with what pious reflection would you soothe your ruffled spirits were you saddled with a local School Board rate, say of 19·25*d.*; 20*d.*; 22*d.*; 22·75*d.*; 23·5*d.*; 24*d.*; or 26*d.* in the £? And these are some of the rates as shown in the current Blue Book. Little wonder that the School Board system does not "take on" as rapidly in the village as its friends would wish. The unfortunate feature about the whole business is this, that just where the popular estimate of the value of education is at the very lowest ebb, the burden of its maintenance, by a huge ironical joke, is made the very severest! If the localities *must* raise penny by penny for every copper doled out imperially, let the areas of local administration be enlarged if, thereby, the incidence of this taxation may be equalised. And, above all, by the same means, let us remove from the helm of popular control those individuals who, through ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, or other reason, would circumscribe, starve, or hinder the proper equipment of those into whose hands are passing the destinies of this great State.

T. J. Macnamara.

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THE RECENT AUDIENCE AT PEKING.

DIFFERENT peoples require to be judged by different standards, just as certain heavenly bodies require special methods of observation. The movement of a planet can be discerned easily enough, but it is only by means of fine threads drawn across the object-glass that it is possible to detect that the so-called fixed stars move at all. Japan goes ahead at a hand-gallop; her progress is visible to the unassisted European eye; whereas China moves so slowly that it is only by using a sort of political parallax that we can be sure she does progress. We need to widen, in her case, the basis of observation. Instead of judging by years we must judge by periods, and from various standpoints. And it has been suggested that, examined in this way, the audience lately accorded by the Emperor Kwangsu to the foreign representatives at Peking presents some features of general as well as political interest.

But we must indulge in a retrospect if we would judge of the significance of that ceremony. To note, merely, that certain conditions were observed would be simply to emphasise the fact that the Empire is still exceedingly pretentious; whereas a comparison with the traditional ceremonies enforced at the Chinese Court before its vanity had been shaken or its attitude of political superiority assailed, may enable us to appreciate the significance of the change. The experiences of Lord Macartney and Lord Amherst, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, may explain why men familiar with the Far East discover so much interest in the interview just granted to Sir John Walsham and his colleagues.

All Asiatic sovereigns are pretentious. It is not long since British envoys were required to take off their boots in the presence of the King of Burmah, as Moses was desired to put his shoes from off his feet on holy ground, and as an Indian servant still leaves his slippers on the threshold when approaching his master. Until quite recently the Mikado could only be approached in an attitude of humility as abject as that required at the Court of Peking. But there was, perhaps, more justification for the assumption of the Hwangte. The superiority of China over the nations with whom she was acquainted was so manifest that it was not unnatural she should conceive herself equally superior to

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the rest of the world, and her ruler consequently superior to all other princes. All who sent missions accordingly were tributaries; the presents they brought were tribute; and the Emperor replied by issuing patents of investiture to their kings. The rest of the world was, indeed, in the opinion of the vast majority of Chinamen, of little significance. At any rate they considered their Emperor's dominion as virtually extending over the whole, and so scarcely distinguished the relations or duties of other nations towards him from their own.

These ideas existed in full force at the time of Lord Macartney's mission to Kienlung. He travelled, it is well known, across China with the words "Envoy bearing tribute from the country of England" inscribed on the flags floating above his boat; and his embassy is claimed as "tributary" in the Chinese records, which give a list of the "tribute" he presented, and expressly state that the Emperor gave letters and gifts in return.[1] Till the middle of the present century China had, indeed, no foreign relations in our own acceptation of the term. Envoys from Constantinople, or at any rate from Antioch, had visited her in the days of the Byzantine Empire; Arabs, Dutch, Portuguese and English had traded on her coasts, and emissaries from some of these nations had appeared at Peking. Mention is made in the Court records of "tribute-bearing" missions from the Dutch as early as 1664; a King of the West named A-feng-su (presumably Alfonso of Portugal) sent envoys in 1669; another "King of the West" sent an envoy (perhaps Cardinal Mezzaburba, who presented a letter from the Pope in reference to the disputes between Jesuit and Dominican missionaries) in 1720.[2] But all these seem to have complied with the Chinese ceremonial. A Russian envoy, who visited Peking during the reign of Kanghi is said, indeed, to have refused the kotow[3] unless a pact were made for its return, upon occasion, to his own sovereign. But there had been no deliberate and sustained attempt to assert equality or to keep up diplomatic intercourse on that footing. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to affirm that, until within the last quarter century, or even less, the very idea of a foreign ruler approaching the Emperor otherwise than as an inferior would have seemed ridiculous. Nothing, however, can explain so well as the traditional "Regulations for the reception of tributary envoys," the full extent of the arrogance they imply; and the very quaintness of the picture may, perhaps, excuse its reproduction from the pages of the *China Review*, to which it was contributed some years ago by Mr. Jamieson, H.M. present Consul at Shanghai.

[1] The idea conveyed being at least of honour conferred, if not of honorific investiture. *Vide* "China and her Tributaries." *China Review*, September, 1883.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] It is scarcely necessary to explain that the kotow consists in going down on the hands and knees and knocking the forehead on the floor.

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"If there should happen to occur one of the days when the Emperor holds Court, as birthday, New Year's Day, or one of the festivals, the envoys will have audience along with the officers of the Court, as follows:—The Guest Master and the director in charge of the envoys will conduct them to the south gate of the palace, where they will wait outside in one of the waiting-rooms. They enter by the Chentu Gate of the Taiho Pavilion, where the Emperor gives audience. After the officers in attendance at the Court have finished their ceremonial, the envoys will be conducted to the open courtyard below the steps of the pavilion, where they will be placed at the foot of the file of officials on the west side. At the word of command they will kneel and kotow nine times.

"If no Court is being held at the time, the Board will memorialise and take his Majesty's pleasure in regard to an audience. If it should be granted, one of the presidents of the Board of Ceremonies will, at the appointed time, conduct the envoys, who must be in the court dress of their country, to the palace, where they will wait outside. His Majesty, in ordinary costume, will enter one or other of the audience halls, as may be convenient, attended by the Ministers of the Presence, the Ministers of the Body Guard, and the Ministers of the Household, arranged as in ordinary ceremonial. The President of the Board of Ceremonies will then conduct the envoys, attended by their interpreters, as far as the courtyard, on the west side of which they will kneel and kotow nine times. This being ended they will be conducted up the west steps, attended by one interpreter, to the door of the pavilion, outside of which they will kneel. His Majesty will ask in a soothing manner after their welfare. The President of the Board will communicate the question to the interpreter, who will pass it on to the chief envoy. The envoy will reply, the interpreter will translate the reply to the president, and the president will report it to his Majesty. The ceremony being ended, they will retire.

"If it is desired to treat the envoys in a more favoured manner, the Manchu and Chinese officials who are on the roll of attendance for the day will assemble, wearing their embroidered robes, and take their positions on the right and left. The President of the Board of Ceremonies will conduct the envoys as far as the further part of the courtyard of the pavilion, where they will perform the obeisance as above. That being ended, he will conduct them up the west steps to the pavilion, which they will enter by the right door, attended by their interpreters. They will take up a position at the rear of the officials, forming on the right. After standing for a short space his Majesty will graciously direct that all be seated. The Ministers of the Imperial Guard, the Ministers of the Household, and all the officials on duty will kotow once and take their seats in order, after which the envoys will kneel and kotow once, and take their seats. His Majesty will then graciously order tea to be served. Tea will first be handed to his Majesty, upon which all will kneel and kotow. Tea will then be served to the Ministers and the envoys in order; all will kneel to receive it, and kotow once. The drinking being finished, all kneel as before. His Majesty will then soothingly ask a question, which will be passed on by the President of the Board, and answered in the form and manner already stated. The ceremonies being ended, the President of the Board will conduct the envoys back to one of the waiting-rooms, where refreshments will be graciously provided by order of the Emperor. That being ended, the director in charge of the envoys will conduct them back to their residence."

It is a tribute to Lord Macartney's bearing and diplomacy that he succeeded in getting a satisfactory audience in spite of these provisions. And few more interesting chapters have been written, in the

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history of our intercourse, than those in which Sir George Staunton[1] describes that first interview of a British envoy with the sovereign whom the Jesuit missionaries called the greatest monarch in the world, and the best literate in his Empire. The question of the kotow came, of course, very early to the fore. The Emperor was at Zehol; but the Mandarins began speaking of it at Yuen-min-yuen, trying, already, to induce Lord Macartney to "practise" it before "the screen"—a function which has, in Chinese eyes, the significance of personal homage.[2] Having, however, no intention of performing the ceremony, he naturally declined the rehearsal, urging that the ceremonies practised by subjects were not to be expected from the representatives of Foreign Powers, and that he would incur serious responsibility if he did, in his representative character, anything that could be construed as an act of homage. He seems to have taken a leaf, however, out of the Russian book. The difficulty might, he said, be obviated if the Emperor would order an officer of the Court equal to himself in rank to perform before the picture of his Britannic Majesty, dressed in robes of State, the same ceremony that he was asked to perform before the Chinese throne; otherwise he must be guided by English custom. A people keenly alive to humour must have been tickled by the suggestion, how extravagant soever it may have seemed. Lord Macartney was asked what form of respect, then, he could consistently adopt; and answered that on approaching his own sovereign he bent on one knee, and he was willing to demonstrate in the same manner his respectful sentiments towards the Chinese Emperor. It is to the credit of Kienlung's good sense that the compromise was accepted; but an agreement was not improbably facilitated by the fact that the advent of the mission chanced to coincide with the Emperor's birthday, so that any concession in point of ceremonial might be obscured in the eyes of the people by the evidence of his arrival "from afar," on a visit of respect and congratulation. However that may be, the interview was held—in a great tent erected for the purpose in a garden of the palace; and we may quote Sir George Staunton's account of the ceremony. It is interesting to compare it with the regulations that have been quoted, and with the experience of later envoys.

"The Emperor, on his entrance into the tent, mounted the throne by the front steps consecrated to his use alone. The Chief Minister and two of the principal persons of the household were close to him, and always spoke to him upon their knees. The princes of his family, the tributaries and great officers of State being already arranged in their respective places in the tent, the President of the Board of

[1] *An Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China.* By Sir George Staunton, Bart. London. 1797.

[2] The King of Korea, for instance, kotows on receipt of an Imperial letter.

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Rites conducted Lord Macartney, who was attended by his page and Chinese interpreter, near to the foot of the throne." The other gentlemen of the embassy, together with a great number of Mandarins and officers of inferior dignity, stood in the great opening of the tent, from whence most of the ceremonies could be observed. "The Ambassador, instructed by the President, held the box of gold adorned with jewels, in which was enclosed the King's letter, between both hands lifted above his head, and in that manner, ascending the few steps that led to the throne and bending on one knee, presented the box with a short address to his Imperial Majesty who, graciously receiving the same with his own hands, placed it by his side and expressed in a few courteous words pleasure at the reception of the embassy and the presents."

It is scarcely surprising, after what we have seen of Chinese pretension, to learn that "the Chinese considered this reception exceptionally honourable and distinguished;" the privilege of delivering credentials into the Emperor's own hands being especially remarked. The condescension seems indeed to have been too much for the Court historiographer, who alleges the intervention of a Minister. And here I venture again to draw on Mr. Jamieson, for the Chinese version of the transaction:

"In the 58th year of Kienlung (A.D. 1793) the English nation sent the envy Ma-ko-er-ni and others to present tribute. His Majesty held court in a grand pavilion. The Ministers of the Grand Council and the Presidents of the Board of Ceremonies introduced the envoy, who respectfully presented the King's letter on his knees. The Emperor ordered one of the Ministers of the Presence to receive it, which was done, and the document was handed up for the inspection of his Majesty."

Englishmen will not be disposed to credit the Chinese record in preference to Sir George Staunton's; though it must be noted, in confirmation of its general accuracy, that no allegation is made of Lord Macartney's kotowing, and that mention is even made of the well-known incident of the Emperor's gift of a purse to his page! After the ceremony came a banquet, not of the mere perfunctory kind prescribed in the Regulations but in the very society of the Emperor. Certain Burmese and Turkoman envoys having been introduced, "repeated nine times the most devout prostrations, and been quickly dismissed," Lord Macartney and his companions were conducted to cushions on the left[1] of the Emperor, about mid-way down the tent, while the princes, tributaries, and dignitaries of the Court were seated, according to their rank, nearer to or farther from the throne. "A table was laid for every two guests; as soon as all were seated these were uncovered and exhibited a sumptuous banquet. On each was a pyramid of dishes or bowls containing viands and fruits in vast variety. A table was placed likewise before the Emperor, who seemed to partake heartily of the fare set before him. . . . . The

[1] In China the left is the place of honour.

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dishes and cups were carried to him with hands uplifted over the head in the same manner as the gold box had been borne by the Embassador." The Emperor sent dishes from his own table during the repast, and his attentions culminated, at the close, in calling his guests to the throne and presenting with his own hands a goblet of Chinese wine.

The Embassy arrived, as we have seen, on the occasion of Kienlung's eighty-third birthday; and Sir George's description of a "prostration before the screen" on the festal day may perhaps be quoted in illustration of that ceremony:

"The festival really lasted several days. The first was consecrated to the purpose of rendering a solemn, sacred and devout homage to the Supreme Majesty of the Emperor. This ceremony was no longer performed in a tent, nor did it partake of the nature of a banquet. The princes, tributaries, ambassadors, great officers of state, and principal mandarins were assembled in a vast hall, and upon particular notice were introduced into an inner building bearing the semblance of a temple. It was chiefly furnished with great instruments of music . . . . to the sound of which a slow and solemn hymn was sung by eunuchs, who had such a command over their voices as to resemble the sound of musical glasses at a distance. . . . . During the performance, and at particular signals nine times repeated, all the persons present prostrated themselves nine times, except the Embassador and his suite, who made a profound obeisance. But he whom it was meant to honour continued, as if it were in imitation of the Deity, invisible the whole time."

The exigencies of space forbid us to follow Sir George farther through his interesting narrative. Neither are we concerned with the political results of the mission: it will suffice to add that Lord Macartney seems to have been treated, during his stay, and on his return journey, with all the politeness he could expect. Nor need we dwell on the experiences of a Dutch Embassy, three years later, which is understood to have complied with the exigencies of Chinese ceremonial requirements, under difficulties heightened by the tightness of the nether costume, but without achieving any commensurate diplomatic success.

The next striking landmark is the mission despatched by George IV., when Prince Regent, in 1816. Lord Amherst's instructions seem to have been similar to his predecessor's, but his experience was widely different. The behaviour of Kia-king, or at any rate of his courtiers, was as rude as that of Kienlung had been considerate and polite. Lord Amherst had no mind for the great overland journey from Canton. He went by sea to Tientsin, where he was hospitably received, but where the question of the kotow was at once raised. A screen had been arranged in the banqueting-room of the edifice to which he was conducted. Before it stood "a table covered with yellow cloth, and supporting a vessel of smoking incense, the whole being symbolical of the

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presence of the Emperor." Nearly two hours were spent, according to the historian[1] of the mission, in the endeavour to persuade him to kotow before this simulacrum; but his refusal at length prevailed, and the Chinese contented themselves with his promise to bow as often as they prostrated themselves. He "was placed accordingly, with Sir George Staunton, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Morrison, immediately before it, having six Mandarins of high rank on his right hand, and the gentlemen of his suite behind him. At a signal given by an officer, the Mandarins fell on their knees, knocked their heads three times against the ground and then arose: a second and a third time this signal was repeated, and a second and third time they knocked their heads against the earth; the Ambassador and the gentlemen of his suite bowing respectfully nine times."

At Tungchow—which Li Hung-chang now wants to make the terminus of a railway towards Peking, but whither Lord Amherst was carried in boats bearing the "Tribute-bearer" flag—they were met by Duke Ho, whom Mr. Abel describes as President of the Foreign Board; and the question of the kotow was again urged. The Chinese insisted; Lord Amherst refused. The Duke "threatened to send him out of the Empire without seeing the Celestial face!" Lord Amherst declared his readiness to depart; and his persistence at length prevailed. Word was brought that Kia-king would waive the kotow and receive him on his own terms. It was thought, naturally, that all difficulties were now removed, but the possibilities of Chinese official insolence are without bounds. Kia-king was at Yuen-min-yuen, and Lord Amherst was persuaded to start from Tungchow late in the afternoon, on the understanding that a halt would be made at Peking, which is only a few miles distant; but he was carried past the walls, compelled to travel all night, and reached Yuen-min-yuen only at dawn of day.

"Arrived within a short distance of the Imperial palace, the Ambassador's carriage was stopped by some Mandarins in their dresses of ceremony, who requested him to enter the Imperial palace. His lordship at first refused, pleading fatigue and illness, and begging to be led to the quarters prepared for him; but after repeated solicitations and assurances that he would only be detained to partake of refreshment, he alighted, and accompanied by a few of the gentlemen of his suite, passed through a multitude of Mandarins to the palace." The whole party were here pushed into a small room, which was at once crowded by Mandarins. "Lord Amherst threw himself upon a bench, much exhausted by fatigue, watching, and agitation of mind . . . . but the Chinese would suffer no repose. In a few minutes the President of the Board of Works announced the Emperor's desire to see him and the other Commissioners. Lord Amherst replied that fatigue, illness, and want of the necessary attire rendered compliance almost impossible, and requested that his Majesty would allow him that day to recover himself; but his excuses

[1] *Narrative, &c. &c., of Lord Amherst's Embassy to the Court of Peking.* By Clarke Abel, Chief Medical Officer, &c. London. 1818.

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were not received. The Emperor's wish was again and again urged as not to be rejected, while his Excellency adhered to his remonstrance. . . . . Finding that their entreaties were unavailing, the delegates retired, but were immediately succeeded by Duke Ho, who entered the room with a determined air and, going up to the Ambassador, repeated the Emperor's desire to see him, adding that they would only be required to perform the English ceremony. On receiving the same answer, he caught his lordship rudely by the arm, beckoning at the same time to some surrounding Mandarins to assist him. They stepped forward, but before they reached him we started up and advanced towards him while in the act of shaking off his unmannerly assailant. This sudden movement stopped them, and they fell back with countenances full of astonishment. His lordship, freed from the Duke's grasp, protested with great firmness and dignity against the insult he had received, and claimed to be treated as the representative of a great and independent sovereign, declaring that force alone should carry him into the Imperial presence. The Duke at once altered his tone, endeavouring to make it appear that what we had considered an attempt to force the ambassador was only the Chinese mode of assisting a person unable to walk; and in the most persuasive manner entreated him to wait on the Emperor, who, he said, merely wished to see him on his arrival and would not detain him. Persuasion, however, if it could have availed at first, was now too late; and the Duke, defeated in his purpose, left the room in high displeasure."

To cut the story short, the party were at length conveyed to their intended quarters. Hardly, however, had they breakfasted and thrown themselves down, tired out, to get some sleep, when they were roused by a fresh turmoil. "The Emperor, incensed at the Ambassador's refusal to visit him, had commanded our immediate departure!"

Such was the upshot of this second attempt to open negotiations with a Chinese Emperor, and the narrative will probably do more than elaborate disquisition to explain the importance attached to the conditions of the recent ceremony. Nothing better than Lord Amherst's experience could exhibit the overweening pride which conceives China to be the central kingdom of the universe, and the Emperor, as its sovereign, to be so immeasurably exalted that there can be no question of aught but submission to his will. The degree of respect shown to foreign representatives at Peking constitutes, in fact, a sort of political barometer, indicating the degree of progress that has been made in overcoming these prejudices and in opening the eyes of the Chinese to their true relative position among the nations of the world. The difficulty lies as much, or perhaps more, with the great officials than with the Emperor himself. It is believed, for instance, that Kia-king was kept in ignorance of Lord Amherst having travelled all night and being unready in point of habiliment to enter his presence; and the fact that there ensued a wholesale infliction of penalties and degradation, immediately after his departure, appears to justify the surmise. It seems the literal truth that the Mandarins are, in China, more Imperial than the Emperor. It was the continued exhibition, by

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the provincial magnates at Canton, of the same overbearing insolence which had brought about the *fiasco* at Yuen-min-yuen, that led to Admiral Parker's expedition and the dictation, in 1842, of the treaty of Nanking. It was their failure to appreciate the lesson then taught which led, sixteen years later, to the capture of Canton and the dictation (in 1858) of the treaty which opened China and stipulated for the residence of an English representative at Peking.

Circumstances prevented, however, even then, a settlement of the audience question on terms consonant with the actual situation. The Emperor Hienfung fled to Zehol, and died there shortly after the conclusion of peace. His successor was a minor, and not till he came of age could the Foreign Ministers reasonably demand to be received.

Availing themselves of the opening effected by England and France, other great Powers had negotiated treaties on a similar footing in the interval; and so, when the Emperor Tung-che came of age, the Ministers of Germany, Holland, Russia, and the United States associated themselves with M. de Geofroy and Sir Thomas Wade in proposing to offer their congratulations and deliver their credentials to him in person upon the occasion. Even the allied occupation of Peking had scarcely lowered the tone of the great majority of the Literati. The invader had come and had gone, as had happened before in Chinese history; but the Empire remained; the barbarian intruder was a barbarian still. Political education had, however, made so much progress among the chief statesmen of Peking that it was known refusal would be foolish, and that the kotow was out of the question. Tung-che assumed the reins of power in February 1873, and the publication of the following edict in the *Peking Gazette* of June 15 announced that the plunge would be taken:

"The Tsungli Yamên [Foreign Office] having presented a memorial to the effect that the Foreign Ministers residing in Peking have implored [us to grant] an audience, that they may deliver letters from their Governments, we command that the Foreign Ministers residing in Peking who have brought letters from their Governments be accorded audience. Respect this!"

There were objections to the edict, not the least of which was the statement that the Ministers had humbly begged, or "implored," an audience. There were others, incidental to the Chinese composition, which it would be tiresome here to endeavour to explain. Exception was taken, also, to the locality chosen, which was outside the sacred precincts of the palace. Not even yet have the Mandarins been brought to admit the wisdom of recognising frankly the equality of Western nations; and Prince Kung and his colleagues were anxious, then, to derogate as little as possible from their traditional pretensions.

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It was not till ten days later that a memorandum of etiquette was agreed upon; but the audience was at last fixed for the 29th, and I cannot do better than avail myself of the British Minister's despatch[1] to Lord Granville for a description of the incident. The place appointed was the Tsu-Kwang-Ko, or purple pavilion, a large building in the grounds west of the palace; and it had been settled that the Ministers should rendezvous at a building known as the Pei-t'ang, a Roman Catholic cathedral and mission-house, which stood not far from the spot. I take up Sir Thomas Wade's narrative at this point:

"We rendezvoused accordingly at the Pei-t'ang, and were thence escorted by a Minister of the Yamên to the north gate of the palace grounds in our chairs; the thoroughfare across the marble bridge, which spans the piece of water above mentioned, being closed to the public eastward by desire of the Emperor. We had come to the Pei-t'ang through the west of the outer city, large numbers of people being already on the alert to see the foreigners who were to be presented to the Emperor without prostrating themselves. A dense crowd was assembled in the vicinity of the Pei-t'ang for the same purpose. At the Fu-Hua-Mên, the gate by which the palace grounds are here entered from the north, we left our chairs and were received by the Grand Secretary and all other Ministers of the Yamên, the Prince [Kung] and the Ministers Pao and Shên excepted. We had been told that they would be in attendance all the morning on his Majesty. We proceeded, according to the programme, to the Shih-ying-Kung, or palace of seasonableness, a temple in which, as circumstances require, the Emperor prays for rain or for cessation of rain. Confectionery, tea, and Chinese wine from the Emperor's buttery were offered us, and, after waiting above an hour, we moved on with the Ministers to a large tent pitched westward of the purple pavilion.

"The Emperor did not arrive at the pavilion as soon as we had been led to expect. The reason assigned was the receipt of important dispatches from the seat of war in the north-west. The Prince of Kung and the two Ministers with him were already waiting outside the tent to explain the delay, and returned again and again, as it were apologetically, to keep us company with the rest. The grounds were thronged with officials; but except a few men wearing Chinese sabres of antique form, I saw nothing like a soldier in our immediate vicinity. At length, after we had waited in the tent at least an hour and a half, the Japanese Ambassador was summoned to the presence, and, his audience ended, came our turn.[2]

"In front of the pavilion in which we were received is a great platform of stone, accessible on three sides by flights of steps. We ascended, as it had been agreed, after some debate, we should, by the steps on the western side, and, entering the pavilion, found ourselves at once in a large hall divided by wooden pillars in the usual northern style, into five sections. We came into this by the second section from the west, filing into the centre section until we were opposite the throne on which the Emperor was seated at the north end of the hall. We then bowed to the Emperor, advanced a few paces and bowed again, then advanced a few paces farther bowing

[1] China. No. 1 (1874). Correspondence respecting the Audience granted, &c., at Peking by the Emperor of China.

[2] The representative of Germany had, in the meantime, left Peking; but an Ambassador from Japan had arrived, and claimed to be received on the same footing as his colleagues. It was arranged, indeed, that he should have his audience first, partly on account of his rank as Ambassador, partly because the letter with which he was charged was one of congratulation. The five Ministers holding letters of credence succeeded.

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again, and halted before a long yellow table about half-way up the hall, I should say some ten or twelve paces distant from the throne.

"The throne was, I think, raised above the floor of the daïs on which it stood by a couple of steps. The daïs itself was separated from the hall by a light rail broken right and left of the throne by low flights of three stairs each. The Emperor was seated Manchu fashion, that is, cross-legged. Upon his left were the Prince of Kung, his brother, known as the seventh Prince, and another Prince, the son of the famous Sangolinsin, who repulsed our attack on the forts of Taku in 1859. To the right of His Majesty stood two other magnates, the nearest being the senior of the hereditary princes not of the Imperial house; the other, I believe, a son-in-law of the old Emperor, whose name was Pao-kuang. Below on either side was a double rank of high officials, which spread outwards from the throne towards us, until their flanks reached the columns marking the outer line of the centre section in which we were standing. In rear of these were others filling the flank sections east and west up to the walls. On the whole the spectacle was fair to see, although I should not go so far as to style it imposing.

"Our party having halted as I have described, the Minister of Russia, General Vlangaly, as Doyen of the Corps, read aloud an address in French. A Chinese translation of this was then read by M. Bismarck, Secrétaire Interprète of the German Legation, who had been selected to act as Interpreter-General at our Conferences. As soon as the address was delivered we laid our letters of credence upon the table. The Emperor made a slight bow of acknowledgment, and the Prince of Kung falling upon both knees at the foot of the throne, his Majesty appeared to speak to him—I say appeared, because no sound reached my ears. We had been told, however, that the Emperor would speak in Manchu, and that the Prince would interpret. Accordingly, as soon as his Highness rose, he descended the steps, and informed us that his Majesty declared that the letters of credence had been received. Then returning to his place, he again fell upon his knees, and the Emperor having again spoken to him in a low tone, he again descended the steps, and coming up to us informed us that his Majesty trusted that our respective Rulers were in good health, and expressed a hope that foreign affairs might all be satisfactorily arranged between foreign Ministers and the Tsungli Yamên. This closed the Audience, which may have lasted a little more than five minutes.

"We then all withdrew in the usual fashion, 'à reculons,' and bowing; with the exception of M. de Geofroy, Minister of France, who had a reply to deliver from his Government to the letter of explanations carried to France in 1870 by the Minister Chunghow. . . . . It had been conceded, not without debate, that M. de Geofroy was for this second audience to be allowed the use of his own interpreter, M. Deveria. As we retired, therefore, that gentleman was introduced. The second audience was over as quickly as the first, and M. de Geofroy presently overtook us at the Shih-ying-K'ung, whence, after a short session, we were conducted to our chairs by the Ministers of the Yamên, the Grand Secretary joining the rest at the gate."

So ended a ceremony which had been the subject of much anticipation, and which was at the time subjected to keen criticism. Obnoxious to criticism in some respects it undoubtedly was, but only the Ministers concerned probably are aware of the difficulties encountered in arriving even at a tolerable compromise; and while we criticise the remains of pretension actually displayed, we may remember that it was, in Chinese eyes, a remarkable concession for

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the Emperor to give audience at all to a number of foreigners declining not only to kotow, but even to bend the knee. We must remember, to quote again the language of Sir Thomas Wade's despatch, "the long standing pretension of the Emperor of China to this act of homage, and the tradition of isolated supremacy on which that pretension had been based. The Empire had, for the first time in its history, broken with that tradition; not perhaps with a good grace, but still broken with it past recall." It remained to be seen what would be the political outcome of the change.

One or two other interviews were, I believe, had, upon occasion, by other Ministers during the ensuing year; but another minority then intervened, to break off once more the thread of personal relations. Eighteen months later, in January 1875, the Emperor Tung-che "sped upwards on the dragon to be a guest on high," and after a lively intrigue, with which we are not here concerned, a child of four was nominated in his stead. The Regency fell back into the hands of the Dowager Empresses, and fourteen years had to elapse before the formal accession of the now reigning monarch could bring the question again to the fore.

Much was happening, however, in the meantime, to break down the barrier of ignorance that separates China from the West. I need hardly speak of Mr. Burlingame's roving mission, because that contributed more, perhaps, to soften the tone of Western diplomacy towards China than to enlighten the Chinese. But the so-called Tientsin massacre in 1870, entailed the despatch of a genuine Chinese mission of apology to Paris. The murder of our own countryman, Margary, on the borders of Yunnan, was made by Sir Thomas Wade the occasion for demanding that a Chinese Legation should be established permanently at St. James'. Chunghow was sent to St. Petersburg to procure the restitution of Kuldja. Ministers have since been accredited to the chief capitals of Europe and to Washington; and there has been a *va-et-vient* of envoys and *attachés*, of servants and underlings, who cannot but have contributed to enlighten home-staying Chinese, in some small degree, as to the actual facts about Western power and civilisation.

Interest was therefore naturally felt as to the attitude which the young Emperor would have been taught to assume, and the recent audience may perhaps be taken as a fair indication of the progress made. Kwangsu came of age in 1889, and an intimation was, I believe, soon after conveyed that the foreign representatives would be pleased to offer him their congratulations on the event. The matter was, however, not pressed, and the Ministers themselves are said to have been somewhat taken by surprise by the decision expressed in the following edict, which appeared in the *Peking Gazette* on the 12th of December last:—

"Since the Treaties have been made with the various nations, letters and

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despatches under the seals of the Governments have passed to and fro making complimentary inquiries year by year without intermission. The harmony that has existed has become thus from time to time more and more secure. The Ministers of the various Powers residing in Peking have abundantly shown their loyal desire to maintain peaceful relations and international friendship. This I cordially recognise, and I rejoice in it.

"In the first and second months of last year (February 1888), when there were special reasons for expressing national joy, I received a Gracious Decree (from the Empress Dowager) ordering the Ministers of the Yamên for Foreign Affairs to entertain the Ministers of the foreign nations at a banquet. That occasion was a memorable and happy one. I have now been in charge of the Government for two years. The Ministers of foreign Powers ought to be received by me at an audience, and I hereby decree that the audience to be held be in accordance with that of the 12th year of the reign of Tung Chih (1873). It is also hereby decreed that a day be fixed every year for an audience, in order to show my desire to treat with honour all the Ministers of the foreign Powers resident in Peking, whether fully empowered or temporarily in charge of the affairs of their Governments. The Ministers of the Yamên for Foreign Affairs are hereby ordered in the first month of the ensuing New Year to prepare a memorial asking that a time for the audience may be fixed. On the next day the Foreign Ministers are to be received at a banquet at the Foreign Office. The same is to be done every year in the first month, and the rule will be the same on each occasion. New Ministers coming will be received at this annual audience. At all times of national congratulation, when China and the foreign countries give suitable expression to their joy, the Ministers of the Foreign Office are also to offer a memorial asking for the bestowal of a banquet, to show the sincere and increasing desire of the Imperial Government for the maintenance of peace and the best possible relations between China and the Foreign States. In regard to the details, the Yamên is hereby ordered to memorialise for instructions on each occasion."

It will at once strike the most casual reader that this proclamation marks a distinct advance upon the curt edict of the Emperor Tung-che. Instead of a grudging assent, here is a willing proffer; and the conditions of foreign intercourse are recognised with frankness and cordiality. If there is still a flavour of concession and condescension, something may be allowed for the peculiarities of Chinese idiom. The reception itself however, left more to be desired, and though I shrink from entering into details that become wearisome by repetition, I may be pardoned for indicating a few of the defects. The locality, for instance, was the same as in 1873; and if it be true that the foreign Ministers protested, requiring instead that audience should be given them within the precincts of the palace, but that the Chinese declared this impossible without the kotow, the inference seems irresistible that an audience in the grounds is considered an inferior function. The bald announcement, again, in the *Peking Gazette* of March 4, that "at half-past eleven on the morrow the Emperor would receive in audience, at the Tsu-Kwang-Ko, all the nations," would hardly distinguish the ceremony in Chinese eyes from a similar reception accorded a few days later in the same

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building to a crowd of Mongolian and Thibetan emissaries. Nor would the notice published subsequently, that "at noon on the 5th, the Emperor [had] received in audience the Ministers of the various nations—Brandt, Denby, Walsham," &c. &c., do much to better the impression. There is said, also, to have been most unseemly crowding by the on-lookers assembled near the pavilion, and who would certainly not have been permitted to press around and touch great Chinese Mandarins, as they seemed to have pressed around the Ministers and their suites.

There was an improvement in the ceremonial itself, though this still left something to be desired. The several Ministers were admitted in succession, instead of in a batch as in 1873; the table on which they had then to deposit their letters of credence was dispensed with, though the hand of a Minister of State was still used to transmit the credentials to the throne; and the further concession was made of admitting the Secretaries and principal Attachés of the Legations to a collective interview, after the audience-in-chief had been dispatched. The Emperor, as on the former occasion, sat on a raised platform at the end of the principal hall, Prince Ching, the President of the Foreign Board, kneeling by his side. Each Minister, on entering, advanced to within about six feet of this platform, making on the way three obeisances. Prince Ching then introduced him by name, and he read a congratulatory address, which was repeated in Chinese by his interpreter. Advancing then to the foot of the platform, he was met by Prince Ching, who took the letters of credence and laid them on a table immediately in front of the Emperor. The latter bowed an acknowledgement, and addressed to Prince Ching—who listened kneeling and, descending the steps with his arms wide-spread in accordance with Confucian tradition, repeated to the interpreter for retranslation—a reply, which, if it meant little, was certainly unexceptionable in point of courtesy and cordiality.

"We desire [it ran] to convey to all the Ministers, Chargés d'Affaires, and Secretaries, who have presented congratulations to Us, that We truly appreciate, and are very pleased, with all your kind expressions, and We sincerely wish that your respective sovereigns may this year have all things according to their hearts' desires, and that their happiness and prosperity may daily increase. We also hope that you Ministers will stay long in China in the full enjoyment of health, and that friendly relations between China and foreign countries will never cease."

The Emperor himself is described as having an air of decided personal distinction. "Rather pale and dark, with a well-shaped forehead, long, black, arched eye-brows, large, mournful dark eyes, a sensitive mouth, and an unusually long chin, he wore, together with an air of great gentleness and intelligence, an expression of melancholy, due, naturally enough, to the deprivation of nearly all the pleasures of his age and to the strict life which the hard and

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complicated duties of his high position force him to lead. He was dressed, like his Ministers, in a puce-coloured silk robe, with dragon embroideries on the shoulders and breast, and a large felt hat of the ordinary official pattern."[1] He is said to have been pleased with the audience, and the Chinese Ministers in attendance expressed themselves gratified with its success. How it presented itself to the foreign representatives we shall learn doubtless in due time from their despatches to their respective Governments. But they are said to have been generally satisfied of the desire of the Imperial Court to make the ceremony as consistent with foreign ideas as Chinese prejudices would permit.

It will be remembered that the edict decreeing the audience ordered also that the Ministers should be entertained on the following day at a banquet at the Tsungli Yamên. That function also appears to have been celebrated with much *éclat*, and to have been marked by an interchange of speeches between Herr von Brandt, as Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, and Prince Ching, as President of the Foreign Board, which left nothing to be desired. Such ceremonies are criticised, however, in the East with a keenness which people in this country—who are attracted mainly by the quaint side of Chinese polity, and tolerate with difficulty any serious disquisition—hardly care, perhaps, to realise; and the question suggests itself: What would be thought, in Europe, of a sovereign ordering his Foreign Secretary to give the foreign representatives at his capital an official banquet at which he did not himself condescend to be present? Even Kienlung, it is remarked, a hundred years ago, not only remained, but showed personal courtesy to Lord Macartney and his suite, at the historical banquet at Zehol.

Differences of opinion exist on this as on most other subjects; but the prevalent feeling among foreign residents seems questionably one of disappointment at the divergence from European custom and the concession to Chinese assumption which were still tolerated. There are, of course, some who make allowances for Chinese conservatism, and who point to the fact that the Emperor is already accused of pro-foreign proclivities, as evidence of the difficulties he has to encounter. It suffices these that he does receive the representatives of foreign Powers without prostration or genuflexion, and that progress is being gradually made towards a more liberal goal; while others resent impatiently the vestiges of assumption which are still to be discerned. Foreign Ministers, it is urged, represent their sovereigns; and anything in the shape of an inferior reception is to maintain an affectation of superiority on the part of the Chinese Emperor which lowers foreigners generally in the eye of Chinese: nor can it but accentuate that impression, that European monarchs should accord Chinese envoys full and

[1] Vide *Chinese Times*, March 1891.

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equal privileges while our own representatives are grudged similar recognition.

I halt, however, on the threshhold of a political dissertation. I have been concerned rather to produce an historical sketch that might explain the interest attaching to the Rite. And so we have noted the ceremonial in force at a time when the Emperor's universal supremacy was a dogma of political faith; we have seen Kienlung so far relaxing as to receive Lord Macartney on bended knee; and we have seen the courtiers of Kia-king outraging hospitality and persuading him to drive Lord Amherst contumeliously away. We have noted the blows by which these pretensions were shattered. We have been present with Sir Thomas Wade at the first audience under the new *régime*, when prostration and genuflexion were alike omitted; but when the Imperial edict was curt, and when an affectation of concession was still glaringly evident. And we have now beheld a further advance: all the foreign representatives at Peking have been invited, and politely received—not only they, but their full staff, in 1891. The etiquette observed may still fall short of what we conceive the circumstances to require; but it marks at least a striking advance since the Emperor ranked as the Solitary Man, and all the Princes of the world as his tributaries and inferiors.

R. S. GUNDRY.

[The very serious anti-foreign riots that have broken out in the valley of the Yangtze since this article was written, do not affect the evidence given of the progress of political education in high places, though they prove how very easy it still is to excite popular hostility against foreigners. It is worthy of note that these riots are ascribed to the influence of secret societies, who are accused, in some quarters, of acting in revenge because the new Viceroy refused to pay black-mail, and in others, of wishing to embroil the Government with foreigners in order to weaken its power of resistance to projected rebellion.]

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COMPLEMENTS AND COMPLIMENTS.

"THAT a woman should learn Latin seems to me *disgusting*," said a German mother, discussing the education of girls, some ten or twelve years ago.

"I might well be surprised to see a lady reading a Latin book, for the language is not often taught to girls," was the confident statement of a young Englishman, not long since. He was sure, at any rate, that it was not so taught in the circle in which he moved, and was inclined to be hurt at the suggestion that such a circle must certainly be described about a point somewhere in the back-woods.

Young people, on the contrary, with a different circle, find it difficult to realise the enormous change since Tennyson published his "Princess," and a Cambridge Fellow, choosing it as a fit subject for conversation with a girl whom he met in society, was astonished to find that she regarded the poem as a prophecy in spirit, though not in detail. By argument and by ridicule he tried to shake this belief, but without success. "You are the first person I ever met," he said at last, "who imagined that it could be anything but a satire." At that time an attempt to show that the position of women was not in all respects what it ought to be, would sometimes be met by saying that at that rate we should have women at the Universities. The question—and why not?—was always regarded as too absurd to be worth answering.

In the year 1865 a Grace was passed by the Senate of the University of Cambridge to open the Local Examinations to girls as well as to boys. It was a step upon an untried road, and was looked upon as an experiment so hazardous that the privilege was only granted for three years, so that if not satisfactory in its results, it need not be long continued. "If I had thought there was any chance of such nonsense being carried," said a Fellow of Trinity, "I would have taken care there were enough voters to prevent it;" and then comforted himself with the determination to be on the alert when the question should again come before the Senate. At the end of the appointed time there was no such question: it had settled itself.

How a few women students were collected at Hitchin, to which place University lecturers travelled backwards and forwards by rail;

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how after a time this germ of a college was transplanted to Girton, actually within two or three miles of Cambridge; how, lastly, Newnham Hall rose up on a site almost, if not quite, within the town, and from this audacity no harm followed, is a well-known story which need not be dwelt upon.

Here, then, were women students actually established within the circuit of a University town. They listened to similar lectures to those delivered to men. Their courses of study were regulated, both in length and in nature, by those in vogue in the masculine University. In the case of men, however, it had been found desirable, in order to insure thoroughness in the studies and due proclamation of the successful students to the world, to institute examinations of an independent nature at the close of the University course. Hence had arisen long ago the venerable Mathematical Tripos, and hence in due time came the Classical, the Moral Science, and many another Tripos. Certificate of a high position in any of these insured to a man honour in his University—the reward of a Fellowship, admission to high and honourable positions in the educational world outside. The fact that a man had been Senior Wrangler or Chancellor's Medallist was recalled when his hair was grey and he wore the ermine of Lord Chancellor or judge. But the women students were met by a difficulty which might well have seemed insuperable. They could not hope to establish independent examinations which should have the same prestige as the University Tripos tests; and yet, having no definite standing in the University, being in fact merely private individuals of a sex unrecognised by any English University of modern times, they could not claim admission to the ordinary ordeals. For a time the matter was managed by the kindness of individual examiners in the various University examinations, who gave the women the same papers as the men, looked over the answers, and certified the comparative results. This was a good beginning, but for evident reasons could not be regarded as a permanent arrangement.

In 1880, when the Senior Moderator read from the gallery of the Senate House the list of the Mathematical Tripos, he made a significant stop after the name of the eighth wrangler. The men below at once caught the meaning of this pause. "Miss Scott—Miss Scott," they shouted, with cheer upon cheer, it being well known that this lady, if she had only been a man, might have been expected to stand high in the Tripos. When the news became known through the country there was a very general exclamation of "What a shame!" What a shame that one who had fulfilled all the conditions, had kept terms, and triumphantly passed examinations, should be debarred from the usual crown of such a course, merely because she happened to be a woman. By us—outcasts of sect—the case of the outcasts of sex was naturally felt with peculiar

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force. Could nothing be done? Why not get up at Newcastle a memorial to the Senate of the University of Cambridge, praying that the degrees of the University might be opened to properly qualified women? It might gain the point, or, if not, would at least make Girton and Newnham more realised in the thickly-populated district where there were so many girls who would probably be the better for a sojourn within their walls. "My daughter is seventeen," said a lady of the neighbourhood; "she has finished her education, and *now* she is enjoying herself." A University course, if such an one could be brought to desire it, might be expected to open sources of enjoyment otherwise beyond her comprehension, and to afford a training for that higher service which is the noblest ambition of man or woman.

Mrs. Spence Watson, to whom the thought was first mentioned, at once agreed to arrange for a drawing-room meeting on the subject at her house. Meanwhile, the idea, once started, proved itself a thing of life by growing vigorously in and almost beyond our hands. There seemed no reason why Newcastle alone should send a memorial; the same thing might be done in other places. Miss Jex-Blake, Mrs. Wolstenholme Elmy, Mrs. Scatcherd, and Mrs. Thorne—ladies well known as workers for the welfare of women—were consulted by letter, and their answer was an affirmative of no uncertain sound. One of them had, she said, been thinking of something of the kind, but had not quite seen how to set about it, and they raised the question: Should there be many memorials, or should all join? The latter course appeared best, so by the time of the drawing-room meeting the memorial was drawn up and printed. It pointed out that the informal admission of women to the various Tripos Examinations of the University, depending as it did on the courtesy of individual examiners, was unsatisfactory as regarded the University, and liable to cause severe disappointment to candidates, who might possibly find themselves refused admission to examinations for which they had been working for years. The memorialists therefore prayed the Senate of the University of Cambridge to grant to properly qualified women the right of admission to the examinations for University degrees, and to the degrees conferred according to the results of such examinations.

The sixteen ladies who had accepted Mrs. Watson's invitation being of one heart in the matter, went earnestly to work in the collection of signatures. Sheets for the purpose were sent to various parts of the country, and the editor of the *Daily News* was good enough to insert a note offering to forward them to any one who would apply. Then came a large correspondence, for feeling on the subject was widespread and warm.

Then came also the Impossibilists in great force. As a matter of courtesy an intimation of what was being done had been sent to the

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authorities of the two colleges for women, but they had not been asked for help, as it was thought not unlikely that they might prefer to allow the memorial to be an expression of outside opinion. But it soon appeared that, quite unexpectedly, the movement was creating a sort of panic among the leaders of the Cambridge Women's Education Schemes. There was, it seemed, at Cambridge, a dragon of jealousy reposing in an uneasy slumber, from which it would be sure to be awakened by our memorial, and being, as every one knows, when once aroused, a monster cruel as the grave, it would undo all that had been done with so much pains, forbid the examiners to examine, and perhaps end by driving away the women students from even the uncertain footing they had attained, and sending them back to Hitchen or elsewhere. It was very sad, and we might perhaps have been frightened, if we had not a few years before listened to much the same arguments, in almost the same words, against every effort to procure the admission of Nonconformists to the national Universities. If this had not been pushed forward to success it would have been useless to make the attempt for women, but now the way was open, and all that was wanted was courage to follow. In both cases those who feared forgot that there is a power which can shake even close corporations—the power of public opinion based upon the truth—and that power soon showed how strong it was, with the request to be addressed to the Senate.

Yet fears were sadly in the way, and letter after letter arrived, some refusing help, and others recalling promises of aid because of the opinion of the governing bodies of Girton and Newnham. "I, as a Girton student, must protest against any memorial of such a nature," wrote one. Another Girton lady sent an imperious mandate to her brother at Newcastle; the memorial, she said, *must* be put a stop to; but as no directions were given as to how the brother was to accomplish this task, he gave it up in despair. Indeed, by that time, even if we had wished to do it, the thing had grown beyond us.

There were letters beseeching, letters commanding, letters argumentative. One of the Cambridge lecturers to ladies wrote as an old friend to Mr. Aldis (they used to nod to one another in the street), asserting that those who knew most about the matter at Cambridge were sorry to see the memorial, and the probable result of presenting it would be to strengthen the hands of opponents, and enable them to put a stop to the existing practice without establishing anything satisfactory in its place. "It is very widely thought," he added, "that we had better wait till the case arises (of the refusal of an examination), when we should gain by the sympathy with a disappointed candidate." We, for our part, had seen too many University martyrs, had known too well the sickness of hope deferred,

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to think with patience of such a plan as this, and could not but believe that the nation, if appealed to, would put an end to the danger of such a disappointment.

The executive committee of Girton College formally resolved that "they considered it undesirable that members of the College, and others directly connected with it, should take part in the memorial."

"It is undesirable," declared the committee of the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women in Cambridge, "that the question of formally admitting women to University examinations should be raised now by the presentation to the Vice-Chancellor of the memorial forwarded from Newcastle."

"Both the committee and certificated students are of opinion that it is likely to be more hurtful than beneficial to the cause it advocates," wrote one curt correspondent. Cordial sympathy, but must not try to obtain signatures, said another more gently; while a lady of title, one of the executive committee, imperatively ordered that further proceedings should be stopped until leave granted by the Girton authorities. The lady who deservedly held the title of Founder of the College asserted that the best thing likely to be done about the memorial was that the Council should simply receive it, and make no recommendation upon it.

Outsiders, it was intimated, should not interfere, nothing ought to have been done without first carefully ascertaining the opinion of the resident University people, and drawing back at once if these showed any hostility. To us outsiders it seemed neither right nor reasonable that a clique of this kind should be allowed to decide a question of national importance with regard to a national University. It was forgotten apparently that there were members of the Senate scattered all over the country, whose right of voting equalled that of residents, and who were perhaps more likely than they to take a wide and unbiassed view. "They think at Cambridge," was a favourite phrase just then. When looked into, this meant that some people at Cambridge thought. And even if all the people at Cambridge *had* thought, Cambridge was not England, and a University holding many privileges from the nation might fairly be expected to meet the desires of the people. It was no wonder that one who worked bravely and well, and did particularly good service in the collection of signatures, should say at the end of her self-appointed task, that the Cambridge opposition, by interfering at a critical time, and so preventing many important signatures, had, she feared, prejudiced the success of the memorial.

Fortunately, there were not wanting in various parts of the country persons who could not be made to flinch, and there were others who, while much troubled by the confident prophecies of disaster, had the sense to see that as the thing was to be done, it

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had better be done well. "I think we ought now to do our very best to make the memorial as national and as widely representative as we can," wrote a lady who refused to be frightened.

It was cheering also to learn from one, who had the best means of knowing, that two years before the final vote of the Senate of the University of London in favour of opening its degrees to women, the prospects of that movement had seemed unutterably hopeless to its best friends. To be sure, the University of London was much younger than that of Cambridge, and had probably not grown so stiff-jointed as is the way with ancient institutions; but the longer the effort was delayed, the greater, in all probability, the difficulty of accomplishment. One way or another, notwithstanding all the opposition, every day the memorial grew.

At least, then, said our perturbed correspondents, if the memorial must go on, could it not be kept back for a time? need it be presented while the present Vice-Chancellor is in office, he being understood to be opposed to the higher education of women? To keep back the document for such a reason would be, in our opinion, to offer something very like an insult to a gentleman who had done nothing to deserve it, to intimate that it was thought likely that he would allow his personal views to interfere with his public duties. The memorial could not be kept back. Then it was announced that we were all giving ourselves a great deal of useless trouble, inasmuch as the prayer of the memorial could not be granted without an Act of Parliament. If this were really the case, it seemed desirable that it should be ascertained with as little delay as possible. The next thing would be to go to work to get such an Act, an object not unattainable with perseverance and patience.

A very few years after all this perturbation, a reference having been made to it in conversation with one of the younger Fellows of Trinity, he flatly refused to believe that it could ever have existed, or that, at the most, if something of the kind had been an actual fact, Girton and Newnham could have been in any way responsible. An hour or two in company with certain dumb but convincing witnesses gave him an example of the truth of Dr. Thompson's well-known saying, that we are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us, and he laid down the last of the letters with an emphatic assertion that nothing short of such testimony would have made it possible to credit that which even so was almost beyond belief.

In due time came the last day fixed for the collectors to send in their sheets of signatures. We were living that winter at Ryton, a few miles from Newcastle, and had made things very lively for the little post-office, which had been obliged to invest largely in stamps in order to meet our needs. It was therefore disappointing in the extreme on that particular day to find the usual hour for the delivery of letters pass considerably without the knock of the postman, who

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for weeks had been an invariably regular visitor; there had been many discouragements, but this was worst of all.

Looking disconsolately from the window, that surely was the postman after all, on the other side of the village green. But what made him so late, and what was that white thing hanging down in front of him? A minute or two later our little girl came into my room with her hands clasped round a great bundle of rolls of signatures, followed by her brother with his hands full of letters, and the next day brought almost as many. Our environment for some time had been one of a good deal of gum, as the various sheets came together, and lay about to dry in twos, and fours, and eights. Now the work of joining went on apace, and the final counting showed that 8500 persons had signed this petition to the Senate. The Newcastle ladies, who had collected quite a quarter of the whole number of names, there or elsewhere, met at the College to see the bulky roll, and there was a question of how it was to travel, as it was too large for the post, the parcels post not being then in existence. To go to Cambridge and call upon the Vice-Chancellor with it in a cab, as was suggested, seemed hardly necessary; so finally it was insured for ten pounds, and despatched by passenger train, and the Vice-Chancellor at once acknowledged its receipt.

Then came the Long Vacation, when of course nothing much was done in the matter, though on June 3 a syndicate was appointed to consider the prayer of the memorial, which was presently supported by ten others from various educational associations and from the managers of University College, Nottingham, and the governors of several schools for girls. There was, besides, a memorial from non-resident members of the Senate with 567 signatures, and this, as well as the ten, prayed that the B.A. degree might be opened to women. "It is no mere ambition," declared one of these documents, signed, as chairman, by Principal Tulloch—"it is no mere ambition which leads women to desire the brief and convenient formula of B.A. It is their sense of the importance and practical advantage of a degree whose value is immediately and universally recognised."

The executive committee of Girton College "having been informed that a memorial, in the promotion of which the College has taken no part, has been presented to the Vice-Chancellor," made a statement as to their history, and submitted that the practical working of degree examinations, as regarded students of Girton College, had been sufficiently tested to justify the University in taking their case into serious consideration, with a view to their formal admission to the B.A. degree.

The committee of the Association for Promoting the Higher Education of Women sent to the Vice-Chancellor, through their President, Professor Adams, a statement to be laid before the Council "at the same time with the memorial which has recently been for-

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warded to you from Newcastle, and in which the committee do not concur." The committee began by disclaiming all responsibility for the numerously signed memorial which (as they understood, they said) had been recently forwarded to the Vice-Chancellor, asking for the admission of women to University examinations and degrees, and which had not been in any way originated or promoted by them, but of which they had, on the contrary, taken an early opportunity to express their disapproval. The lengthy communication somewhat timidly hinted that the connection which had practically existed for some years between the University examinations and the academic instruction provided for women might be put on a more formal and stable footing. A hundred and twenty resident members of the Senate signed a memorial in favour of this suggestion.

On December 3 the Syndicate presented their report. They shared, they said, the desire of the memorialists that the advantages of academic training might be secured to women, and that the results of such training might be authoritatively tested and certified. For various reasons, however, which they did not give, they were not prepared to recommend that women should be admitted either to the degrees of the University generally or to the B.A. degree alone. They thought that the formal admission of female students to the honour examinations of the University, together with an authoritative record of the results of their examination in published class-lists, would be a sufficient answer to the request which had been made. The B.A. degree, by their advice, would still be withheld. Under twelve heads the Syndicate set forth the conditions and regulations which they recommended with regard to the proposed concession, and their report was discussed at a meeting held on February 12, when the speeches, as recorded in the *Cambridge University Reporter*, were both interesting and amusing. A good deal was said, as so often before and since, of what was possible or good for women on physical grounds, as if a uniform rule could be made for all women, while in fact the difference is very great, and "if she can't she won't, you may depend on't." It was mentioned that the conferring degrees on women would lead to their having a share in the government of the University. One gentleman, Mr. Vansittart, had misgivings about the Classical Tripos, "because the range of reading for women ought to be, and must be, more circumspect than for men," and he thought a result of the proposal might be a modification of the Classical Tripos. Professor Stuart was of opinion that that result would be a very excellent one, and Mr. Sidgwick considered that it was not clear how far it was well that the attention of young men should be drawn to those undesirable portions of classical literature. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Perowne, looked upon the objection to the Classical Tripos as a very serious one.

Dr. Perowne asked further: "Was it true, or was it not true,

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that the position of women was intended to be, and was, not identical with, but complementary to that of men?"

The recommendations of the Syndicate were embodied in three Graces, and February 24 was the day on which they were to be submitted to the Senate. Rev. G. F. Browne then printed an address to the members of the Senate, giving some of the results of his experience of eleven years as secretary to the Local Examinations and Lectures Syndicate, and dealt with the "complementary" question as follows:

"Is there anything in the course of study for a Tripos Examination which necessarily or probably unfits women for the performance of complementary functions? The question asked in the Arts School practically asserts that there is. I should have thought that a just view of the proportion of things, a power of discriminating between detail and principle, a logical method of statement, a supplementing of the *ésprit primesautier* by processes of reasoning, were all of them admirable aids to the perfect performance of such functions. And these are among the advantages gained by the course of study for a Tripos.

"I have watched from time to time the career of many of those women who have distinguished themselves in the University examinations. I find them engaged in useful and congenial work, employing in the education of others the higher knowledge and the exact methods they have acquired, showing great powers of organisation and administration, rejoicing in the sense of filling positions of responsibility and trust, of which only the last few years have seen the possibility. I hear of others living quietly at home in the performance of social duties, possibly more particular as to the kind of person they care to complement than they might otherwise have been; and of others, again, and in no small number, who are happy wives and healthy mothers. Some members of the Senate are understood to be in possession of experience which negatives the assertion that the highest education is detrimental to the performance of complementary functions, and others, it is rumoured, are more than ready to enter upon such experience.

"If we are to consider this question of complement, we must not look at it from one side. There is only too much evidence that the course of preparation for a Tripos by no means always fits men for the reciprocal function of being complemented. We ought, perhaps, to revise our Tripos regulations with a view to remedying this defect."

"With the Vice-Chancellor's remarks on the Classical Tripos," added Mr. Browne, "I heartily agree, and I wish that he, the only man living who is in a position to speak to the University with the authority at once of a Senior Classic and of Vice-Chancellor, could devise some means of rendering such remarks no longer applicable."

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The paper ended with a proper expression of disapprobation for those wicked persons, "not of our own body," who had refused to take advice, and had thereby run the risk of doing all sorts of mischief grievous to contemplate.

Great efforts were made by resident members of the Senate to induce non-residents to come up and vote. Mr. Aldis went to give his first and, as it has proved to the present time, his only vote as a member of the Senate, in favour of the other outcasts, and thought that hardly any one would be likely to have travelled further in the cause, but found himself outdone by a gentleman who had not shrunk from the journey from Inverness, in spite of a particularly severe winter, which would certainly have served as an excuse to a less zealous friend. Members of the Senate, who were also members of Parliament, chartered a special train to enable them to give their votes at Cambridge and return to town in time for an important debate in the House that evening.

As the hour for the voting approached the aspect of the streets showed that something of unusual interest was about to take place. Outside the Senate House messengers were waiting to bear the news of the result to Girton and Newnham. Within, the side of the building usually taken by the Ayes was soon quite full. The Noes also appeared to be gathering in disheartening numbers, until it was perceived that among them were those who were known to be in favour of the Graces, but who had been driven to find standing room where they could. The taking of the votes was a somewhat tedious business, it being the custom for each M.A. to give his voice in turn—"Placet, placet, placet, placet," went on with a pleasing monotony, varied by certain "non-placets." At last this was over, the numbers counted, and the result announced from the dais—"Placets, 398; non-placets, 32."

For an instant there was silence, then came a ripple of laughter, which soon swelled to a roar, as Dr. Kennedy, throwing his hat into the air, led the way in a great cheer of triumph. The second Grace was carried by 258 to 26, and it was not thought necessary to vote upon the third.

"Wisdom is justified of her children," Mr. Aldis could not refrain from remarking to one of the leading Impossibilists.

"Yes," he answered, "we see now that you were right, and I meant to write and tell you so."

"Ah, well," said some one standing by, "all's well that ends well."

"But," retorted my husband, "all has not ended well; if it had not been for your opposition we might have had 18,000 instead of 8000 signatures, and then we should have had the degree."

We were not a little amused to find that after that victory the memorial, which up to that time had been spoken of with contempt,

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became in the Girton reports "a memorial largely signed," and the benefits which resulted were duly set forth.

This authorised opening of the examinations took place, as has been said, in 1881. Since that date women have shown themselves capable of taking high, sometimes the highest, places in the Tripos, and still to this day the degree is refused.

It cannot be pretended that it is for the good of women that, after having fulfilled all the requirements, having run and won the race, they should be denied the crown and seal of their labours. The reason for the denial is then probably to be sought in the supposed advantage of men, for which this churlish behaviour is thought to be needful. Just as formerly it was considered that justice itself must be ignored rather than run the fearful risk of giving Nonconformists a share in the government of the University, so now the dread of placing this power in the hands of educated women appears sufficiently strong for the maintenance of a state of things which is certainly not a credit, which may even be said to be a disgrace, to those responsible for it.

In New Zealand, where these words are written, sex confers no privilege in the University. Lectures, scholarships, degrees, Convocation, all are open to women as well as to men, who are capable of profiting by them, or of attaining to them. On Diploma Day the lady graduates, in cap, gown, and the pretty pink hood, take their places among the other graduates. It is very pleasant to see them; they look none the worse for their honours, and no one supposes that their honours are the worse for any one else, not even for those, men or women, whom they may have succeeded in surpassing.

A lady student, born in the colony, listened with amusing amazement to an account of the chaperon and visiting arrangements at Girton, for which she could see no necessity. "But," she said, "I don't understand, why—*why* do they do such things? We don't do so here."

An attempt to explain that it might be possible to start from the beginning on lines which could not so easily be introduced into an institution of long standing, and also that there is an essential difference between a residential and a non-residential college, did not seem to be considered satisfactory, and the undergraduate gave it as her opinion that "some of those people (the Cambridge authorities) had better come out and see how we do things here."

The University of New Zealand, one of the youngest in the British dominions, distinguished itself as the first to confer a degree upon a woman. It is to be hoped that Cambridge, the venerable, will no longer delay to put an end to an exclusion which cannot be looked upon as either graceful, honourable, or wise.

MARY STEADMAN ALDIS.

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THE POLITICIAN AS HISTORIAN.

In an article on "Over Education," published in the September number of this Review, it was contended that the object of education should be two-fold, first to teach a man how to earn his own living, and secondly, to prepare him for his duties as a citizen. It was shown that our costly public school and university training, aiming exclusively at the cultivation of the mind, signally failed to satisfy either of these two requirements, and a hint was thrown out that no real reform could be effected, until our educators had themselves been educated by a few years spent in the school of life, instead of passing straight from school to college, and then back again without a break from college to school. Under our projected scheme of education boys would be taught accounts, commercial geography, modern languages (orally and not from books or by Englishmen), something of the physical, and much of the bread and butter, sciences, with a view to their future business or occupation, while a thorough course of history and political economy would make them better able to discharge their electoral and political responsibilities. It is proposed to consider in the present paper how history should be taught, and still more, how it is to be written, in order that it may be of use to the future voter and the future legislator.

Just as it is necessary to ask what occupation a boy is destined to follow before we can decide upon the studies which will best fit him for it, so in the other department of education, that which aims at forming the future citizen, we must inquire what are the duties of a citizen before we can determine in what way he can be taught to perform them. In these days of advanced civilisation and in this country with its vast network of dependencies all over the globe, these duties are so numerous that the time would fail were we to enumerate them one by one. But, speaking broadly, they fall into two divisions, local and imperial. At municipal or parliamentary elections the British voter has to decide questions ranging from gas and water, paving and drainage in his native borough, to the granting of self-government to the Irish, the attitude of England towards the Triple Alliance, and all the vast issues involved in the ever-recurring Eastern difficulty. On the former class of questions, history, however taught, however written, can throw no light whatever; nor is such artificial light as may be gained from books,

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required to elucidate local politics. A man may be an ideal vestryman without having ever heard of the French Revolution; but no one can be a really great Foreign Minister unless he has studied the growth of the present relations between the various European States, which all owe their existence either directly or indirectly to that event. The local politician, on the other hand, has to deal with what meets the eye, and has the experience of his senses to guide him at every step. The subjects which he discusses are, for the most part, tangible and visible. The state of the public thoroughfares, as evidenced by pools of water and piles of drain-pipes, impresses itself upon one at least of his senses; a midnight fall over an abandoned wheelbarrow convinces him of the necessity for an improved system of street lighting; an outbreak of typhoid in his family proves to him the urgent need of a pure water supply. But in the domain of Imperial affairs it is far otherwise. Here, from the very nature of the case, the elector or the legislator cannot rely upon his organs of sense or smell, when called upon to pronounce an opinion on some far-reaching question of Indian, colonial, or foreign policy. Hence it is that these important matters, being removed from the personal observation of the constituencies, have so little interest for the great masses of the people. It is mainly for this reason that the Foreign Office escapes public criticism, and its occupant is allowed, happily for the continuity of our foreign policy, to conduct the external business of the nation in peace, while his colleague at the Home Office works, as it were, in a glass case, so that every one can see exactly what he is doing. And, as every one understands, or thinks he understands, all about the work of this particular department, we have constant criticism of the Home Secretary and an occasional crisis whenever he displeases the public. The Cass case is a good example. Thus the policy of the nation in the East or in Ireland may be suddenly changed simply because a policeman has made a mistake in Regent Street, and a Minister who had partitioned Africa among the Governments of Europe would have no chance at a bye-election against a tradesman who had interrupted the traffic in the High Street for a month by putting down the electric light, or by taking up the sewers.

Now, unless voters are taught history, they will either care absolutely nothing about Imperial politics, or else will apply to them the same methods which are found successful in local politics. Indeed, they have already begun to do so. Parliament is fast becoming a vestry, both as regards its measures and its manners, and to the average voter a great statesman is nothing more than a glorified vestryman. But to conduct the business of the empire on the same principles as the business of the county or the borough would be ridiculous, and might be disastrous. It has been said that the attempt to govern two great nations by the maxims of the

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counter lost us our American colonies in the last century; a similar mistake may cost us our Australian colonies in the next. It is not vestrymen but statesmen who will achieve the federation of the British Empire. But since the great development of local government due to the creation of the County Councils, there has been less and less interest taken in Parliamentary matters. So shrewd an observer as Lord Rosebery prophesied in a speech last autumn that in the future the county would with many men take precedence of the country. The returns of local politics are quicker, although the profits are on a smaller scale, while the Imperial statesman must wait years before he can reap the fruits of his labours for the public weal, and it often happens that it is reserved for his successors to enter into the Canaan, whither he has led them through a wilderness of words. Now, without being a Jingo, a man may yet believe that Greater Britain is of importance to Great Britain, and that Budget surpluses, and all the good things that flow from them, ultimately depend for their existence on the way in which the Foreign Office is conducted.

Another advantage of historical training would be to dispel the popular fallacy that an Act of Parliament is a cure for everything, and that the evils of a century can be counteracted by the debates of a session. This again is a natural inference of the parochial intellect, and unfortunately the English intellect is in many respects parochial. Only those who can take a broad view of the past can understand the fundamental truth that the formation of national habits is exceedingly slow, and that just as the character of a child is not materially altered by much study of books, so the character of a people is not greatly changed by the passing of innumerable Acts of Parliament. After all, ten years are but as yesterday in the life of a nation, and yet it is imagined that a measure has failed if its immediate success is not apparent. So, like children, we pull up the tender plants by the roots to see how they are growing, with the result that they do not grow at all. History, too, would dispel the current idea that great social questions can be settled off-hand by an Eight Hours Bill, or that Ireland, ill-treated for seven centuries, can become contented in a moment.

What, then, is this history which we would teach our masters, the working classes, for it is they above all others who need instruction? Using the word politics in the widest sense, as meaning all that concerns the welfare of the State, we would define history as the politics of the past, just as politics may be called the history of the present. But, if to write history is to describe the politics of past ages, one man, and one man alone, is fitted by his training for this difficult task. Just as the man who has had most practical experience of business would be the best instructor in the bread-and-butter sciences, so the politician who has had a first-hand

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acquaintance with public affairs would be the best historian. The difficulty is to get the man of business and the man of affairs to teach the rising generation. Thus, the muse of history is deserted by those who are best qualified to do her justice, and she falls into the hands of men of letters or plodding antiquaries, who know books but not men. It is said that when the French historian, M. Taine, who has had no experience of practical politics, was glibly delivering sentence upon the statesmen of the past after the fashion of arm-chair politicians, one of the bystanders remarked, with more truth than politeness: *Taisez vous, Taine; vous connaissez les livres mais vous ne connaissez pas les hommes.* The reproach is unfortunately true of too many so-called historians.

Take for example the professor of history. He at least would seem to have a special mission to describe the events of the past. Is he not paid for doing so? But surely, of all the people in the world, he is least fitted to decide the merits of public men and their policies. How can a solitary thinker, who has never fought a contested election, who has never faced a hostile House of Commons, whose greatest difficulties consist in an occasional skirmish with an officious maid-servant who has been "tidying-up" his study, or a futile attempt to obtain admission to the manuscripts of some foreign library; how can such a man as that have the audacity to sit in judgment upon great Ministers, don the black cap as he sentences Strafford to eternal infamy, or call Pitt a blunderer because he could not foresee the future? And the worst of it is, that it is from these unpractical writers that we get our ideas of the past. Is it surprising that these ideas seem erroneous to practical statesmen? Well indeed might Sir Robert Walpole exclaim to a friend who wished to while away his enforced leisure by reading aloud to him:—"Read me anything except history. I know that isn't true." This was the opinion of a man who had been for twenty years Prime Minister of England.

Of course the professor, like other people, has his uses. He is enormously learned, has traversed land and sea to secure a single inscription, has ransacked Egypt for mummies, and has ploughed the plain of Olympia for statues. He has collated manuscripts in the Vatican, and has spent hours poring over some faded papyrus in the Bodleian. No one will deny that he can tell a monkish forgery from a classic as if by instinct, and who would impugn his delicate appreciation of a doubtful passage in a favourite author? He has the mind of a lawyer, keen to ferret out the minute differences between cases, for the purposes of the moment, without much conception of the general principles which underlie them all. If modern history be his speciality he is dubbed an historian as soon as he has digested a certain quantity of folios and quartos, or has published a series of papers on the sources of eighteenth century

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diplomacy. This is the kind of superior person who calls Macaulay an ignoramus because the great Whig apologist has made some unimportant mistake about William Penn, or has proved that it is possible to be readable as well as to be well-read. These are the people who speak compassionately of Grote as a poor scholar, because his close attention to his duties as a banker and a member of Parliament did not leave him leisure for the niceties of Greek accents, or laugh at Mr. Herbert Spencer because he has not enough Greek to misunderstand Plato in the original. These are the products of that "endowment of research" of which we hear so much, the pride of our ancient Universities, which prize minute accuracy and microscopic study far above grasp of principles and knowledge of the world. But such writers as these are antiquaries, not historians—historical Gibeonites whose proper function it is to hew wood and draw water for the historian in the true sense of the word. In fact it is not the practical politician who should provide them with material by writing his memoirs, but it is they who should collect the materials upon which he can concentrate his trained faculties, at his leisure or in retirement, and which he can illustrate by his experience of public life. They are the rag-pickers and the gatherers of the dry bones of history, while he can weave the rags into a garment, and make the dry bones live at his will. We once heard it said that no one but a professor should write history; if so, no one but professors and their pupils will read it.

Then there is another species of so-called historian, the man of letters pure and simple. If the professor makes history insufferably dull, the man of letters falsifies the truth by making it too interesting to be real. He has a journalist's keen sense of the importance of unimportant details; he knows as well as the "special commissioner," or the "picturesque reporter," to whom we owe so much of our contemporary history, that the average reader, especially the feminine reader, who affects this class of history, likes the personalities of past as well as present politics better than politics, and finds men and women more entertaining than measures. As it is the average man who elects the average member of Parliament, the personal element is not to be despised, but in the hands of the picturesque historian it becomes supreme. He cannot refrain from putting the gilt on the gingerbread, and if he deigned to describe a debate on the Factory Acts he would make it as exciting as a novel. But as a rule he only chooses such subjects as are suitable for his method of treatment. The genealogies of kings, the loves of queens, the foibles of princes, and the sayings of courtiers form his usual stock-in-trade. He is a spoilt society journalist, a purveyor of gossip more than nine days old. For him King Alfred is merely the boy who watched the cakes, and Henry VIII. a divorce-court hero; he devotes pages to the battles of Frederick the Great, while dismissing

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his social reforms in a sentence, praises Napoleon as the conqueror of Europe, but forgets to mention his most durable work, the Civil Code. To see how utterly unreal this method of writing history is, we have but to suppose an author of the twentieth century writing the history of the Victorian era in similar fashion. He would give an elaborate account of the baccarat case, while ignoring the appointment of the Labour Commission; the bombardment of Alexandria would edge out the Dock Strike; the Jubilee celebration would leave no room for the conversion of Consols; the *chronique scandaleuse* of society would occupy the space that should be given to the progress of the working classes, and any one who had no knowledge of England other than that which he derived from the book would imagine that in the nineteenth century it was the aristocracy which governed, and that the most important events of the period were court ceremonies and foreign wars. When the man of letters poses as an historian, he perverts the truth, of course unconsciously, in yet another way. He measures the capacity of Ministers by the extent of their literary attainments, just as schoolmasters foretell the future career of a pupil from the accuracy of his Greek prose. The mistake is perhaps unavoidable but unfortunate. Even Macaulay himself occasionally commits it. Thus he derides George I. because he could not read Pope—surely no great loss—quite forgetting that the illiterate king was a first-rate man of business. To the men of letters, as Mr. Lecky has observed, Sir Robert Walpole has always seemed an inferior statesman to his rival, Lord Carteret, because the one despised literature while the other devoured it; but the great practical statesmen who have paid any attention to the question have been of the very opposite opinion. It is quite probable that an historian of this type, writing a hundred years hence, may decry Lord Hartington, because he prefers the turf to the study, quite oblivious of the fact that Prince Bismarck and Oliver Cromwell were plain country gentlemen.

Much superior to writers of this kind, but still hardly historians, are the philosophical authors, of whom Buckle is the best type. They have the learning of the professor with the broad view of the philosopher, and would be ideal historians if they were not idealists. For practical purposes works of this description are too far above the range of workaday politics to be of service to the elector at the polls, or to his member in the lobby. The personal element in public life, inordinately magnified by the literary historian, is too much neglected by his philosophical brother. Dealing almost entirely with great laws of nature, which require centuries to work out their effects, the scientific historian cannot teach the politician how to act in ordinary daily affairs. Most political questions lie halfway between the heaven of misty theory and the sea of minute details, and it is here that the historian must take up his abode, if he is to be of use for other than examination purposes, and, strange as it may appear, we

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venture to express an opinion that history may be serviceable for other reasons than these. To give a concrete example of what we mean, Mr. Lecky is perhaps the nearest approach to the political historian among the English writers of the present day. The author of *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, it is true, has never been in Parliament, like Gibbon or Grote, but he is understood to have mixed much with politicians, and certainly approaches political questions from the standpoint of a man of affairs. Thus he recognises that a Premier has to occupy himself to a large extent with the commonplace and the conventional, and is, in consequence, neither a saint nor a hero. He is not carried away by the glamour of mere oratory, and pays special attention to the administrative qualities of the statesmen whose characters he depicts. Steering a middle course between the vague generalities of the mere philosopher and the microscopic details of the learned chronicler, he has enunciated in the course of his narrative numbers of those *media axiomata*, or truths a little above common-sense, which, as Bacon saw, are of infinitely more value for practical life than empty abstractions far removed from this workaday world. His writings, largely imbued with the spirit of compromise, are peculiarly suited to the taste of a nation which loves half-measures, and detests broad and comprehensive principles. If he could have compressed his eight volumes into one, Mr. Lecky would have rendered even greater service to the political student. His whole tone shows that he writes for men of affairs, but what busy man has time to read five thousand pages on the events of a single century? But in spite of this lack of proportion, the work is a storehouse of political information, and has instructed members of both political parties on the burning questions of the hour. Of what other historian can as much be said?

There are numerous examples of politicians, and even statesmen, who have written, as well as made, history. Clarendon and Macaulay, Grote and Gibbon, in our own country; Thiers and Guizot in France, Von Sybel and Von Treitschke in Germany, Motley and Bancroft in America, are instances. Lord John Russell composed an essay on the English Constitution; Charles James Fox commenced a life of James II.; Thucydides, the ancient, and Finlay, the modern, historian of Greece both took part in some of the events which they described. Indeed, in antiquity, before literature had become a profession, the combination was not uncommon. Thus, Tacitus and Sallust were officials before they became authors. But it generally happens that when the statesman sits down at his study table it is to draw up his own memoirs, to serve as the materials from which others may write history. Such were the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, such are the diaries, letters, and papers of ex-Ministers, which are issued almost every year from the English and continental press.

But it is not memoirs, but history, that we ask the statesman to

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give us. It will of course be objected that a man who has been a party-leader is unfitted, by reason of his party bias, to give a fair and impartial account of what he has helped to do or undo. But we do not suggest that the history of their own times is the only period of which politicians should treat. What we contend is this, that a man who has made the history of the nineteenth century is better qualified than any of his contemporaries to understand the politics of the eighteenth century, or even of the first. Of course he will naturally be more in sympathy with those generations which are nearest to his own day. But surely no one but a statesman can appreciate the motives of former statesmen, just as no one but a lawyer is competent to write upon law. If Pitt and Fox were suddenly to return to life, they would have more in common with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone than with the men of letters and professors, who are supposed to possess a peculiar property in their careers. Cicero, permitted to walk the earth for a few brief hours, would go to hear Sir Charles Russell in the law courts, or would apply for a seat in the distinguished strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, instead of paying a call upon his commentators at Oxford, or taking tea with his translators. And, as human nature is pretty much the same in all ages, and those who are placed in similar positions are exposed to similar temptations, and influenced by similar motives, a man who has been inside an English Cabinet can better comprehend the feelings of his predecessors than a private individual who has merely read about them in books or newspapers. But, at present, any one who has read a certain number of printed pages, or has received a certain number of pounds per annum, is pronounced to be the only fitting critic of past politics, just as any one may discuss current politics whether he knows anything about them or not. The scholarly author is wont to sneer at the cocksureness of the journalist; but his own audacity in setting himself up as a judge of the actions of dead statesmen is surely as great as that of the country newspaper editor who boldly assures Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury that they are right, and that they have "our unqualified approval." For, after all, the local leader-writer writes in the plural, and his articles are unsigned, while the grave historian puts his name on the title-page of his history.

What would we not give for a history of the eighteenth century by Mr. Gladstone, a sketch of the rise of Prussia from the pen of Prince Bismarck, or an essay on the growth of Italian unity by Signor Crispi? Of all living statesmen the ex-Chancellor would perhaps write the best history of foreign affairs. To his vast experience of international as distinct from domestic politics he unites greater knowledge of past history than is possessed by any statesman now living. His speeches teem with historical parallels, and one of them, in particular, gives in the smallest possible compass

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a masterly sketch of European politics for the last forty years. In another he discusses the history of Poland, and again and again he refers to the cardinal points of difference between the development of England and Germany. His State papers are often historical essays, and when he was a diplomatist at Frankfort, he based his actions upon historical grounds. He has himself declared that "a properly directed study of history is the essential foundation of all statesmanship; history alone can teach how much can be obtained in negotiation with other States, and the highest problem of diplomacy consists in recognising the limits of the attainable." That a man, holding these views, and enjoying sufficient leisure to permit of his utilising his great knowledge of affairs for the benefit of posterity, is pre-eminently fitted to write diplomatic history is clear, while Mr. Gladstone would probably feel more at home in describing those phases of Parliamentary government to which Prince Bismarck is a stranger. We should then know how the past looked to those who had influenced the history of their own times. We should have real history, and not theory, anecdote, or stories, and it is quite certain that a statesman's view of former events is far more likely to be accurate than if they were seen through the spectacles of an industrious bookworm. Thousands have been expended by collegiate bodies in training historians by sending them to study in libraries and museums; but, if their object is to improve historical composition, and thus to educate our citizens, that object would be more easily gained by encouraging their promising graduates to enter Parliament, there to prepare themselves by contact with practical politics for the responsible and useful work of writing history. It is a frequent remark that literature has lost by the entry of Mr. John Morley into political life; it may be the loss of literature, but it will be the infinite gain of history. For if the late Irish Secretary ever continues his studies on the French Revolution, he will have gained an insight into practical affairs which will make his writings peculiarly valuable. The same may be said of Mr. Bryce. For a session on the front bench of the House of Commons is worth more to the historian than a year in the British Museum. Already, thanks to his experience of Cabinet Councils, Mr. Morley has discovered that it is a mistake to suppose that statesmen are guided, as philosophical historians are fond of telling us, by a regard for the welfare of remote posterity. Far-sighted schemes of politics, he tells us in his latest work, published since he became a Privy Councillor, are subordinated by practical pcliticians to the needs of the moment. It is of to-morrow and not of the next century that the party-leader must think. The example of Mr. Morley is perhaps the best proof of the educational value of practical politics for a writer of history. He may write less well, but what he writes will be the truth, and not theory, fiction, or gossip. And the student

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will take up his book with the feeling that his author has at any rate endeavoured to put his precepts into practice. History, thus written, will exercise far greater influence upon the reader than at present, for it will be felt that those who composed it know what they were writing about, and that they speak with authority and not as the scribes.

Briefly to recapitulate the argument, it is contended that our citizens require instruction in history to assist them in dealing with foreign and Imperial questions, where their own experience is necessarily unavailing. But on examination of the various classes of historians it is found that they are all deficient in knowledge of practical affairs, and that before our voters can profitably study history, either our historians must become politicians, or our politicians must become historians.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

As a concise and consistent statement of what is at present known of Bacteria and their products, this volume[1] is deserving of much praise. The subject is a wide one, and its ramifications are many; but, nevertheless, the author has succeeded in presenting his readers with a tolerably complete outline of it, both in its technical and practical aspects. It cannot be said that the numerous problems which have arisen in connection with Bacteriology during the last twelve or fifteen years are yet capable of a satisfactory solution; but it may be anticipated that this consummation will not much longer elude the pursuit of the determined investigators who are in quest of it. In the author's opinion, the key to many of the phenomena attendant upon the vital activity of Bacteria is to be found in the processes of fermentation, and to these, therefore the reader's attention is directed at an early stage of the exposition. We question, however, whether the analogy between the two series of phenomena is close enough to warrant this view, and have some doubt as to how far the details of the one can be applied deductively to the other. We would prefer that whatever agreement there may be between them should be proved *à posteriori*, and not assumed as the starting point for *à priori* influences. There is no need to regret, in spite of all this, that fermentation occupies so prominent a position in the volume. It is certainly not out of place, and its introduction affords the author an opportunity of setting forth the latest information on this important subject.

As the greater part of the volume is taken up with the various diseases which are now known or supposed to be due to Bacteria, it may be anticipated that the attention of readers will in the main be directed to the chapters in which the phenomena of these diseases are discussed. Cholera is the first to be dealt with, and is unhesitatingly regarded as a "parasitic disease." Much has been said and written both for and against Koch's conclusion that it is due to the so-called "Comma" bacillus, and we thought that the weight of evidence was against it. Our author however thinks otherwise, for he contends "that, until further and more convincing

[1] *Bacteria and Their Products.* By German Sims Woodhead, M.D. London: Walter Scott.

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opposing evidence is forthcoming, Koch's comma bacillus must be looked upon as the *causa causans* of the disease." Whether or not this be accepted by the reader, it will be generally allowed that the account of the bacillus and its modifications under cultivation is a well written summary of what is known respecting it, while the narrative of the ravages cholera has made at various times, and the suggestions put forward for its restriction are deserving of careful study. The accounts of other Bacterial diseases, and especially those of typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria, leprosy, and tetanus, are all equally excellent, and may be profitably studied both by the physician and the non-professional reader. In dealing with tuberculosis the researches of Koch are described with some fulness, while the description of the discovery, composition, and probable mode of action of his remedy is given for the most part in his own words. This done, the author points out with considerable skill the essential principles of Koch's method of treatment, and shows clearly what may and what may not be expected from it. Hydrophobia, though not a Bacterial disease, is also briefly dealt with, partly because the methods and principles adopted in its study are in many respects similar to those followed where Bacteria play the part of causal agents, and partly because Pasteur's researches on the subject were at first carried on on the supposition that the disease was due to a poison probably produced by the action of some vegetable organism. Among other topics introduced for equally valid reasons, and which serve to give completeness to the volume, are the history of Bacteriology, an account of the mode of life of parasites, and saprophytes, and vaccination. On all these matters, as on the general subject, the author writes well and forcibly, and, what is more, with a knowledge which is thoroughly practical. We do not suppose that other specialists who are working at the subject will agree with him at all points; but we think all will admit the high value of the volume he has here given us.

In this neat little volume[1] Professor Henslow has attempted to solve some of the complex but deeply interesting problems, which in recent years have arisen among biologists as to the structure and evolution of flowers. That he has done so with ability most readers will probably be willing to allow; but we do not anticipate that his solutions will be generally acceptable. The critical botanist will note that there is too much theoretical speculation in the volume, and that on some points the author's *à priori* deductions are at variance with the conclusions which other authorities have reached by the more reliable methods of observation and experiment. At the same time, it is well that the author has found an opportunity of giving a connected account of his views, and the considerations

[1] *The Making of Flowers.* By the Rev. Professor George Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.A.S., &c. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

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on which they are based, for the volume is unquestionably an interesting one, full of freshness, and has nothing in common with the high and dry productions in which one of the most delightful studies is often transformed into a sterile waste of dreary technicalities. Moreover the positions taken up are, as a rule, so well defined, that the reader ought to have no difficulty in grasping the author's argument, and will have chiefly to consider whether the evidence brought forward is sufficient to warrant the inferences drawn from it.

Looked at from this point of view, we venture to think that the volume is not a satisfactory one, and that the spirit of speculation has carried the author much further than the canons of the scientific method will justify. No positive evidence is adduced for the dominant idea of the volume—viz., that every structural detail met with in the parts of flowers is due to the direct action of the environment, and yet it is used deductively as if it were one of the established doctrines of science. Not the least potent factor in the making of flowers, according to our author, is the irritation caused by insects, which is here credited with being the cause of several phenomena, which, even to a botanist, seem to have little or nothing in common. Thus the cohesions and adhesions of floral organs are regarded as the probable results of local nutrition, due to an excess of irritations, which are themselves caused by insects which visit the flowers. Honey secreting organs, or nectaries, are, in like manner, supposed to owe their existence "to the direct and irritating actions of insects themselves when searching for juices as food or otherwise," and the same cause is invoked in the explanation of the forms of the corolla and other details. No doubt this is all very pretty and attractive as theoretical speculation, but it is scarcely to be called science. On the subject of cross-fertilisation, the author appears to be in direct opposition to all the best authorities who have investigated the subject in recent years from Darwin downwards, and contends that our ideas about its value must be reversed, as those flowers that are conspicuous and regularly fertilised by insects, are not the best off, having sacrificed their fertility for finer flowers, larger leaves and so on.

The phylogeny of plants is another problem dealt with by Professor Henslow, but we cannot say that either his statement of facts, or his inferences on the subject are calculated to be of any service in unravelling its complexities. In an early section, speaking of incomplete or apetalous flowers, the opinion is expressed that all without exception "are degradations from some ancestral state in which the flowers were adapted to insects." That many of them are the modified descendants of flowers with the usual complement of organs is probably true, but that all are so, is still an unproven proposition, while the assertion that their ancestors were insect-

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fertilised is simply a groundless speculation. In another section, the phylogeny of Monocotyledons is touched upon, and we are told that they arose at a very early period in the world's history from Dicotyledons, primarily through an aquatic habit. It is just possible, though not probable, that some positive evidence exists for this statement which has escaped our notice, and we would not therefore affirm that it is altogether unwarranted. But we are at least convinced that no such evidence is given by the author. He refers, it is true, to the modifications of structure undergone by Dicotyledons when they become aquatic; but as we do not accept his description of these modifications as an accurate one, his deductions fall to the ground.

In a section on the origin of species, the author's theory is carried to its ultimate issue, and leads to results that are both novel and startling. Migration is said to be "a very important, and probably always a preliminary, step to the evolution of a new species;" but this is not all. "To start a new species, *two* things are generally wanted—a new locality and a new insect"! Further than this we do not propose to follow our author, enough having been said to indicate the salient features of the heterodox production which he has here given us.

Les Memoires d'un Hanneton[1] form a somewhat large volume, but it is one in which the interest is so well sustained that those who enter upon its perusal will hardly feel that this is a disadvantage. The object the author has had in view in its publication is the laudable one of awakening the minds of non-scientific readers to a recognition of the enlightened enjoyment which may be derived from the study of Natural History, and to show that it can be profitably pursued without the student overburdening himself with dry technicalities and abstract theories. He thinks, and thinks rightly, that if the facts are set forth in a pleasant and attractive form, the subject will become popular in quarters where it has hitherto been ignored. To this end he has thrown his narrative into the form of a memoir, or to speak more correctly, into that of an autobiography, in which a cockchafer is supposed to tell the story of his life, recounting not only its own personal experiences, but also the observations it made on the myriads of other creatures, large and small, with which it came into contact. In this way he has brought together a large mass of detailed information respecting living things of many kinds, and that in a manner which allures the reader on from page to page, and never allows the interest to flag from the beginning to the end. The reader is thus initiated into many of the mysteries of insect life, into the habits and characteristics of spiders, worms, snails and slugs, frogs, toads, moles, and even snakes and birds, not to mention

[1] *Les Memoires d'un Hanneton.* Par Dr. E. Jeanbernat. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave.

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quite a legion of other more or less familiar animals. While the statements are true to scientific accuracy, they are given in a popular style, whose charms it would be difficult to overpraise. We can honestly commend the volume to all who are in quest of some form of intellectual pleasure, and hope that among young people especially it may have a wide circulation. It is perhaps needless to say that it is well illustrated, but it should be stated that the illustrations are such as decidedly enhance its attractions.

In this volume,[1] Prof. Parker has done for the principles of biology what Prof. Huxley and Dr. Martin did for its practice many years ago, and may be honestly complimented on having produced a work which is not unworthy to rank beside the *Practical Biology* of these authors. Intended for the study rather than the laboratory, it differs considerably both in matter and method from most of the manuals of biology hitherto published. In the first place, the number of animals and plants brought under the student's notice as types is unusually large, thereby widening the base of knowledge on which the superstructure of principles is to be erected. Then in the selection of types, the author has shown much independence, and has evidently thought out for himself the details which it is desirable the student should know, and has chosen the forms of life that best illustrate them without unnecessary complications. In doing this, he has departed so widely from the course usually followed that some adverse criticism may be expected. It will perhaps be pointed out that the types include no representative of the higher vertebrates, the animal series terminating with the dog-fish, while at the other end of the scale the lower invertebrates are in stronger force than usual. That this is so may be regarded as a weakness in some quarters, but on the whole we are disposed to think the author's choice most likely to meet the objects he has in view. The introduction of *Polygordius* instead of the Earthworm, we regard as a most valuable innovation, believing, with the author, that a mastery of its structure, "even from figures and descriptions alone," will place the student in "a far better position to profit by a practical study of one of the higher worms." In the plant series, there is less divergence from the accepted types, but a few novelties are introduced, and that with most excellent effect. Among them are examples of the *Mycetozoa*, *Diatomaceæ*, *Siphoneæ*, and the green and brown Seaweeds. There is, however, no representative of the *Florideæ*, although they have several features of biological significance, not the least interesting of which is the well-marked continuity of the protoplasm, noted by the author in the sieve-tubes of Ferns, and in the deric epithelium and other tissues of *Polygordius*.

In the treatment of the various types, the physiological processes

[1] *Lessons in Elementary Biology.* By T. Jeffrey Parker, B.Sc., F.R.S. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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they exhibit are as prominent and as fully considered as the morphological details, and at every step in advance comparisons are made which bring out into bold relief the unity of life which pervades the organic world and the variety of the resources adopted by Nature in achieving her ends. At intervals, too, the great questions connected with biogenesis, evolution, the origin of species, classification, the distinctive characters of animals and plants and the like, are discussed in the light of the knowledge acquired, and the student is initiated into the method of applying biological facts to the establishment of general laws and principles.

In the matter of terminology an attempt has been made to maintain a uniform and consistent scheme, and get rid of the perplexing multiplicity of names which in many cases are applied to the same or *homologous* structures. Every one who is acquainted with the difficulties felt both by students and teachers with regard to this subject, will sympathise with the author's object, and will recognise the value of many of the reforms he has introduced. In respect to some of the terms employed, however, there will doubtless be differences of opinion, and we ourselves should take exception to a few either as unnecessary or of doubtful improvement. The time, however, has scarcely arrived for a full and final settlement of biological terminology, and until it does the suggestions of such competent authorities as the author should be encouraged rather than otherwise.

The author of *L'Esprit de nos Bétes*[1] is an army veterinary surgeon, who has evidently had a life-long experience of certain animals, and who moreover has been careful to supplement his own observations by a very extensive course of reading. He says in his preface:

"During the twenty years and more that I have spent in the companionship and study of animals, I have had occasion to note, and to analyse many acts of theirs which, however diversely they may have been interpreted, and however incomprehensible in some cases they may have appeared to be, do not the less carry conviction to my mind that 'brutes' are not so brutish as some rather hasty or prejudiced observers claim."

And he goes on to say that, far from starting from any preconceived idea upon this subject, he began his observations in a state of utter doubt as to the intelligence of brute animals. It is they, he says, who compelled him to his present views, and not any ready made opinion of his which cast their actions in its mould.

Hereupon Mr. Alix sets to work by defining summarily the nature of intelligence, of faculties such as attention, reflection, comparison, judgment, ratiocination, &c., and by examining to what extent these faculties are recognisable in the lower animals. From these he

[1] *L'Esprit de nos Bétes.* By E. Alix. Paris: J. B. Bailliére et fils. 1890.

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passes on to consider the moral and ethical side of their nature—gratitude, veneration, the sense of dignity, the sense of beauty—and to discuss the most interesting peculiarities of action in animal communities, their domestic labours, their wars, their games, &c. A host of anecdotes are scattered throughout the book, most of which (nay, the best of which) are of course not new, but not the less does the author deserve credit for having collected and classed them. To those readers who, like the present writer, have long since convinced themselves that there is no psychical (any more than there is a physical) gulf fixed between man and the other members of the animal hierarchy, much of our author's demonstration will necessarily seem superfluous, and perhaps even tedious by reason of its iteration, yet even these may derive benefit from Mr. Alix's labours by considering his work, not as a book that is to be read through from end to end, but rather as a store of anecdotes and observations concerning nearly all aspects of animal life.

It need hardly be added that Mr. Alix treats of instinct and reflex action under all their aspects—in theory and in practice, as might be said. He concludes his book (some 650 pages in all!) with some theoretical considerations on sensibility, on the emotions and on the will, but the limited space at our disposal will not allow us to follow him into the discussion of these difficult subjects. To sum up, his book may be recommended to all those who wish to cultivate the acquaintance of "man's poor relations."

Miss Buckland's *Anthropological Studies*[1] is just the book for those who wish to post themselves up in the nature of the problems anthropologists are endeavouring to solve, the methods of investigation they employ, and the results which have been already attained. It has of course something in common with the few similar treatises which our literature contains, and the subject-matter has to a large extent been collected from a variety of sources, but there is a freshness and independence about it which give it a distinctive character. In the main it consists of a series of essays contributed at various times by the author to the WESTMINSTER REVIEW and the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, with the corrections and extensions which subsequent discoveries have made necessary, so that it is not a mere compilation from the works of other writers. Even where the researches of others are most largely utilised, the author has not followed the easy course of accepting their conclusions in a slavish fashion, but has been at the trouble of a personal study of every question she has dealt with, and has placed herself in a position to give an enlightened and independent judgment upon it. While the whole volume is full of the interest which anthropology seldom fails to inspire, there are some parts of it which strike us as being especially good. These are the chapters on the Antiquity of Man,

[1] *Anthropological Studies.* By A. W. Buckland. London: Ward & Downey.

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Primitive Agriculture, Pre-Historic Commerce in Europe, and those Primitive Instruments of Music, the Drum, Flute, and Lyre. We do not say that the author has completely unravelled the knotty questions which cluster round these subjects, but she has given us a critical restatement of the evidence bearing upon them, and this is all that can be expected.

There is no need to multiply words in commendation of Mr. Holder's account of the *Life and Work of Charles Darwin.*[1] The subject is a grand one, the treatment is adequate to the end in view, and the style is good and attractive throughout. An admirable feature of it is its suitability for young readers as well as for those of maturer years, and one may hope that it will become very popular with intelligent youths, who cannot fail to be beneficially influenced by its perusal. Another feature which will make it specially acceptable to English readers is to be found in the papers it contains by distinguished American scientists on the subject of the volume. These were read at a memorial meeting of the Biological Society of Washington at the time of Darwin's death, and are richly deserving of a wider circulation than they have hitherto obtained. To prevent mistakes it may be added that the author makes no attempt to analyse Darwin's works or to discuss his theories, and their influence upon the scientific world. He has contented himself, wisely as we think, with simply presenting the story of Darwin's life as that of one of the greatest naturalists of the age, as one of singular purity, and as the life of a man who in loftiness of purpose and the accomplishment of grand results, was the centre of observation in his time, and was revered and honoured in a way that falls to the lot of few.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

In *La Plainte Humaine*[2] M. Dollfus discusses from what we may call the point of view of liberal Christian philosophy some of the supreme questions which are agitating the minds of religious men to day. The work, though brief, is anything but superficial, and nearly every page contains something of interest. There is even some originality in the way in which the writer deals with questions which have been discussed over and over again, and of which it might be thought nothing fresh remained to be said. But the point of view

[1] *Leaders in Science. Charles Darwin, His Life and Work.* By Charles Frederick Holder. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

[2] *La Plainte Humaine.* Par Charles Dollfus. Paris: Fischbacher. 1891

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is continually changing, and it is necessary for the critic to keep abreast with every fresh development. M. Dollfus finds that three persons, or rather three religious philosophies represented by these persons, dominate men's thoughts at the present time. Jesus, Buddha and Darwin—Christian Theism, Pessimism, and the evolutionary philosophy dispute between themselves for the possession of men's minds. Our author essays to give us the elements of the discussion. He commences by considering the roots of faith, and affirms that however much uncertainty there may be about various articles of faith, arising from the fact that they are as varied as the minds of men, the existence of faith itself is an indisputable fact. He finds the root of faith in primal instincts, as certainly original and spontaneous as the animal instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. The primal instinct is curiosity—the desire to know the how and the why of things—their beginning and their end. But our search for final causes is governed by two other instincts—the need of order and the need of happiness. The one springing from the brain, the other from the heart—or the intellect and the affections. No answer to the how and why can be satisfactory which does not meet the desire for order, from which springs the desire for justice, and the desire for happiness. Faith, then, has its roots in the conviction that there is provision in the scheme of creation for the fulfilment of the desires for order—*i.e.*, justice, and happiness, just as in the physical world there is provision for the fulfilment of the desires for nutrition and reproduction. This is a doctrine of final causes, but it is a metaphysical one, and is not inconsistent with the relative causes with which physical science only deals. Curiosity leads us to the threshold of religion by compelling us to assume a cause and an end; but the mind joins to the final purpose, the idea of order, and the heart joins to it the idea of felicity. As a necessary consequence, we insinuate the idea of goodness in an imagined cause which has willed this end. The God of the Christians is the good God, Who, because He is before everything else good, has commanded goodness for men, His children, and destined them for happiness. The Christian's idea of a Heavenly Father and of heaven are thus the logical outcome of the instinct of curiosity, the desire to know the how and the why of things, and the need of justice and happiness. This is more fully discussed in the second chapter on *Jésus et Le Père Céleste*, in which the difficulty is fully recognised of reconciling this faith of the heart with the facts of experience and the existence of pain in the world. The third chapter, on Pessimism, is strikingly interesting, in which the author deals with the curious phenomenon of the popularity of the Neo-Buddhism side by side with the extraordinary activity of modern civilisation. M. Dollfus has no difficulty in tracing this religion of despair to the same roots as the religion of hope. The desire for happiness, frustrated, is that

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which has given birth to the pessimist and pessimism. Pessimism is not a new phenomenon, what seems to our author new about it is, that whereas at other times it seems to have been sporadic in the species, at the present time it threatens to become epidemic. It existed among the Hindoos even before Buddha, amongst the Egyptians, and even among the Greeks, "who seem to us to have made the dream of existence most luminous." Our author gives several well-known quotations to justify this statement. Still more familiar are quotations from the Old Testament, given to show how desponding was the view of life frequent amongst the Hebrews. The Middle Ages were in a sense more pessimistic than the present; men lived in a perpetual nightmare, haunted by the idea of death and hell. Out of this nightmare men emerged as out of a tunnel in the Renaissance; life smiled again; it was a new spring-time. But, by the side of the Renaissance was born the Reformation, and Calvin re-opened wider than ever the gates of hell. Even Montaigne and Shakespeare at times yielded to the gloomy spirit of pessimism. M. Dollfus acquits Jesus of being responsible for the theological horrors of Calvinism, "if the theological doctrine formulated with such intrepidity by the Protestant inquisitor and executioner of Geneva was truly that of Jesus, it would have been a thousand times better that Jesus had never spoken to the world." After this sketch of the tendency of mankind to take a gloomy view of existence, we are led to a consideration of modern pessimism. It is largely due to reaction—reaction from extreme idealism, and reaction from the excessive activity of the period of the Revolution.

There is a prevailing feeling of weariness, and a tendency to confine the attention to the worst side of life:

"Regarde, lui disent à l'envi le philosophe, le poète, le moraliste, le romancier; te voilà. On lui présente le miroir, non celui de l'amour qui embellit, mais le miroir du mépris, et presque de la haine, qui enlaidit. On souligne ses infirmités, et ses difformitès, on étale ses plaies et ses ulcères, on arrache avec volupté les masques, on crève les phrases hypocrites qui doivent à ses propres yeux dissimuler sa faiblesse, sa médiocrité, sa lâcheté, ses infamies, et l'on jouit de son œuvre, on savoure le spectacle auquel on a convié le lecteur en lui disant: *ecce homo!*"

It is the consequence of having believed too much. Our extreme realism is only our idealism of yesterday returned against ourselves, and we gratify ourselves with a kind of rage of unexasperated unbelief. From Pessimism, with its renunciation of life, we come to Darwinism, which is the reverse of this. It believes in existence, and in the success of existence, though on opposite grounds from Christianity. Darwinism has already passed beyond Darwin, and become a metaphysical system, that is, it offers a solution of the origin of things. We thus find ourselves on the threshold of the twentieth century in the presence of three conceptions touching the cause, the nature, and the end of things—Christianity, new Buddhism, and Darwinism.

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To whom shall we go? M. Dollfus asks. We may refuse to enrol ourselves under the banner of one or the other, and increase the number of agnostics, we may resign ourselves to remain in ignorance of that which we desire to know, and admit that it is unknowable. We may do this, but mankind never will; we may affirm this without claiming to be prophets, on the foundation of experience as of instinct. The desire to know will always reassert itself. Still less will mankind become universally pessimist. To preach to man to strive after non-existence, when all his nature impels him to existence and the augmentation of existence, is to waste one's words and lose one's labour. Darwinism has a better chance; it attracts mankind because it is a doctrine of progress. But our author thinks it will not be embraced as a general faith, because it does not satisfy the desire for order and finality. It explains progress by means of individual variations due to the accidents of birth and environment. The human spirit, which has an affinity with the idea of progression, has no affinity with a fortuitous event, with accidents, happy or otherwise. A conception of things which discards order and finality is repugnant to the inmost laws of our understanding. So that if the doctrine of Evolution is to be universally received the mind will detach it from the manner in which Darwin explains progress in the organic kingdom, it will seek the explanation in reasons better adapted to its nature, reasons more in conformity with reason. According to M. Dollfus, Natural Selection is not a satisfactory explanation of the Evolution of Man; selection is the result of impulses from within which impel the species towards its future. In the concluding chapter, on "Matérialisme et Psychisme," he discusses the nature of the soul, and offers some problems for the consideration of the Materialists. The strength of the author's arguments depends upon the soundness of his premises—that the roots of faith are based upon ineradicable instincts. To the theory that instincts are only acquired habits, he asks how can a habit be acquired but by the reiteration of a thought or act which could not have its origin in a habit, but must have been spontaneous and instinctive. And he concludes by asking, "How shall we escape from our instincts, and retain our human organisation? No theory can vanquish them; they vanquish all theories which contradict them. Instinct is sovereign. It is the last word in every discussion because it is the first." The book is a very thoughtful one, and is well worth reading. It is commendably free from technicalities.

We are glad to accord a hearty welcome to Dr. Cone's work on the Gospels,[1] as there was still room for a succinct account of the criticism of the Gospels and its results, which may now, in the main be regarded as unquestionable. When a work of the kind of Dr.

[1] *Gospel Criticism and Historical Christianity.* By Orello Cone, D.D. London and New York: G. P. Putnam. 1891.

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Cone's can be offered to the general reader and received without a storm of disapprobation, we may regard the triumph of criticism over orthodoxy as morally secured. The work is on somewhat the same lines as that of Mr. James Estlin Carpenter on the Synoptic Gospels, which we recently recommended, but it is planned on a broader scale and the discussion of the subject is fuller. The chapters on the Text and the Canon contain matter that is generally known, but they are a necessary preliminary to a review of the whole subject. These are followed by a consideration of the problem that the relative composition of the Synoptics presents. Each Gospel, including the fourth, is then subjected to a separate examination, the priority in order of time being given to Mark, Matthew coming next, and Luke being regarded as the latest of the Synoptics. This is in accordance with our own view, though critics are not entirely agreed about the relative order of Matthew and Luke. The Fourth Gospel is placed by Dr. Cone as being written in the second half of the second century, but he recognises the composite character of the work and conjectures that the writer may have made use of a nucleus of older material. Two chapters are devoted to a study of the eschatology of the Gospels and the dogmatic "tendencies." The chapter on the Old Testament in the Gospels is of interest in view of the *Lux Mundi* controversy, and should be studied by those who are desirous of finding the real value of the Old Testament quotations in the Gospels. Dr. Cone speaks without reserve on the point. "One hazards nothing in saying that in all the Gospels there is not a single application of a so-called prophetic passage from the Old Testament to the history of Jesus which can be justified by a scientific interpretation. The hermeneutical method of the evangelists was a false method, and it is fruitless to attempt its defence. Nothing can be more absurd than the frantic efforts of apologists to make it appear to be good hermeneutics, unless it be to set up the claim that the evangelists were 'inspired' grammarians and hermeneuts, and were miraculously preserved from error in their interpretation of the Old Testament. Their method was the allegorical, which, from the Epistle to the Hebrews to the Speaker's Commentary, has vitiated the greater part of the biblical interpretation in the Christian Church." This opinion coincides exactly with that of the late Dr. Hatch. The closing chapters which sum up results of historical criticism and the relations of the Gospel to the history, are the best in a book which is all excellent.

The increasing popularity of Universalism amongst the orthodox is shown by the fact, that we have before us the fourth edition, of Mr. Allin's book, *Universalism Asserted as the Hope of the Gospel.*[1] Mr. Allin has nothing to do with criticism, but assumes the verbal

[1] *Universalism Asserted as the Hope of the Gospel.* By the Rev. Thomas Allin. Fourth edition. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

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authority of the New Testament, and supports his view as well, by the authority of the Fathers and reason. With the orthodox, who will not listen to reason, the appeal to the New Testament and the Fathers will carry weight, and in these days they will be glad to learn how much ancient authority there is for a more humane view of the Christian scheme than that which has held the field far too long. Time brings its revenge, and we find here Mr. John Stuart Mill's saying, "I will call no being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to a fellow creature," adopted as a postulate in a work on Christian doctrine. Mr. Allin says, "If God be not good, just and true, *in the human acceptation of these terms*, then the whole basis of revelation vanishes." Mr. Allin further expresses himself with vigour, giving, in fact, the ground on which the doctrine of eternal punishment is now almost universally rejected. "I am merely expressing the deepest and most mature, though often unspoken, convictions of millions of earnest Christian men and women, when I assert, that to reconcile the popular creed, or any similar belief in endless evil and pain, with the most elementary ideas of justice, equity, and goodness (not even to mention mercy), is wholly and absolutely impossible." After that it appears to us of very little importance what any ancient "authorities" may say, though it is some satisfaction to find grounds for thinking that the Fathers were "broader" than is generally supposed.

SOCIOLOGY.

ALL who are interested in the study of sociology will welcome the publication of M. Edward Westermarck's really important studies on *The History of Human Marriage*,[1] just brought out by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. There is no part of sociological inquiry of greater interest to the student than that which consists in tracing the origin and development of the present ideas in civilised countries on the subject of marriage. They must unquestionably be the result of the evolution of the human mind, for at the present epoch in which we live they have by no means arrived at anything like a stage of settled finality, but, on the other hand, are one of the most curious proofs that the age in which we live is one of transition. Our ideas have long since passed through many changes in regard to the rights of the two parties to marriage since the promulgation of the marriage laws, and the manner in which these laws weigh upon our natural

[1] *The History of Human Marriage.* By Edward Westermarck. London; Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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instincts is seen by the persistent attempts to tinker them more into accordance with modern feeling. The aim is ever to increase the rights of women in wedlock. "The history of human marriage," says M. Westermarck, "is the history of a relation in which women have been gradually triumphing over the passions, the prejudices, and the selfish interests of men." But the evolution of ideas on the subject is proceeding apace. It has passed the stage in which a tinkering of the law will suffice to satisfy the demands of natural feeling. It is no longer on the minor question of property and the like that we find the discussion to be confined. It is now upon the deeper question of whether marriage is binding as a lifelong contract between the husband and wife, and, indeed, how far the system which has grown up is philosophically the right one.

Many men of scientific repute, among them Darwin, Spencer, Tylor, and Lubbock, have written on the subject of the origin and development of human marriage, and their opinions have formed a base for the study which has almost been adopted as established fact. M. Westermarck, however, will admit of no established facts, and one theory which, in our opinion, he combats with much show of reason is the idea that at one epoch in human existence the hypothesis of promiscuity really prevailed. The author also gives some interesting instances showing the similarity in the custom of marriage between the lower types of man and the anthropomorphous apes. Also evidence tending to prove that among men as well as among animals procreation should be limited according to the food supply, and consequently to certain periods of the year. Here again we notice a divergence from the received opinion that poverty is not a check upon procreation. The author also writes an interesting chapter on "A Human Pairing System in Primitive Times;" he is also of opinion that with growing civilisation men tend to marry later in life, and that the proportion of celibates increases. M. Westermarck has written a very able volume on the subject of human marriage, which, in our opinion, is calculated to set the world thinking again with a view to correcting preconceived ideas. The work is full of evidences of research which must have cost the author infinite pains. The book is not the result of a superficial effort, but of the earnest labour of the chief part of a lifetime.

We welcome the publication of the new, revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Rae's book, *Contemporary Socialism*.[1] The WESTMINSTER REVIEW has already spoken very highly of the work in its original form, and the author had indeed already won his spurs as a writer on Socialism before the publication of the first edition. The volume, which is an octavo of considerable bulk, is full of what we might term hard reading, and the student will soon find on taking it up that he has got his work cut out for him if, besides

[1] *Contemporary Socialism.* By John Rae, M.A. London; Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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reading and even understanding, he intends thoroughly to grasp and retain in his memory the matter which is contained in its pages. However, it is written in a calm and impartial spirit, and no one taking it up, no matter what his opinions may be, whether an advocate or an opponent of the Socialists, could fail to be deeply interested, and to glean much information that will be of use to him; for the opponent should be well acquainted with the arguments which are the force of his enemy, and also should be fully alive to the progress being made in the opposite camp. All this is to be found in the volume we have before us. We have said that in our opinion Mr. Rae writes in a fair and impartial spirit, yet the perusal of the volume does not give us the impression that the author is a Socialist by any means himself, only that he is not animated by any hostile feeling, and is anxious especially in his biographical chapter to do justice to the two greatest advocates of the new doctrines now making such rapid progress in popular favour, Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle. Mr. Rae has studied the rise, fall, and resuscitation of Socialism on the Continent with exceedingly great care and thoroughness, and shows much skill in delineating the different tone and colour of thought which marks the various countries of Europe. On the whole, the end is the same everywhere. It is to be found in a system, for we cannot say a State, as one of the main objects of the Socialists is to put an end to what is now understood to be the meaning of the word State, whereby the greatest number, and if possible, *all* men shall be equally benefited by the fruits of the earth, and by the produce of labour in which all must take a share. This is so far only the command of the Bible, "man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," taken in its most literal sense, and the Russian Socialist with Tolstoi, the German with Lassalle, and the Frenchman with Prudhon, would so far all be at one. But the means to be made use of are in the different nations strikingly at variance. In France the philosophy is more of a positive, in Germany more of a negative character. The Frenchman wants to build up a commonwealth at once which will meet with his views of justice and fraternity. Consequently there is much difference of opinion, and the party has been split up into numerous factions, which have rendered it perhaps the most impotent in Europe. In Germany, on the other hand—and it is to this country in which the movement has taken such complete root and is progressing with such marvellous rapidity, that Mr. Rae has given the best part of his book—the practical work of the party consists in attacking all existing institutions, and in promoting a spirit of deeply laid enmity in the German working classes for the upper circles, the kingship, and especially for all forms of religion which entail the worship of a God of any kind. No positive doctrines are to be formulated, but out of the chaos will arise the new system, and, at present, men can

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be united easily for a negation, but not for a creed. We shall probably see in the near future how far the negative character of the movement will conduce to its strength and unity; but with the increase of socialistic education a mere negation is, in our opinion, scarcely calculated to be of sufficient force to arouse and to keep up for any great length of time the enthusiasm of a calm reasoning population, better known for common sense than for passion and idealism, like the German—and, already we hear the sounds of discord.

The key-note of German Socialism is that anthropology must supersede theology. Such is the philosophy as founded in the country by Lassalle. It did not take root at first, and Lassalle was much discouraged as one workmen's club after another rejected his doctrines. But great movements often experience reverses at their commencement. He that soweth in tears reapeth in joy. Lassalle was not destined to see the seeds he had sown bear fruit, for he was somewhat ignominiously struck down in a private duel at the early age of thirty-nine. Nevertheless, Germany, which had until then been spoken of as wonderfully free from all such subversive doctrines and their propagandists, unlike England and France, who were weighed down by their huge proletariate classes, had been thoroughly infiltrated with the new philosophy. Religion had been gradually disappearing from the German mind, and consequently the new doctrines were able to implant themselves on, so to speak, a virgin soil. Prince Bismarck's repressive legislation was all that was necessary to lash the most earnest apostles of Lassalle to fury, and the contagion spread with an energy which has made the movement what it is now—namely, one of the first in importance that the Reichstag has had to deal with, which, if feebly represented in the House of Legislature with thirty-four members, counts a larger electorate than any other party throughout the Empire. The practical aim for the moment is gradually to raise wages until the workman becomes possessed of all the profits that accrue from his labour, and thus the wages system will be ultimately abolished altogether. One day a great revolution, not an insurrection, will take place, but the emancipation of the German people will be heralded by the crowing of the Gallic cock. Mr. Rae has described the progress of German Socialism with a clearness and simplicity we have never seen equalled. There are also excellent chapters on Russian Nihilism and on the Christian, we might almost call it the Roman Catholic, Socialism now so much in vogue in Christian France. Mr. Rae has written an exceedingly clever book.

Monsieur J. M. Guyau's book, *Education and Heredity*,[1] has been creditably translated by Mr. W. J. Greenstreet, and presented to the public in the "Contemporary Science" series of Mr. Walter Scott.

[1] *Education and Heredity.* By J. M. Guyau. Translated by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A. London: Walter Scott. 1891.

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Though M. Guyau was gathered to his fathers at the early age of thirty-one, he had already done much valuable work with his pen. His health had broken down when he was still in his twenty-first year, and he was compelled to reside on the coast of the Mediterranean, but from his study in the Sunny South, many thoughtful books were issued, among them one very famous one called "Vers d'un Philosoph," still widely read. The work on education, translated by Mr. Greenstreet, is a scientific and metaphysical inquiry into the probable results on posterity of the various systems of education and youthful training which now obtain in the principal countries of Europe. The early part of the book is psychological, and beside the general deductions the author makes, he supplies us with some valuable information concerning the power of hypnotism as made use of by some Parisian physicians for the cure of the moral ailments of criminals. In the hypnotised state much can be done for this end merely by means of suggestion. In regard to the education of the child, the author lays down that it must never be forgotten that the infant (in a book of this kind one is almost tempted to call it the subject) is only a single link in a long chain, whose character is formed by heredity (hence the title), and who is destined by the nature of his after life to influence the characters of his offspring far into the future. Thus, the idea of unity in the race, and through the race, of mankind is clearly brought out, for each individual is nothing more than an atom in a vast organism influencing and influenced by his surroundings. The idea is illustrated in the preface by an instance of a family which, starting with a drunkard, produced in seventy-five years, 200 thieves and assassins, 248 invalids, and 90 prostitutes.

Abnormal tendencies manifest themselves early in youth, and education should be a constant corrective to such tendencies. M. Guyau speaks highly of the independent spirit engendered by our English school system, but though he thinks physical training to be every bit as important as mental, and that this physical training is best acquired by out-door sports and games, there are drawbacks from the English physical over-pressure as great and grievous as those resulting from the mental over-pressure of the French school system. The mere athlete is no more moral a man than the mere student. The point of the book lies in the attempt to ascertain where to draw the line, and how far the objects of education, which must never be narrowed down to mere instruction, whether of the body, the mind, or the character, can be benefited by knowledge, by exercise, by training, and by the influence of one individual on his fellows. We must commend the little book and the efforts of the translator. Was the author cut off in the prime of his manhood lest he should discover the philosopher's stone?

Mr. Charles Booth has published the second volume of his

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admirable work on the *Labour and Life of the People of London.*[1] After the brilliant success achieved by the first volume of the same work, every one interested in the great social problem of the capital (and who is not?) looked forward to the completion of the larger studies which were to form the contents of the sequel with a good deal of expectation, which expectation has been fully realised by the result now placed in our hands. Mr. Booth must have laboured with some trepidation in his efforts not to fall below the standard he had already set for himself. As far as we can form an opinion of the later production it seems to be more purely statistical than the earlier, and we learn from the advertisement supplied with the book that the author intends to add the details concerning the various occupations of the people, and to deal generally with the industrial position of London in a future volume, in which he also intends to describe "the numerous agencies which are at work amongst the poor, to trace the connection between poverty and pauperism, and to show the working of the poor laws." The volume now issued is divided into four parts, in the first of which the whole population of London is classified as follows:

A.	Lowest class, vicious semi-criminal . . .	37,610	or 0.9 per cent.
B.	Very poor casual class .	316,834	„ 7.5 „
C–D.	Poor 18*s.* to 21*s.* a week for a moderate family .	938,293	„ 22.3 „
E–F.	Working-class, comfortable	2,166,503	„ 51.5 „
G–H.	Middle class and above .	749,930	„ 17.8 „
		4,209,170	
	Inmates of institutions .	99,830	
		4,309,000	

which, according to the returns, is slightly in excess of the population at the last census, but the error is not so important as to in any way diminish the value of the book. Of course, in dealing with the larger area the same minuteness could not be expected of the author as when only the smaller one was being discussed. That would indeed be the work of a Hercules. Mr. Booth has in this volume taken the street as the unit for his calculations instead of the family. But the aims of the two volumes are not precisely similar. In the present one we apprehend that the author rather designs his labours as a basis upon which the social question can be dealt with on the most scientific albeit benevolent method. It is intended to give the social reformers and legislators a complete set of statistics, so that they may fully understand the nature of the work which they are about to undertake. The earlier one, it will be remembered, appeared when the London riots were still holding the

[1] *Labour and Life of the People.* By Charles Booth. London: Williams & Norgate. 1891.

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population in a state if not of absolute fear, at least of some misgiving, lest at no very distant date a huge army of poverty-stricken inhabitants of the East End should arise and overrun the rich and fashionable quarters of the metropolis. In the appendix Mr. Booth has followed the same plan as M. Lefebure, in his book *Le Devoir Social*, a study of poverty in Paris, adding a series of maps showing the relative proportion of the different classes of the people in the streets of the metropolis. But they are much larger charts, and consequently contain a much more minute and more detailed and far clearer exposition of the contents of the book. We shall await the forthcoming volume with interest, and we may add with impatience.

M. de Molinari's manual, *Notions Fondamentales D'Economie Politique*,[1] is written with a double object. It is what the title implies, a complete reference book on the study of political economy, which gives all the laws of the science; also, not only the author's own ideas, but the views of the leaders of the science of all countries corrected and expanded up to date, and is consequently a manual which, coming from the pen of so famed a writer, should be, and no doubt will be, in the hands of every student of the science in France. It will, moreover, add its mite to the further progress of the science in helping the economical professors of the various universities to form their views on questions at present still unsettled. If it be borne in mind that the author is a staunch free-trader, so clear and well-argued a work ought to have some modifying influence on the protectionist craze that has possessed the intellects of the deputies of the French Chamber. The author is gifted with that wonderful clearness of exposition that often distinguishes French books on abstruse subjects from those of other nations. The same might be said of Bastiat, who shows the fallacy of a whole theory by a single anecdote. A well-known instance is that in which the theory that trade was benefited by destruction is proved to be a false idea altogether. M. de Molinari, in something of the same spirit, describes the formation of colonies on the protectionist idea that they are to be maintained exclusively for the good of the mother country as paralleled by a railway company which declines to carry any passengers but such as are in one way or another connected with the company. In such a case a few individuals would benefit enormously, but at a disastrous expense to the company. We see in this instance, and in the whole chapter in which it appears, a speciality, as the book is rather intended to criticise the views of the French colonial party, and becomes therefore a specially national work. In the chapter on Socialistic remedies the character of the author as an individualist is strongly marked. Now the

[1] *Notions Fondamentales D'Economie Politique.* Par M. de Molinari. Paris: Librairie Guillaumin & Co. 1891.

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whole basis of the position of the socialist lies in the fact that he teaches that *property* in land ought not to exist—that the land once was, and ought to be again, the common property of the whole people. We have not, until the appearance of M. de Molinari's book, seen this doctrine what we should call fundamentally contradicted, and here we can pay the author the compliment of admitting that he has shown a great creative power in pushing the study on into newer paths than any of the other leaders of political thought, who seem to confine themselves to criticising and perfecting the doctrines of the earlier authors, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and John Stuart Mill, have done. M. de Molinari denies that land is in the first instance common, and he signalises the discovery of the New World, and the enormous capital Spain expended in its acquisition, and with what little result as far as she was concerned as a proof. The argument is certainly specious, and if we had space we should be glad to deal with it at length; as it is we must confine ourselves to chronicling the observation, and leave the discussion as to its merits to our readers, who would do well to purchase the volume, and read it at their leisure. M. de Molinari's book is clever, well-argued, thorough, and yet easy to understand—the perfection of writing, we may add, in a study which is everybody's science.

When a book is published which is the fruit of many years reflection it is a presumption in favour of its value. Such is the history of M. Alphonse Laigle's series of studies on Education,[1] considered in the light of the struggle for life. Written by a Frenchman whose acquaintance with English methods of training, and whose admiration for much that has so far been peculiar to our schools should gain him the sympathy of English readers, the dozen chapters which complete the volume are full of suggestions as to the best method of teaching the youthful idea how to shoot. Heredity is properly first considered; and afterwards, in turn, habit, the spirit of imitation, memory, sleep, suggestion, the need of activity, games, languages, education of character, the moral sense and that of the beautiful; while the influence of a mother, considered in a chapter apart, is dwelt upon with an emphasis fitting to the part she plays in the bringing up of the family. One fact stated in the author's preface lends an extra, withal melancholy, charm to these pages. They were originally prepared for the guidance of two cherished sons—the only two—both of whom died in youth, just as their father's work might have most fully profited them. Let us say in a few words that M. Laigle's style is easy and polished, his views liberal, and his acquaintance with all that has been written on the subject of education by his predecessors that of the true *savant*. His erudition, indeed, has led him into one fault, that of too frequent

[1] *L'Education, au point de vue de la Lutte pour La Vie.* Par Alphonse Laigle, Officier d'Académie. Paris: Lecène, Oudin et Cie.

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citations. These latter are always apposite; but we do not see why the author should not have boldly digested the greater part of them, and added them as his own matter to the book. In one point, too, we cannot altogether agree with him. In speaking of "La rôle de la femme," he seems to us scarcely to realise the large zone of human life in which sex, so to speak, mingles. In this zone where feminine natures tend towards the masculine, and the masculine towards the feminine, there should be the utmost liberty allowed each nature, whichever the sex, to develop itself into all that it can properly do and become. In bringing out a second edition, M. Laigle would do well to correct a few errors of printing, among which are two English words misspelt; the one, the name of *Lord Shaftesbury*, and the other the epithet *shocking*, which nearly all Frenchmen write without the "c."

Two more volumes on African travels:

> "....thick and fast, they come at last,
> And more and more, and more."

Under the Lone Star,[1] by Charles Somerville Latrobe Bateman, would look nice on any drawing-room table. It has a neat cover, is printed on good paper, has fifty-seven illustrations, and two maps reproduced from the author's own original drawings. All this information we have gathered from the title page. What indeed must be the contents of a volume which can boast of such a significant title-page! We may say that the interior of the book is up to the average of its kind. The author was second in command in an expedition undertaken by Doctor Wolf to escort king Calemba on his return up the Kasai after he had assisted Lieutenant Wissman in his explorations of that river. The volume is full of information of a general character, and is entertaining throughout. Too much is made perhaps of the squabbles and bickerings of the party at the outset, but this is apparently only intended to amuse the reader. Soon after the start from Kinchasa the steamer *En Avant* was wrecked, and could not be repaired, as the tools had been forgotten. On page 66 we note that on the confines of the river Lulua the party built themselves a log house, which when almost completed fell down without any assistance from any one, in needless emulation of London street jerrybuilding. There are some interesting plates showing the physiognomy of typical inhabitants of the Bakèté tribe, and also specimens of native workmanship in metal, inlaid drinking cups, and battle axes, &c. In short the book is very readable.

The other book called *The Arab and African*,[2] by Tristram Pruen, is pre-eminently what we should call a useful *vade mecum*. The

[1] *Under the Lone Star.* By Charles Somerville Latrobe Bateman. London: George Philip & Son. 1889.

[2] *The Arab and the African.* By S. Tristram Pruen, M.D. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

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author writes about Eastern Equatorial Africa much as a citizen of the United States would write about his own country—for the felicity of the barbarian. From the opening to the last page we notice the volume is written not by one who has not travelled only, but who has lived in the country for some considerable time, and has adopted it as his own; who is well acquainted both with the place and with the people. He has written moreover with an object, and this is to give the Englishman who may be about to betake himself to those regions a few useful hints of advice. First we have a description of the animals, the manner in which the hunting dog stalks his prey, the cunning of the hyena, the timidity of the lion, who it appears makes off if he smells a man, whenever it is possible to do so, and the white ant who does the work of the worm in more temperate climes. The author takes up the evolutionary stages from the vegetable to the animal world, and thence to the human. "The study of mankind is man," and in chapter iv. we have the daily habits of the people. The women sweep out the huts so well that although the author slept more than once in such a shanty he never was troubled with vermin. The women seem to do most of the work, while the men devour "ugali," smoke, and talk about the news from the coast, and of the prospects of war. Another valuable chapter is that on the subject of the climate, and the diseases, and how to guard against them. The Englishman delights when first he arrives in Africa at the prospect of perpetual sunshine, and does not find the heat nearly so oppressive as he expected, consequently he takes no precautions, and is soon *seduced* to the downfall of his health. The author does not paint the Arab slave driver so black as we should have expected, and the following passage on the subject of the slave is significant: "Many of these adult slaves when freed are handed over to us by Government. But what can be done for them? Very little. Not many of them are willing to do steady, honest work; and some I fear may go back voluntarily into slavery again. They prefer their Arab masters to their English or German deliverers, who want them to work hard, and who do not treat them as if they were fellow-countrymen. Their Arab masters, if already possessed of many slaves, do not require much work from them; and though they will kick them one day, will sit down to a meal with them the next, and behave as their brother and father. There is a good deal of human nature in such a preference. People of any colour prefer those who treat them as brothers to those who treat them as servants only, even though the brother may be hasty and bad tempered, and the master just and good-tempered." Is the master just and good-tempered always? Is he generally a paragon of stern perfection? Is he any better than the Arab!

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

BOOKS of biography may be roughly divided into two classes: the lives of men of action, who have played a part of some interest in the events of their time, and the lives of men of thought, who have perhaps formulated for themselves, and certainly followed out, some principle of conduct, to which all else has been sacrificed. *The Life of Laurence Oliphant*[1] presents this difficulty, that to a certain extent it combines these two lives. Oliphant was a man of action—a considerable traveller, a diplomatist, a member of Parliament, a Canadian Minister; he was also a man of thought—a Presbyterian Evangelical, a doubter, a mystic. He was essentially a man of double aspect and two-fold interest, and, as was necessary, the two main lines of his life sometimes crossed and marred one another.

It is not possible to do more than glance briefly at the events of Oliphant's life, which will help largely to explain the views which are associated with his name. His early life was spent in Ceylon, where his father was Chief Justice, travelling in Nepaul, through Europe, and especially in Russia, where he gained personal knowledge of the Crimea, before then almost unknown, and which was of considerable value at the outbreak of the Russian War. With his travel-gained knowledge of the world behind him, Oliphant next turned to diplomacy. In 1854 he went to Washington as Lord Elgin's private secretary, and helped in the negotiation of the commercial treaty with the United States of that year. After working for a short while in Canada as superintendent of Indian affairs, Oliphant visited China and became *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo. But he soon gave up diplomatic work, and in 1861 returned to England in order to live near his mother. Oliphant now seemed likely to settle down at home and become a prominent politician. He was elected to represent the Stirling Burghs in Parliament, and a brilliant career was before him. Well-known by his writings, socially a favourite, a good speaker, a specialist in his knowledge of certain questions of foreign policy and diplomacy, Oliphant startled the world, however, by throwing up all his prospects, and from 1867 to 1870 disappeared from England. When he returned from his three years' sojourn with Harris at Brocton, he lived in France, as *Times* correspondent during the war. There he met Miss Le Strange, whom he shortly afterwards married, and won over to share his own belief in Harris.

The closing years of Oliphant's life were probably the happiest.

[1] *Memoirs of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his Wife.* By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. Two volumes. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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After having shaken himself free from Harris's influence, he travelled about in Eastern Europe, until he established his colony at Haifa. There in 1886 his wife died, and after a visit to England Oliphant himself followed her, a few days after having married again. The story of this life of adventure is well told, partly in the letters of Oliphant himself, which are filled with interesting and amusing details and observations, and partly in the words of the writer of the memoir, whose charms and fascination of style is seen to its full in this biography.

We have said enough of the external events of Laurence Oliphant's life to show how varied is the interest of this memoir of a man of action, a diplomatist, adventurer, politician; we must now glance at the other aspect of his character as a man of thought, an enthusiast, cynic, mystic. It is impossible here to give any definite outline of Oliphant's mental development, each reader must trace that for himself, but we will note what seem to have been the chief factors of his mental composition.

The foundation of Oliphant's mind seems to have been based upon two facts of his early life—the want of regular, systematic education, and the vigorous Presbyterian Evangelicalism of his parents. The first of these was due to the absence of his parents from England, and their affection for their son, which would not allow them to leave him in England, even for purposes of education. So young Oliphant missed the discipline of a public school, and the mental training of a university. It is probable that to this fact he owed the want of mental ballast, and lack of a broad and comprehensive view of life, which made him so intolerant of the faults of others, and so incapable of reconciling the twofold aspects of man's life, the inner and the outer, the spiritual and material. The second feature in Oliphant's education seems to have been the strong religious feeling of his parents, especially of Lady Oliphant, which was impressed most keenly on Laurence's mind, owing to the strong love that existed between mother and son. There can be but little doubt that to this Oliphant owed the serious view that he took of life. His sense of individual responsibility, and of the need of self-sacrifice, can also be traced to the same source. In the same way his spiritual self-consciousness and almost morbid self-judgment were due to his mother's early insistence that her son's letters should tell her his inmost thoughts and feelings. But a real gain which Laurence received from his parents was the strong belief that religious profession and actual conduct should agree—that faith should affect conduct, that religion must be measured by its influence.

If we allow that these influences were at work during his early years it is comparatively easy to follow the course of Oliphant's later changes. As he grew older he found himself unable to accept the excessive dogmatism of his parents' creed, and consequently he

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found that his professed religion had little or no influence on his conduct, but at the same time he felt the need of some belief which would enable him to live well and do well. So Oliphant passed through a period of anxious doubt—restless, unsatisfied, and impatient. At this crisis of his life it was that he met Harris, and it is easy to see why he fell so entirely under his influence. The denial of self, which was exaggerated into destruction of individual character and entire blotting out of all personality, together with the agreement between faith and practice, and the absence of dogma, all appealed to feelings in Oliphant's own mind which were the product of his early life. No doubt, too, the extraordinary magnetic influence which Harris, like Oliphant himself in a lesser degree, exerted over all who came in contact with him, helped largely to complete the submission of the one to the other. That Harris was an impostor it is difficult to believe; that Oliphant was incapable of rational action it is impossible to believe. The Harris influence grew gradually, and was not hastily formed, and was really due to the fact that Oliphant found in Harris a teacher who had felt and solved the problem that had so long troubled himself—the problem of making creed and practice agree.

It is, therefore, not surprising that he should have followed his new teacher; but we may well wonder at the self-sacrifice that Oliphant made in giving up his brilliant Parliamentary prospects and retiring to Brocton; we may well wonder, too, how he was able to persuade his wife to believe in, and give herself up so completely to, the same influence. After a time, reaction came. Harris was not all that Oliphant thought him; it may be that his head was turned by his success; at any rate, the separation of husband and wife, the death of Lady Oliphant, and troubles about his property, led to the complete estrangement of the two and final breach between the Oliphants and the Brocton community. During the rest of his life, Oliphant became more and more of a mystic; but his faith and practice agreed. Nowhere more than at Haifa did he show better his true kindness and generosity which had been with him all through his life.

We cannot pretend to have explained the strange life which Mrs. Oliphant has told so admirably. We can only hope that we may persuade many, who have not already done so, to read for themselves this *Memoir*, which is of such singular interest as the record of a true and noble life. Mistaken Oliphant may have been, but he was sincere; misguided he may also have been, but he learnt to make his faith and practice agree. We cannot omit to mention the excellent way in which the Life is written. Mrs. Oliphant has put forward all the charm and fascination of her style in the attempt to tell the tale of her kinsman's life, and that she has succeeded in her task few will dispute. There is hardly a dull page in these two

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volumes of over six hundred pages, not an unnecessary letter printed, nor an unkind word said. Such praise can be given to but few modern biographies.

The fifth volume of "The World's Great Explorers Series" will maintain the reputation that has been won by the earlier volumes already published. Captain Albert Markham has told the tale of the life and death of *Sir John Franklin*,[1] in connection with Arctic discovery during the present century; and the tale is well worth the telling. Franklin's birthplace was near the sea, and his youth fell in stirring times. Consequently, the earlier part of his life presents an interesting picture of the Napoleonic War. Franklin was present at the fights at Copenhagen and at Trafalgar, and under Dance helped to defeat Linois in the Straits of Malacca. But the true value of his life is to be looked for in more peaceable though not less dangerous events. Before describing his first voyage of exploration under Captain Flinders in 1801, Captain Markham gives a brief summary of previous discoveries in Australasian waters; and in the same way introduces and completes Franklin's Arctic voyages by similar accounts of what had been found out before his first journey in 1818, and of what progress has been made in Arctic exploration since his death. Thus the life of *Sir John Franklin* forms a brief history of Arctic discovery, as well as a history of one of its greatest heroes. An excellent map of Arctic America, illustrating the progress of discovery, by being printed in different colours according to various dates, still further completes the usefulness of this part of Captain Markham's book.

Into the details of Franklin's life we cannot enter, but we can strongly recommend the reading of them, and especially of the parts which deal with his three Arctic voyages. In 1818 as lieutenant in David Buchan's expedition to the North Pole, Franklin began his work in Arctic regions. After this, he commanded two land expeditions, with the object of exploring the North shore of Arctic America. Both of these journeys occasioned terrible suffering to all who took part in them, but resulted in the making known of over a thousand miles of coast line. From 1828 to 1844, Franklin was engaged on other service, partly as Governor of Van Diemen's Land, partly in the Mediterranean. In 1845, he set out on his last voyage to find the North-West passage, with the two ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. The story of the terrible sufferings endured, and of the death of Sir John, are told by Captain Markham as fully and as clearly as is possible. The loss of one of her greatest explorers was the price that England paid for the finding of the North-West passage.

Captain Markham has added to his account maps and portraits.

[1] *Sir John Franklin* ("The World's Great Explorers Series"). By Captain A. H Markham. London: George Philip & Son. 1891.

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The former are excellent, the latter usually so. The style of the book is generally good, clear, and sympathetic; but at times the author is a little inclined to be unnecessarily wordy and diffuse, and it is unwise to attempt a long narration in the present tense. For all that, we can give full praise to Captain Markham's work, and allot it a place side by side with the lives of *John Davis* and of *Magellan.*

The three latest volumes in the "Story of the Nations Series" deal with the histories of Mexico, Portugal, and the Normans, and are of very unequal value and interest. The first of these, *Mexico* [1] is written by Susan Hale, and tells the tale of Mexican history from the earliest times of obscurity up to the present time. To the solution of problems of its early history and civilisation, Miss Hale has contributed little beyond stating the questions and some of the theories that have been put forward; she then leaves the reader, as she says, "to decide for himself whether to regard these theories as the airy fabric of a vision or made up out of the whole cloth." More room is given to the history of Spanish conquest, and the doings of Cortés are well described. The further we read through this *History of Mexico* the more we feel that its author has succeeded in her task of telling so long a story in so small a volume. It is true that the earlier parts of the book are sketchy, but the middle and later parts tell in sufficient detail the parts of Mexican history which will be most interesting to the majority of readers. The Spanish occupation, and subsequent revolutions, as well as the troubles of the present century and of Maximilian, are carefully described, and occupy the greatest amount of room in the book. The opening chapter deals with the physical features of Mexico, and might have been well omitted, had a better map been prefixed to the volume. It is worthy of notice that, as a rule, the maps in all the volumes of this series are but sorry productions; and to this rule these books are no exception. We have seldom seen maps less intelligent and less attractive than those in the *Story of the Normans,* and the same is true also of those in both *Mexico* and *Portugal,* though of the last mentioned book in a less degree. The illustrations of the series are far better, especially good are the pictures of early Mexican carvings and statues, and of examples of Portuguese buildings. The writer of the *Story of the Normans* [2] has taken her illustrations chiefly from the Bayeux tapestry, and the reproductions, robbed of the charm of colour, look singularly ridiculous. Nor in other respects has she been more successful. Far too much room is given to what, in so small a book, is better omitted. The reader is too often exhorted and addressed, and the writer is too fond of taking up the position of teacher, and seems to imitate the pleasant simplicity of Professor

[1] *Mexico.* By Susan Hale. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.
[2] *The Normans.* By Sarah O. Jewett. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

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Freeman's *Old English History*, which was, of course, avowedly written for children. In the same way the book is too wordy. It is surely possible to tell of Longsword's death without devoting two pages and a half to the description of how the news came and was told to Richard the Fearless at Bayeux. Again, the account of the departure of Tancred's sons to Apulia is worthy, not of an historian, but of a romance writer.

We are given few dates and still fewer authorities, and in many cases we notice errors. We are told at length the Norman version of Harold's oath to William, which may or may not be true, but is undoubtedly exaggerated and untrustworthy. The derivation of the phrase *hue and cry*, as given on page 49, is only equalled in its absurdity by the tracing of the English custom to *Ha Rou!* an invoking of justice in Duke Rolf's name. The same lack of scholarship is also seen in small mistakes, like the spelling of Witanagemot instead of correctly Witenagemot.

The story of *Portugal*[1] is a book of very different kind, and of it we need say but little. Mr. Stephens is already known as an historian of no small power and research, of which his *History of the French Revolution* is evidence; and we feel at once in looking through his book on Portugal that we have before us the work of a real scholar. In the preface we are given a long list of books on the history of Portugal, which will be of the greatest value to those who are interested in the subject. It is a matter of reproach that so few English names appear in the list, but it is a reproach that we may hope will be removed after Mr. Stephens has so ably led the way for further discoverers. It is impossible to follow through the tale of Portugal; the manner of telling is at times a little dull, but becomes more interesting as we get further into the book. Mr. Stephens has disproved the identity of Portugal with Lusitania, and carried down his history to the present day. His book will certainly succeed in rousing interest in the past of Portugal, even if it does not help, as he hopes, towards the peaceable settlement of our difficulties with that country. It will also take a high place among the series of which in number it ranks twenty-eighth.

The chapter of contemporary history which Mr. Clayden has dealt with in his *England under Lord Beaconsfield*[2] is one of no ordinary interest and importance. That a Government with a majority of 106 votes, or 48 without the Irish vote, should in six years hand over the administration to the Opposition with a majority of 112, needs explanation. Such an explanation Mr. Clayden has attempted. He begins his history with the general election of 1874, and traces minutely the action and policy of the Disraeli Government down to

[1] *Portugal.* By H. Morse Stephens. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.
[2] *England under Lord Beaconsfield.* By P. W. Clayden. Third and popular edition. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

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the election of 1880. The book in its present form is not a new one, though changed and added to since the first edition of 1880, and we cannot help thinking that it still preserves too much its original character of being written as a political pamphlet before the general election of that year. Here is our main objection to Mr. Clayden's work. We are too near the events of Lord Beaconsfield's administration to form any true estimate of their real importance or meaning; we can as yet only give praise or blame to matters of policy in the same way and in the same degree that we can give an opinion on current questions and political problems of to-day. We do not know enough of the circumstances under which certain action was taken, nor can we trace its results sufficiently clearly to pronounce definite judgment upon it. Mr. Clayden has forgotten this, with the necessary result that his book partakes more of the nature of a political pamphlet than of an historical work. As an annalist, he has written down the events of six years of history; as a political partisan, he has criticised these events, but he has not been able, as an historian, to show the causes of certain acts of policy, nor to tell us that the results of the measures he condemns will be permanently bad.

A glance at this book will prove the above remarks. In the first few pages, though Mr. Clayden condemns the secrecy and suddenness of Mr. Gladstone's dissolution in 1874, he shows a tendency to explain away all Mr. Gladstone's remarks and actions which have offended many, and to adversely criticise all the speeches and schemes of Mr. Disraeli. As we read further through the book, this tendency becomes a fixed principle, and even extends itself to the page headings. Thus, for example, we read "Mr. Disraeli romances," "Parliament deceived again," and on three alternate pages "Bills scrambled through," "Bills abandoned wholesale," "Unparalleled legislative failure." On the other hand, when a page heading deals with Mr. Gladstone it does so in a far more friendly spirit—"Mr. Gladstone's great speech," and such like. There is no mention of romance or deceit in such connection. Now, we do not wish to imply that Mr. Gladstone ever did romance, or that Mr. Disraeli ever did make a great speech; but we must protest in the interests of history that such question-begging epithets ought not to find a place in a serious book of historical research; in the interests of politics they are, no doubt, admissible, or at least customary.

In denying to Mr. Clayden's book the title of a history, we do not wish to undervalue the book itself. It is a painstaking and laborious compilation of facts, and tells its tale in a way at once coherent and interesting. It is, perhaps, too long, and too much space is given to long quotations from speeches, often in themselves quite unimportant. But the book will be useful. It represents the average Opposition view of the Conservative government of Lord Beaconsfield, and will,

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no doubt, become a popular handbook for local Liberal politicians and newspaper editors.

There is no ignorance as a rule more complete than that of the ordinary Englishman with regard to English colonies, and therefore we welcome the appearance of any book which will tend to throw light on any part of the subject. The *Colony of New Zealand*,[1] by Mr. William Gisborne, deals with a small part of our great colonial possessions, and contains a great amount of carefully collected information. The earlier part of the book deals with the history of New Zealand from its discovery by Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in 1642, up to the year 1881. The narrative, especially of more recent times, is well and clearly told. More interesting, perhaps, to the historian will be the first two chapters telling of the habits and customs of the Maoris, which are full of odd bits of peculiar knowledge. But Mr. Gisborne has really written his book for the purpose of enlightening intending immigrants. He has consequently given a large amount of space to the various provincial districts, their resources, climate, and characteristics. Such information, supplemented by statistical tables and careful accounts of trade, will do much to facilitate successful immigration, and the account of the progress of the colony in all respects will do still more. Thus, the population of New Zealand between 1871 and 1881 has almost doubled itself, the land under cultivation has increased fourfold, and the general exported produce (excluding wool and gold) has become three times as great as it was ten years before. At the same time, we are told that, "speaking generally, the cost of living is lower, as compared to earnings, than in England," but clothing is 15 per cent. dearer. The information in appendix C as to rates of wages and demand for labour is useful, and should be consulted by those who are interested in the question of emigration.

As an aid towards understanding both the complex character of Pestalozzi,[2] and the principles of education which he endeavoured to establish, a more useful biography than that of M. J. Guillaume could hardly have been written. Largely illustrated by original documents, which are well worked into the narrative, and being so fitted into contemporary history as to exhibit the subject in the general as well as in the particular, the work of the author yet brings into reasonable compass the mass of facts which go to make up Pestalozzi's strange and troubled career. The reader assists at the evolution of a drama full of moving incidents: the hero's marriage; his failure as a farmer; his first efforts in juvenile education; the growth of the "system," first as a series of experiments, then widening out into a national and continental method; his financial struggles, a life-long burden; last of all his relations with

[1] *The Colony of New Zealand: its History, Vicissitudes, and Progress.* By William Gisborne. London: E. A. Petherick & Co. 1891.

[2] *Pestalozzi; Etude Biographique.* Par J. Guillaume. Hachette et Cie. 1890.

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his various coadjutors and the weary Schmid dispute; all this is simply but nervously told, in such a way as to never tire the attention. M. Guillaume has taken the wise precaution to give references for all statements which touch on disputable ground; and the foot-notes, copious enough, have all of them a *raison d'être* which justifies their insertion. Pestalozzi's system naturally finds its progressive exposition in the author's pages. An excursus supplementing its narrative and fragmentary character would have been a welcome addition.

The making of dictionaries is a task requiring vast application and patience as well as vast erudition. It is therefore a compliment to German scholarship that, in publishing a dictionary of classical antiquities, Professor Nettleship and Dr. Sandys[1] should have preferred to translate and revise the work of Dr. Oskar Seyffert than to write an entirely original text. Without having the German of Dr. Seyffert before us it is impossible to know what is his exact share in the total result. According to the preface of the translators, large additions and considerable corrections have been made; and in spite of one or two indications as to their nature, the reader in the main is unable to distinguish the later from the earlier material. The volume which the English editors have issued is handsomely bound and copiously illustrated. The printing is clear and properly supplied with larger type and italics in the parts where distinction is necessary. And if the aim of the dictionary be to supply a book of sufficiently ample reference to the general student, it will with but little exception answer its purpose. On the other hand, a student in any particular branch of mythology, religion, literature, or art—such are the items mentioned in the sub-title—who should think to meet with an adequate guide in the information placed under the various headings, is likely to find himself disappointed. The stricture does not apply so much, it is true, to the articles on mythology. The sources of this branch of learning lie nearer to the surface, whereas in philosophy, literature, and art, the study requisite to disclose their origins is of a more searching kind. To notice in full the lacunas which exist in Mr. Nettleship's and in Dr. Sandy's work—for it is they who must be charged with the defects—would far exceed the limits of a brief notice. Indeed, we frankly confess not to have been able to follow up the examination right through the book. By testing, however, in the different sections we have found deficiencies numerous enough to justify our criticism, and proceed to quote a few instances in support of our assertion.

A fairly long section is devoted in the dictionary to dealing with the relation of the dithyramb to the choral lyrism of Greece. Yet we search in vain for any suggestion on the philological side as to

[1] *A Dictionary of Classical Antiquities: from the German of Dr. Oskar Seyffert.* Revised and Edited with additions by Henry Nettleship, M.A., and J. E. Sandy, Litt. D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891. New York: Macmillan & Co.

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the origin of this kind of poetry. The editors must know, however, that, notwithstanding the obscurity which surrounds the question, a reasonable hypothesis enables us to connect διθύραμβος with θρίαμβος, thence with the Latin *triumphus*. Further, it is known that, in accordance with the etymology suggested by Wilamwitz-Moellendorf, who takes the word θύραμβος or θρίαμβος to mean *divine*, the dithyramb, even before it became attached to the cult of Dionysus, meant a lyrical composition, accompanied by dancing, in honour of the gods, as opposed to those which were simply recreative or warlike. Of less importance, but still deserving of note, is the failure to mention the *citharis*, and to distinguish it from the *cithara* as being a less powerful instrument. Side by side with this omission is the attempt to distinguish between the *lyre*, the *cithara*, and the *phorminx*, a distinction which, indeed, so far as the use of authors goes, does not hold good.

Leaving with these two examples the part which deals with word-lore, we must take serious exception to the treatment of the Greek philosophers. The work here strikes us as superficial and unsympathetic; and some kind of bias, we will not presume to say of what kind, seems to have prevented the authors from giving due weight and statement to the various schools of Greek thought. In general there is no connection attempted between them; whereas a few comparisons would have related contemporaries and successors in one intelligible whole. In particular, in the system of Heraclitus, the point is missed that the ultimate principle of fire on which the philosopher insisted is used figuratively, with that confusion between abstract and concrete for which the Greeks were noted, to symbolise the flux of all things. Fire, being the most unstable element known to the ancients, was taken by Heraclitus to represent the idea. We might further ask the editors why they have omitted Seneca's contrast between Heraclitus the weeping and Democritus the laughing philosopher; the statement of Diogenes Läertius that the great work of Heraclitus *On Nature* had for alternative title *The Muses;* the name of his father Blyson, since this is with some certainty known. These details are, of course, not essential. But they would have been acceptable evidence of care in writing.

The same charge of incompleteness applies with considerable *àpropos* to many of the articles on the literary celebrities of Greece and Rome. A few great names are dwelt upon. The rest are passed over with very small notice. Yet some of them are important in the literary evolution of their country. We may here signal one defect which characterises the book throughout, to wit, the dearth of reference to original biographical works which form the basis of all modern knowledge on the characters of classical antiquities. It would have been easy to place in brackets at the end of each article the names, even the books and chapters, of the authors whose

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writings could at once be consulted by students who are acquainted with Greek and Latin.

As a last criticism, we beg leave to suggest that the authors have gone beyond their task in the article on "Marriage." The following paragraph is surely an assumption which should not have been introduced into an historical notice at all. "The second Punic war was followed by a state of social corruption which extended to the female sex, the degradation of which was completed by the dissolution of the moral ties brought about by the civil wars. One symptom of the loosening of family life was the increasing number of marriages which did not bring the wives into the power of their husbands." The debatable matter introduced into this brief space raises a question upon which critics differ widely, and we can hardly think that the editors have inserted it in a judicial frame of mind. A good word in conclusion. The criticisms we have passed are based especially on the assumption that the dictionary has been published with intention to reply to the needs of University students, even of those in the Honour Schools. The gilded cover and the wealth of engraving, to which we have already made allusion, savour more of the library and the drawing-room. Here it will undoubtedly succeed.

The great war of 1870–'71 is now so long past as to be almost forgotten, at least in its minor details, and so we welcome a short pamphlet of some thirty pages which recalls an episode which has probably passed from the memory of all save those who actually took part in it. M. Edmond Renouard has told the story of General Mac Adaras,[1] who played a part of some prominence in those troublous times. The first service of distinction that Captain Mac Adaras performed was in India in 1858, where he showed great courage and readiness of mind in moments of extreme danger. He was in command of a half-battery of mounted artillery and two squadrons of irregular cavalry, which were engaged in the work of reducing Bengal to obedience. On one occasion, acting as main guard, Mac Adaras and his troops were surprised by two regiments of rebel cavalry. Deserted by his own irregular squadrons, the Captain saved the rest of his troops by extraordinary daring and coolness. After service in India he returned home, but soon wearied of life in barracks. This discontent, together with his liking for the French, and his intimate acquaintance with that country, led him, after the outbreak of the Franco-German War, to propose the formation of a corps of Irish Volunteers, which should create a diversion in favour of France by attacking the North German coast.

Mac Adaras made this offer to the French Government, but his brother officers backed out of their agreement, and he was left to

[1] *Biographie de M. Mac Adaras, Ancien Général de la Défense Nationale, &c.* Paris: Grand Imprimerie.

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carry out his plan alone. He raised volunteers, and gradually shipped them over to France. But further troubles were yet in store for him and wrecked his scheme. His action had violated the neutrality of England, and so a proclamation was issued against him. More immediately important was the failure of the French to pay his men the indemnity promised. So in November 1870 his corps was disbanded. Mac Adaras, now a Brigade-General, served in the Second Army of the Loire under General Loysel, until the end of the war, during which he showed the same courage as he had done earlier in India.

The end of M. Renouard's pamphlet contains the documents proving the facts mentioned in his biography, and one or two letters of interest, together with General Mac Adaras' election address issued to the electors of the district of Sisteron, for which he became Deputy in 1889.

This little sketch is of considerable interest, telling as it does the tale of a man who threw in his lot with a country not his own, at a time when its defeat in a great war was imminent, who overcame many obstacles, and spent much money, for a cause which was dear to him. After such pledges of sincerity and of good faith, General Mac Adaras may be expected to serve well the Republic, as he has before done his best to serve France. To him the familiar words at the end of his election address must have double meaning:—*Vive la France! Vive la République!* Of his life M. Renouard has told the story simply and well; and his straightforward narrative should win the sympathy of French and English alike, as did the history of those who gave their lives to freeing Greece or uniting Italy.

BELLES LETTRES.

It is rare indeed to meet with a scientific treatise so striking and interesting as Dr. Isaac Taylor's *Origin of the Aryans;*[1] yet it is most soberly written, advocating no pet theories, making no attempt at picturesqueness in style or statement, but giving the current consensus of scientific opinion on the topics treated of. We remember receiving a similar impression from *The Alphabet*, by the same author, which we reviewed in this Section eight years ago; and never since has any book of the sort struck us as being at once so interesting and so trustworthy. What a bewildering revolution of opinion is revealed in this little volume! The cherished theory of

[1] *The Origin of the Aryans.* An Account of the Prehistoric Ethnology and Civilisation of Europe. By Isaac Taylor, M.A., Litt.D., Hon. LL.D. Illustrated. London: Walter Scott.

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the successive waves of Aryan migration from the highlands of Asia to Europe is gone by the board—melted "like snow off a dyke." We are far indeed from the days when Professor Max Müller announced that "the first ancestors of the Indians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Slavs, the Celts, and the Germans" had at some time been "living within the same enclosures—nay, under the same roof," and that "the same blood runs in the veins of English soldiers as in the veins of the dark Bengalese." Now the anthropologists, the craniologists, and the prehistoric archæologists have stepped in to correct the poetic dream of the philologists; they point out the fact which, once pointed out, seems self-evident, that community of language does not imply community of race. They have proved, by the measurement of skulls and skeletons in prehistoric burial caves and barrows in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, and Britain, that the present inhabitants of Europe present an unbroken succession from the prehistoric races who inhabited the same regions in the neolithic age—that is, from eight to ten thousand years ago. These races were four in number: (1) "The Scandinavian, a tall Northern dolichocephalic race, represented by the 'Row Grave' [in Southern Germany], and 'Stærgenæs' skeletons, and the people of the kitchen middens. The stature averaged 5 feet 10 inches. They were dolichocephalic, with an index of from seventy to seventy-three, and somewhat prognathous, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a white skin. They are represented by the Swedes, the Frisians, and the North Germans." (2) "The Iberians, a short Southern dolichocephalic race, represented in the long barrows of Britain, and the sepulchral caves of France and Spain. The stature averaged 5 feet 4 inches, and the cephalic index seventy-one to seventy-four. They were orthognathous and swarthy. They are now represented by some of the Welsh and Irish, and by the Spanish Basques. Their affinities are African." We are told in other chapters, where the Iberians are more fully dealt with, that they are believed by the best authorities to have been the sole inhabitants of Britain till near the close of the neolithic period. Their descendants are very numerous in some parts of Wales, especially in Denbighshire, where their black hair and eyes and dark skin, their small slight figures and long narrow heads make them easily recognisable among the surrounding population. Their measurements as to skull and skeleton accord closely with those of the "long barrow men," and also with those of the Guanches of the Canary Islands. What their original speech may have been we have no means of ascertaining, but it was more probably a Berber dialect than an Aryan language. (3) "The Celts, a tall Northern brachycephalic race, represented in the round barrows of Britain, and in Belgian, French, and Danish graves. They were macrognathous and florid,

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with light eyes and rufous hair. The stature was 5 feet 8 inches, and the index eighty-one. They are now represented by the Danes, the Slavs, and some of the Irish. Their affinities are Ugric."

The consensus of opinion seems to be that these so-called "Celts" were the introducers of Aryan speech into Britain. They apparently invaded the island towards the close of the neolithic period, conquered their feebler predecessors, the Iberians, mixed with them, and imposed on them their own Aryan speech. The same race possessed themselves of Belgium and Northern France. They are the Belgæ of Cæsar, and it is now confidently asserted that neither they nor their language ever bore the name of Celtic in ancient times. No people, it is said, calling themselves Celts ever inhabited Britain. The true "Celts" of Cæsar were, (4) "The Ligurians, a short Alpine brachycephalic race, represented in some Belgian caves and in the dolmens of Central France. They were black-haired, mostly orthognathous, with an index of eighty-four, and a stature of 5 feet 3 inches." They are now represented by the Auvergnats, the Savoyards, and the Swiss. Their affinities are Lapp or Finnic. The above is an accurate outline of what may be called the backbone of Dr. Taylor's interesting volume. To ensure accuracy, we have given the most important conclusions in his own words, supplemented, where necessary, from other parts of the book. But, like all summaries, our notice bears much the same relation to the work summarised as does a skeleton to a living man—all the grace and beauty, and most of the interest, are inevitably lost.

Perhaps no novelist of the present day is so diverse in his choice of subjects as is Mr. Marion Crawford. In *Khaled*,[1] his hero is not a man, but one of the good genii who has sought from Allah the boon of a human soul with its accompanying attribute of an eternal life beyond the grave, either of happiness or misery. He obtains his prayer on the condition of his gaining the love of a woman towards whom he will be preternaturally guided. But here all miraculous interposition will cease. He must achieve both earthly and heavenly bliss by his own unaided efforts. The story worked out by Mr. Crawford from these data is a charming one, and Khaled is a more entirely sympathetic hero than most heroes of mortal mould.

Helen's Vow[2] is an unusually well-written novel, and several of the characters are fairly well drawn. But the story is dismally tragic from beginning to end, and the heroine's senseless "Vow" of revenge is a far more prolific cause of crime and misery than the original wrong which provoked it.

[1] *Khaled: A Tale of Arabia.* By F. Marion Crawford. In Two vols. London: Macmillan. 1891.

[2] *Helen's Vow; or, a Freak of Fate.* By the Earl of Desart. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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Humbling his Pride,[1] by Mr. Charles James, may be said to fulfil its object. It is exciting enough to detain the attention of readers who are neither nice nor wise. The characters are old friends of the public. There is the village blacksmith, a strong, stern man whom every one, the villains excepted, loves and respects; there is the despotic but weak-minded Vicar, who "has tripped in his time"; there is a doctor, all Hyde and no Jekyll; and there is the high-born *ingénue*, with the speech and manners of a suburban "rosebud." Dickens, whose feebler and more tedious mannerisms Mr. James endeavours to imitate, is said to have been unable to depict a gentleman. Mr. James not only makes his gentlefolk common, but draws common people from a common point of view.

The Three Miss Kings[2] is by the same lady who wrote *A Marked Man*. Even if the fact were not announced on the title-page, the internal evidence furnished by the book itself would proclaim it. There are the same loving and admiring descriptions of the life, the people, and the scenery of Australia, while in both novels part of the active, and much of the dramatic, interest belong to the old country, where the "high life" to which we are introduced is by no means painted with the same unerring accuracy of detail as is the democratic life of Melbourne or Sydney. There is, too, the same *modernité* of sentiment which was so signal a characteristic of *A Marked Man*. There is even the same, or—to speak more precisely—another, unfrocked parson who has thrown his orders to the winds, "for conscience' sake." But there is no "John Delaval," and, after all, he was the sun round which all the other personages revolved, some as lesser lights, others as mere satellites. In *The Three Miss Kings* this great central luminary is wanting, and the consequence is that it is decidedly inferior to its predecessor. But still it is a very pleasant novel, far above the average in almost all respects.

The Devil and the Doctor[3] is, not to mince the truth, a silly little story, poorly written, and in all ways below the mark. It turns on the fantastic notion of a man separating his evil from his good qualities, and becoming two separate men. The treatment is as ineffective as the central idea is absurd and impossible.

Balaam and his Master[4] is a volume of stories, named after the first, from the pen of Mr. J. Chandler Harris, author of that enchanting book, *Uncle Remus*. The stories in the present volume possess much of the charm, made up of mingled pathos and humour, which attached to the doings of "Brer Fox" and "Ole Man Rabbit" as chronicled by *Uncle Remus*. They are, one and all, redolent of the

[1] *Humbling his Pride*. By Charles T. C. James. In Three vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
[2] *The Three Miss Kings*. A Novel. By Ada Cambridge. London: Heinemann. 1891.
[3] *The Devil and the Doctor*. By Phinley Glenelg. London: Sampson Low.
[4] *Balaam and his Master; and other Sketches and Stories*. By Joel Chandler Harris. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1891.

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South, and vividly recall the touching relations which often subsisted between old Virginian families and their household slaves before the war destroyed the old order of things, and brought about a state of chaos from which no new order has as yet been evolved.

Colonel Carter of Cartersville[1] is another story of the Southern States. We wonder why the *méridionaux* of both continents should have so many of the same characteristics? Colonel Carter has a strong family likeness to Alphonse Daudet's hero, "Tartarin de Tarrascon," only his extravagances and exaggerations are committed in entire good faith, and he has in him a chivalrous nobility of sentiment to which "Tartarin" can lay no claim. His is a delightful character, and the description of his interior, both in New York and his old home at Cartersville, does one's heart good to read. His old retainer, "Chad," an ex-slave, to whom emancipation has been a dead-letter, is a charming creation, or rather presentment, for we have no doubt Chad has been drawn from life. "Miss Nancy," too, the Colonel's aunt, the delicate, dainty old lady, relic of a bygone phase of life and manners, is admirably and tenderly portrayed.

Gray Days and Gold[2] is a sufficiently agreeable record of the impressions of a cultivated American, in presence of various scenes of historic and literary interest in the United Kingdom. But there is rather too much *enthousiasme à froid*. Mr. Winter is too unfailingly stirred and inspired at the right moment and in the proper places. Altogether we confess that we greatly prefer Mr. John Burrows's writings on the same sort of subjects.

Au Temps de Guillaume Tell[3] possesses far more vivid interest than most tales dealing with a time so remote. As a matter of course, we have the sensational incident of Tell's being forced by the tyrant Gessler to shoot at the apple placed on his son's head, and the well-worn story is given fresh life from the skilful handling of M. Dupuis. We find ourselves glowing with indignation against kingly and aristocratic oppression—an unwonted sensation in these days, when those who are prompted to take the weaker side are apt to throw their sympathies into the opposite scale. But, along with the traditional events of the time, there is interwoven a romantic story of infants fraudulently exchanged in the cradle, and unconsciously personating each other till on the verge of womanhood; their true identity is accidentally revealed. Altogether M. Dupuis has contrived a pleasant, pretty story. It is published in quarto form, and there are numerous half-page illustrations by M. Jacques Wagrez. He has given them an archaic character to suit the time, but we cannot say that they are very effective.

[1] *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by E. W. Kemble and the Author. London: Osgood & McIlvaine. 1891.
[2] *Gray Days and Gold.* By William Winter. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1891.
[3] *Au Temps de Guillaume Tell.* Par E. Dupuis. Illustrations de Jacques Wagrez. Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 1890.

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Bonheur Conquis[1] is an excellent novel, full of interest, and yet with nothing to offend the most fastidiously delicate reader. Very few personages are put on the scene—not more than three or four—and they are all so well drawn that the remembrance of them rests on the reader's mind as if they were flesh and blood people that he had known. This is especially true of "Jacques de Syme" and "Geneviève Aubert," the hero and heroine. The story, too, is a good one, and, as the title leads one to hope, has a thoroughly satisfactory *dénouement*.

[1] *Bonheur Conquis.* Par Charles Foley. Paris: Perrinet et Cie.

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THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

ONLY a person who lives in Italy and assiduously frequents Italian society is in a position to study and understand the Italian political temperament, and therefore only such a person can comprehend the full bearing of the fall of the late Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, and of the admission to power of his adversaries, composed of the most opposed elements, and culled indifferently from the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left. The matter is of greater import for Italy's present and future than has yet been fully realised outside the peninsula. The present moment is one of immense immediate and future importance in the story of Italian national development, and even should the new Ministry as at present composed not remain in power for a long period, it will nevertheless leave its mark behind it. For the Ministerial crisis has not meant a mere change of rulers in domestic policy, it means a reversal of methods, of aims and objects, a return to saner, wiser counsels, a resumption of the traditions and maxims of Cavour. This has not been grasped or appreciated by the foreign correspondents to the English press, who too often supply to their papers inadequate or biassed accounts of the politics of the countries to which they are accredited, as was ably and justly pointed out recently in the *Anti-Jacobin*. Goethe has said that if we wish to understand a poet we must visit that poet's native land; how much more is this the case in order to understand a country's politics. For do not the politics of every country bear the impress of the national characteristics that gave it birth? Now the Italian people loves liberty above all things, and being above all a positivist people, voluntarily sacrifices to it even renown. It reads the newspapers but little, and in these it more often peruses the small matters of local gossip than the leading articles. In doing its electoral duties it is not assiduous, and it often neglects to vote, but the natural good sense and the political spirit which distinguish it, impose upon the deputies whom it has chosen a line of conduct which they are careful to follow, under pain of losing their seats at the next election.

The political education of the nation was in great part due to King Victor Emanuel, and the Italian people admits of a dictatorship from time to time, and understands it, but all the same it refuses to submit to it if it be too much prolonged. The aged

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Depretis, a consummate parliamentarian, a man of exquisite tact, was able to maintain himself in power by carefully nourishing the dominant passion of the people, which is in favour of tranquillity. "Anything for a quiet life" might be said to be the maxim of Depretis; however, even he exceeded bounds. His profound disdain for foreign policy, and his mania for utilising methods which were admirably suited for parliamentary tactics, but not understood by the nation at large, caused him to become in his latter years an object of general contempt. This was why at his death Crispi was hailed as the man who would be able to infuse a greater vitality into the national life, and upraise Italy from that species of anæmia, or rather of somnolence, into which it had been rocked. Crispi therefore came to power not as a man much esteemed, though his abilities were not denied, but as one who was hailed as useful, perhaps as necessary for the moment. With astonishing unanimity all men pardoned the ancient reprobate his entire past, beginning with the Court, who overlooked his matrimonial excesses, and ending with the Conservatives, who were willing to forget his Radicalism; nay, even his very Radical friends forgave him the exaggerated words he had spoken in favour of the monarchy. On this occasion a circumstance was observed which in England or in France would be a marvel—that is to say, an entire Parliament voting for several months, docilely and without enthusiasm, all the measures proposed by the Prime Minister. Men who but a few days before had scarcely exchanged a salute with Crispi became his faithful partisans, or at least seemed to be so, for they voted to his order, and appeared to have no ideas but those inspired by him. Now, Crispi by temperament is especially unsuited to be a statesman. He has retained something of the ancient revolutionary. It was unavoidable that Crispi should commit errors, and indeed he committed them, of every kind and of every species. Thus by reason of his exuberant imagination and of his notorious deficiency of judgment, every good or bad action committed by him bears the Crispian hall-mark—that is to say, a lack of measure. It was inevitable therefore that the psychological moment should come when even abroad a hostile current was established against him, while at home a strongly adverse movement made itself felt. At that moment Crispi thought it wise to dissolve the Chamber, to call together the electoral committees, and to see if he could not fabricate a Parliament in accordance with his own ideas. With the exception of the extreme Radicals, who combated Crispi by means of speeches, banquets, and all other methods familiar at elections, the rest of the Italian population did nothing; indeed, the electoral colleges showed themselves quite willing to re-elect for Parliament those former deputies recommended to them by the Minister of the Interior. Notwithstanding, the colleges themselves made the candidates for election understand that, in order to ensure their vote, they must

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promise not to augment the taxes. From that day the fall of Crispi and of his system was assured. The Chamber, seemingly obsequious to Crispi, proved ready to abandon him on the first occasion. That this occasion had to arise, every one knew; it was only necessary to wait, Crispi's temperament being a sufficient guarantee that an incident of some kind must occur; and, in fact, on the 31st of January, an unlucky phrase used by Crispi sufficed to bring about his fall, helped on by the deputies of the Right, the Liberal-Conservatives, and by those of the Left, who are mostly Radicals. Had there been a previous understanding between these two opposed extremities? None whatever. They had become united at that moment in a compact vote, held together by one sole link, and this link the following formula:

"The dictatorship has no longer any reason to exist."

In fact, this assumption of extreme power had reached a point which rendered it perilous. Crispi in office meant a political *névrosie* abroad, squandering at home, a disorder in the management of the State, which was even more a moral than an economical confusion. It was easy to grasp that Crispi had lost the note in the European concert, for while France looked on with no kindly eye upon the *âme damnée* of Bismarck, Germany, grown desirous of peace, chafed against a statesman who, though an ally, was daily sowing the seeds of war. It was therefore necessary that he should fall, and King Humbert, who like his father has a subtle comprehension of the direction taken by public opinion, disentangled the crisis with wonderful rapidity, just as if he had been preparing for it for some months past.

The Extreme Right and the Extreme Left had been the artificers of the fall, but the Extreme Left knew that it was not mature for government. The duty therefore fell to the ancient Right, rejuvenated after fifteen years of meditation and retirement, to assume the reins of government, giving to its ally of a moment the smallest part of power, and this solely as a pledge of its pacific intentions towards France and of tranquillity in Africa. The ancient Right, which fell from power in 1876, has lost since that date all its most brilliant members. Minghetti, La Marmora, Sella, are dead; the Marchese Visconti-Venosta is disgusted with public life, and Bonghi is content to be a brilliant orator and subtle disputant, and does not aspire to hold office. There therefore remains no one but the nominal leader of the Liberal-Conservative party, the Marchese Antonio Starabba di Rudinì, a rich gentleman of Palermo.

In a book written in 1860 by the Admiral Carlo di Persano, he speaks of the eminent Sicilian men of the period, enumerating among them the young Di Rudinì. "There is certainly no penury of eminent men in this extraordinary island," writes the Admiral; and adds, "nor will I exclude Crispi from among the number, for

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besides great talent he possesses admirable qualities. But since I know for a fact that he is attached to Mazzinian principles, and is a follower of the risky Mazzinian politics, which would be the ruin of Italy if they were ever embraced by the masses, I shall always be opposed to him and to his set, as far as lies in my power."

Di Rudinì therefore, since 1860, has worked in the ranks of the Liberal and aristocratic party of Sicily. He had not studied long, nor were these studies severe, when in 1866 Palermo elected him its syndic; and he was called upon to fill the post in those difficult September days when a gang of armed men, instigated rather by circumstances than by a leader, invaded the city and took possession of most of the offices. The Marchese di Rudinì not only showed character on this occasion, but physical courage. He resisted the rebels in person at the municipal palace, and when he could maintain his position there no longer, he retired to the royal palace and defended himself with his revolver. It is worthy of note that various gentlemen of Palermo had allowed themselves to be intimidated by this band of ruffians into signing proclamations against the State. The courage and loyalty of the Marchese di Rudinì stood out the more brilliantly as compared with that of his peers, and when the city was retaken by the fleet, and by a division of soldiers sent from Lombardy, the Marchese di Rudinì received the gold medal for military valour, as well as the post of Prefect of Palermo. As Prefect, Di Rudinì was not idle, and when later he entered Parliament he was nominated Minister during a brief crisis. He did not long remain in office, and left no records behind him save that in a humorous journal much laughter was provoked by his careful toilette, his beautiful beard, and the eyeglass which he always wore. He distinguished himself later as Prefect of Naples, but the political crisis which occurred in 1876 closed his political career for some time. Di Rudinì is not a facile orator. He prepares his discourses beforehand, and he lacks practice in easily responding to interruptions and repartees. His manner is charming, his language rather that of the drawing-room than of Parliament; his loyalty, his seriousness, his sincerity, his modesty, are well known and much appreciated. He will never be that which is vulgarly known as a great Minister, he will never turn either Europe or Africa topsy-turvy: he is moderate in form and moderate in substance; but it is certain that since he has found the Triple Alliance he will maintain it; yet, if this should menace European peace, Di Rudinì will not hesitate an instant, and will leave to others the post of President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. For those who class Ministers only according to their vehement manifestations, Di Rudinì belongs to the category of the "Pale"; for those who desire in a Minister a large dose of astuteness, he will certainly be classed among the "Simple." But be he pale or be he simple, he is a man

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who is thoroughly convinced, and the historical moment requires for Italy at this hour a man who is rather pale and simple in opposition to the complex and nervous policy worthy of Cardinal Alberoni, which his countryman Crispi had inaugurated.

And the beneficial effects are already felt in Italy, to which France is less hostile, and to which England looks as an efficient coadjutor of general peace.

Baron Giovanni Nicotera has been nominated Minister of the Interior. Having been in power before, his name is sufficiently familiar, so it is needless to enter into long biographical details. An ancient Mazzinian, a former companion of Carlo Pisacane in the luckless adventure of Sapri, he was condemned to death in the trial that ensued. This sentence was afterwards mitigated to imprisonment for life. Liberated by Garibaldi in 1860, he was arrested at Castelpucci, near Florence, by order of Ricasoli. A parliamentary deputy from 1861 until to-day, he has been alternately the friend and the enemy of Crispi. In 1876 he was Minister of the Interior, but fell because he made himself too unpopular. It is strange that the last survivor of the classical Italian revolution should have been destined to become the artificer of the fall of Francesco Crispi. Since 1878 until to-day he has retreated within himself, waiting patiently that his hour should dawn again. The irascible Nicotera, the terror of prefects—turbulent, provocative—is no more. In his place we have a man who has become temperate by years and by the fierce wars that have been waged against him. He has the easy and simple eloquence of the old parliamentary school, who were devoid of classical studies, and he is *facile princeps* in replying on the spur of the moment to heckling questions, and at a moment of tumult in coming to the aid of a colleague in the Cabinet. He prefers to deal with internal politics, and it is not to be feared that he will meddle with his colleague Di Rudinì in the matter of foreign affairs, which lack for him that attraction which they exercised over Francesco Crispi. Nicotera, who at one time was a pronounced anti-clerical, has now put *de l'eau dans son vin.* His principal scope has become that of harmonising liberty and order, and it is very probable that in this he will succeed. He would not be adverse in theory to finding a *modus vivendi* with the Church which should end the dissension between the Quirinal and the Vatican, deplored so much by all. But Nicotera will do nothing that could compromise him in order to bring about this result. A partisan of conciliation, he expects that it will be brought about by time rather than by measures which he might prompt.

When in Milan some years ago the Radical party, which had been until then all-powerful in the administratiive and political elections in that town, began to lose the suffrage of the population, one man especially distinguished himself by his wise discourses, which were

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the fruit of mature study. This man was Colombo, a civil engineer, a mathematician, the organiser in Milan of electric illumination. Signor Colombo belongs to that younger generation which does not repel the canons of government held by the so-called Right, while harmonising them with the material and moral progress of the disinherited classes. In the very teeth of the Radicals he was elected deputy, and once in Parliament his speeches, full of wisdom and restrained eloquence, were listened to with attention, and it was noted that his discourses nearly resembled those of English parliamentary orators. In the new Cabinet, Signor Colombo has been chosen to fill the post of Minister of Finance. His previous studies have rather led him into a more strictly technical direction, but they have been so vast and solid that the finances in his hand run no risk of being squandered. It is not off the cards, however, that in the future redistribution of Ministerial seats, Colombo may quit finance in order to assume the direction of a department more consonant to his talents. After all, the true financial administrator of the Cabinet is Luigi Luzzatti, the famous social economist, Professor of the University of Padua, who when barely thirty had already held the office of Under Secretary of State in the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce in the Minghetti Cabinet. He was born in 1842; is an Israelite by race and by religion, and can show a literary baggage that is extensive and solid. He has written much both on financial and on social questions, and is known in England as the close friend of the Belgian social economist Lavelleye, whose ideas he shares. He is the editor of the widest read specialist paper that Italy possesses, *Il Sole*, an agricultural and commercial journal. The popular banks established in Lombardy and in Venetia are his work, and they earned for him the applause of the best financiers of the Continent, including among them Léon Say. Certainly the difficulties are not small with which Luzzatti will have to deal in his capacity of Minister of the Treasury. The rosy hopes of the Minister Magliani, his predecessor, vanished when they came into contact with rough reality. For two years past both importation and exportation are diminishing in Italy, and commerce and industry are languishing under the scarcity of specie. The trust currency of bank-notes, given over to various rival establishments of diverse character, needs to be completely reorganised. On this point Crispi had matured a very just reform—that is to say, the foundation of a single bank on the plan of the Bank of England and the Bank of France. But the execution of this design met with enormous difficulty. In Italy there are two conflicting views held on the subject of banks, the one in favour of a unity, the other in favour of a plurality of banks. In practice Italy neither follows the English system which is the former, nor the American system which is the latter, because in Italy there exist two species of banks. The first is represented by the Banca Nazionale,

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the Banca Toscana, and the Banca Romana, which are three establishments whose capital is distributed in shares; those of the second category are composed of the Banco di Napoli, whose capital is not the property of the shareholders, but consists of a sunk capital, of which the ancient kingdom of Naples and the island of Sicily are the local proprietors. Now all these five establishments are allowed to issue bank-notes under certain special restrictions and in varying quantity, but all of them have trust currency in the land. It is easy to understand such a state of things contains in it hidden dangers. To set in order Italian finances demands solid and serious labour. The new Cabinet has rejected Crispi's plans, because they did not find favour with the southern provinces; but it is certain that they will supplant them with some other plan, in order if possible to solve and to organise the difficult problem of a paper currency. Will Luzzatti be capable of this vast labour? His past financial studies speak in his favour, but what is less in his favour is the flexibility of his character, and his superabundance of imagination.

Commendatore Paolo Boselli, a good, gentle person, animated with excellent intentions, but incapable of resisting the network of intrigues in which he found himself enchained by the employés of his department, has been succeeded as Minister of Public Instruction by Professor Pasquale Villari, the noted author of two excellent historical works which are appreciated as much in England as in Italy—the *Life of Niccolo Macchiavelli* and the *Girolamo Savonarola*. It is more than twenty years since the post of Minister of Public Instruction was held by a man so capable of fulfilling that difficult and important mission. Pasquale Villari, a positivist historian, a sincere Liberal, a man of firm will and great perspicacity, is distinctly the right man in the right place. If his written works do not belie him, and they are numerous, and show critical faculty and much acumen, he will carry into his department a large supply of healthful ideas and useful reforms. For the moment he is busy wielding the scythe, cutting down a number of useless expenses, and abrogating a number of useless posts; but besides this there remains much to be done. Italy suffers from a very plague of Universities; there are too many of them, and in some the professors outnumber the students. Besides these, there are high schools, academies of fine arts, schools of various characters established for reasons of politics, of charity, of patronage, which are ill-conducted and inefficient in many respects. Villari will see himself obliged to take radical measures on this score. Beyond doubt he will attack this delicate problem with due consideration for vested interests, but it is ardently hoped that he will reorganise the system of superior education by a method which will bring it up to the standard required by our modern conditions. A great admirer of things English, he will also strive to

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liberate Italian education from the excessive and servile imitation of German methods into which it has fallen—methods unsuited to the very different temperament of the Italians. He will also endeavour to introduce more physical exercise into the curriculum of the boys' schools, healthy exercise being too much neglected in the German scheme, on which hitherto the modern Italian schools have been modelled.

The department of Justice and Public Worship which has hitherto been held by Zanardelli, has fallen to the lot of Conte Ferraris di Torino, a lawyer who has been Minister once before. Many were the reproaches made to Zanardelli when he held this office. A pronounced anti-clerical, he is probably largely responsible for the acrid tone that has crept into the relations between the Church and State, sufficiently embittered by the events of 1870. Two currents exist in Italy with regard to Church affairs, the one is the historical one originating from the Emperor Joseph II. and Leopold I. of Lorraine, tending to assure the predominance of the State over the Church, as a protection against the long-standing exorbitant pretensions of the Papacy—Crispi and Zanardelli were the apostles of this theory—the other current of opinion is that of the Liberal-Conservatives, who, confiding in the axiom of Cavour of "a free Church and a free State," desire to see an absolute independence of the two powers, such as exists with such marvellous success in the United States. Count Ferraris will not rise to such Radical ideas as the latter. He rather belongs to the historical school. His presence in the Ministry is no doubt a guarantee that useless conflicts will be avoided as much as may be, and truly the strife that was initiated by the Crispi Government was often unseemly, and not unfrequently rather strengthened than weakened the Papal power, as the human mind revolts against seeing any form of oppression, however justified that oppression may be, as it often was in that case, seeing the provocation given by the Catholic Church. Ferraris, who is an old man over eighty, has neither the desire nor the energy to enter into futile struggles. He will be easy-going and easy to deal with as far as the Vatican is concerned. In some respects, this is to be deplored. Thus, while he holds his post the divorce law which had been carefully prepared by Zanardelli on the more enlightened French model, not on the barbarous English one, has not the smallest chance of being presented to the Chamber. This is to be deplored for the reason that from a well-conceived divorce law much good was hoped for by the sincerest friends of Italy, social morality in that country being at so low an ebb and in so elementary a condition, and the plea put forward in its excuse being always the absence of this law, and the enforced monkish doctrine of the indissolubility of matrimony.

But the rectifying efforts of Di Rudinì, Nicotera, Villari, Luzzatti,

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and Ferraris, will be absolutely vain if they are not aided and strengthened by those of the three Ministries of War, Marine, and Public Works. It is beyond question that Italy for the moment is not sufficiently rich to maintain an army and a programme of public works on the footing of that hitherto established. As stated, the record of importation and exportation has been gradually lowering for the last four years. The remedy sought for in the construction of more railways has been neutralised by the great expenses of their construction, necessitated by the mountainous country and the technical difficulties. It is due to this condition of things that the expenses are greater than the incomings. The new Cabinet has promised that it will ensure forty-five millions of francs of economy, and it will maintain this promise. But even this sum, large as it is, does not suffice for all requirements. On the other hand, it is difficult to ask a Minister of War and a Minister of Marine to cut down their budgets, which are bound by the order of things created under the Government of their predecessors. Italy possesses twelve army corps. This is too many, but to reduce them to ten from one day to another is impossible. Every Minister therefore, even though animated by the best intentions with regard to economy, is obliged to leave things much as he finds them. Some economical reforms can of course be instituted, but it is needful to make them slowly, in order also that public opinion may comprehend them, especially as this public opinion is held by a certain class of journalists under the constant fear of a French invasion to reinstate the temporal power. Yet surely any one with a modicum of common sense would have fully understood that France does not dream for a moment of going to war with Italy on this account, and this for the simple reason that it would find no advantage in so doing. As for the Papacy, it must be aware that if it were to call the stranger into Italy in order to help it to subdue the Italians, it would be overwhelmed by the outbreak of one of those bursts of ferocious indignation which would recall the massacres of the Middle Ages. Unfortunately, after four years of the waving of this artificial scarecrow by German newspapers, certain Italian journals and the English *Standard* have evoked in the masses a current of nervous fears, and this current cannot quickly change its direction or intensity. Everything must be hoped for from time, and from the logic of facts. There are many people who believe that the Vatican is interested in promoting a crusade, and who see in the French Republic the future crusaders. These people do not consider that the strongest defence of Italy consists in its heavy public debts, and in its universal poverty. Whatever nation attempted to invade Italy would find it but a poor business. There is not a nation in the world which could make war upon Italy without being out of pocket by the proceeding. This wise idea will gain in strength as time goes on,

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and the growth of this, more than anything else, will permit the reduction of the military and naval armaments, which are both in excess of Italian requirements and of Italy's financial position.

No less extensive is the programme of Public Works. The strategical and commercial railways are by no means on a par with the passenger and merchandise traffic. The advantages the railways have brought with them are unquestionable, but some of the projects of public works now being carried out, if not useless, are certainly premature. The situation of Italy may be defined in a few words as that of a country which has tried to go a long way with a speed inferior to its vigour. All the parties which have succeeded each other at the Ministries have discounted the future with the very greatest imprudence. Thus, in the matter of warfare, the Italians, excellent and admirable infantry soldiers, possessing qualities equal to those of the Spaniards, sufficed to ensure to the army a magnificent position in the balance of Europe, especially if required for a defensive war. But the veritable mania that has seized this country of emulating Germany and France has made it multiply to excess its cavalry and its artillery, forgetting that Italy is a country poor in horses. General Pelloux, Minister of War, sees all these things very clearly; he is a student, an able parliamentary orator, and so long as he was merely a deputy he waited patiently for an opportune moment to put his ideas into execution. Now that he is Minister, he will not dare to reform the national military arrangements *de fond en comble*. He is bound by the post he holds more than by his own convictions, and he will hesitate to apply the scythe ruthlessly in order to obtain great economies. He will content himself with attaining small ones.

At the head of the Marine is the Vice-Admiral Simone Pacoret di St. Bon, a man of great merit. He, too, has proposed to make considerable economies, and would like to make yet greater, but for the moment this is impossible. Previous votes of Parliament impose a naval programme of magnificent proportions. The renewal of material initiated by his predecessor, the naval engineer, Benedetto Brin, was inaugurated in order to promote in Italy private industry for the construction of skiffs and machines. It was an excellent and laudable idea. Thus in six years time several notable metallurgical establishments have sprung into existence, one of which, the steel manufactory of Terni, is specially distinguished for its production of sheets and plates of steel. In the neighbourhood of Sestri, of San Pierdarena, of Leghorn, and Pozzuoli there have also been established considerable steel and iron works. But with the exception of the workshops of San Pierdarena, which have launched two steel-clad ships, up to the present, Italian maritime industry prefers to place its orders in England, where, on the banks

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of the Tyne, the Thames, and the Clyde, they have the double advantage of finding cheaper prices and easier conditions with regard to payment. This is the reason why the Italian dockyards are employed almost exclusively in executing the commands of the Royal Navy. The works thus instituted cannot last for ever; nay, they may be arrested at any moment by the invention of some new economical motor, or some new engine of war which will render modern armaments useless. Dealing with an industrial situation of this character, Admiral St. Bon cannot initiate large economies, because if he were to do so he would kill a nascent industry which, even as it is, is not too solidly established. If at any moment the orders of the Royal Navy were to diminish on a vast scale, the metallurgical workshops would be obliged to dismiss the greater number of their workmen to the evident loss of social equilibrium, which up to now is the vaunt of all nations young in industry.

For the same reasons the Minister of Public Works, Ascanio Branca, will find himself on account of his position obliged to aid and support the struggling metallurgical industry. This protection is very costly to the State, not only on account of the price of the railway rails, but also because the very existence of the establishment at Terni depends upon its receiving annually orders for a large number of kilometres of rails.

The new Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce is the lawyer Bruno Chimirri, a Calabrian, an able lecturer and eloquent speaker, moderate in all his ideas. Although by his enemies he is accused of clericalism, this accusation is unjust. Chimirri, whom the comic papers like to depict with a clerical berretta on his head, is simply a man who desires that the State and the Church should be reconciled. This desire in favour of reconciliation exists more or less among all Italians, but it is one which is more difficult to carry out than is at first imagined, since the Church and the State in Italy stand in the position towards each other of two merchants, one of whom will not say at what price he sells his goods, nor the other name the price he is willing to offer. Under such conditions a contract of understanding is impossible.

So far we have spoken of the various men who compose the new Cabinet, it remains for us to say something about its general physiognomy. It has come into power holding aloft the banner of economy, and has well initiated its work by a reduction of forty-five millions in the national expenses. It desires to close the period of recrimination that has existed of late in the relations of Italy with France, and hoped it would find in return easy conditions in the Parisian financial market. It has succeeded in its first intention, the second is of a twofold nature. France cannot respond to the Italian invitation, if Italy does not first offer some efficient

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guarantee to her neighbour with regard to her connection with the Triple Alliance. That this Alliance cannot for the moment be dissolved is of course evident; and the real foreign policy of the present Cabinet has shown itself in a renewal of its amity with the Triple Alliance, and has proved that the Di Rudinì Cabinet is solidly knit together.

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EVE'S MISSION.

If all champions of womankind were to produce as entertaining and as wise challenges for sexual equality in human sociology as that issued in Paris during the last few months by Mademoiselle Deraismes,[1] the "tyrant man" would have long since succumbed out of sheer fascination. The authoress has made a collection of her various addresses on the subject of her sex, and altogether they make a uniform work, covering the whole field of woman's life, and stating the case for various modifications of the relations of the sexes, and for the recognition of the woman as something better than an inferior animal. Whether or not we agree with the mere detail of political and social changes proposed by Mdlle. Deraismes or her sister spirits, no reasonable mortal can deny that a large portion of the vulgar notion about the mental inferiority of women is a sheer fiction, while there is a good *primâ facie* case for the woman's advocate who contends that such average inferiority in the female sex as now exists is the artificial product of injurious restrictions now surrounding womankind—restrictions which have exerted their baneful influence during long periods of time, and are the outcome, as Mdlle. Deraismes and her friends contend, of an ignorant and self-defeating conspiracy of the male sex to keep a selfish advantage to themselves, never intended by Nature.

As Macaulay truly remarks, our respect for a book usually awakens in us respect for its author. Boswell was the one exception to this rule. But Mdlle. Deraismes is no Boswell. As we peruse her lines the personality of the authoress rises more and more in our esteem, and before we give an abstract of the work itself, a short sketch of the remarkable woman who has produced this, her life-work, will not be out of place. She was born in Paris in the days when the "Ville Lumière" was undergoing that intellectual revolution which stands out as a refreshing relief in the strong blind physical struggles, a revolution which has had more lasting effect in the world than even the most sanguinary of the political upheavals of the French capital. It was in the "thirties," when the young Victor Hugo was sweeping away in literature the ironbound traditions of centuries, when Liszt, the future Abbé, and "Daniel Stern," the rebellious countess, were defying social usages and giving to Wagner

[1] *Eve dans l'Humanité.* Par Maria Deraismes. Paris: L. Souvaitre. 1891.

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both the inspiration and the fair companion of after years; when the similar romantic union of Chopin and George Sand was laying the foundation of no less mighty echoes, and Sue, Balzac, and so many others of the new world of thought, were rising to fame, that our authoress first saw the light. Her restless and rebellious spirit was doubtless borrowed from the atmosphere of her origin—Bohemianism was her bent from her birth. By turns she was musician, composer, painter, classical scholar, mathematician, actress, and authoress. She had the honour of a flattering notice from Jules Janin, and a hearing at the Gymnase. But it was as an orator, as the leading woman speaker in France, that Mdlle. Deraismes eventually found her true vocation. It is just a quarter of a century ago that a section of French Freemasons invited her to deliver a series of lectures on social questions, addresses which soon placed her in the position of the ablest of all the French champions of her sex. The horrors of the *année terrible* could not fail to stamp their impression on the careers of all French people, and Parisians above all. It was with Mdlle. Deraismes as with the rest. The war found her in the midst of her new crusade for women's emancipation. After doing her duty, as every patriotic woman of social eminence in Paris did—organising an ambulance at her own cost, and then raising her Republican banner in the only part of France not covered by the Prussians, in the far west of Brittany, writing in the famous *Phare de la Loire*, the one unconquered French journal, and covering the walls of St. Malo with patriotic appeals—she resumed her oratorical occupation, and failed not to utilise the lessons of the national disaster and the aspirations of the new era in her arguments. The most pithy portions of her performance are drawn from the surroundings of 1870–71. Of later years, since the definite defeat of the Monarchical parties in the Legislature, and the permanent establishment of the Republic, Mdlle. Deraismes has thrown herself into party politics as an ardent Republican, and is one of the leaders of the propaganda in the important Department of the Seine et Oise. But the book deals solely with earlier efforts. It is devoted entirely to the woman-question pure and simple.

Although Mdlle. Deraismes' discourses are nominally addressed to a French audience, and in launching forth her accumulated thunder in 1891 she refers to the recent attempts in the Chamber of Deputies to give the Municipal franchise to women, and also speculates upon the terrible war-spectre as a factor in indefinitely delaying the discussion of her favourite question, the bulk of the matter in this volume is, nevertheless, of great interest. The addresses were all given in the period extending from the fall of the Empire to the year 1883. The first five—*Woman and the Law*, *Woman and Morals*, *Woman and her Family*, *Woman in Society*, and *Woman and the Stage*, are reminiscences of the Salle des Capucines

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during the dark days of 1870–71. These five are the gems of the collection and breathe the fiery spirit and racy humour of war time.

In the first, *Woman and the Law*, the authoress plunges at once into learned antiquity and sweeps the ages with as easy a grace as Atalanta in the Arena. After recalling that the Greeks personified wisdom as a woman, Athene springing from the brains of Zeus, and that the Egyptians made Isis a woman, their Sophia, she thus proceeds:

"We see in man and woman identity of composition. Kneaded of the same clay, animated by the same breath, the two are equal. Amongst the Hindoos, Manou is divided in two, and the separated half is no other than woman, and nothing shows us that this half is inferior to the other. Eve's creation gives rise to contradictory versions. The Edda relates that the sons of Bore, agents of the divinity otherwise called *demiurges*, moulded man and woman from two pieces of wood found floating on the waters. One piece of wood is as good as another. True the oak is more valued than the fir; but the Edda here makes no distinction, mentions no difference. Amongst the Greeks, according to Hesiod, Pandora, the first woman, came out of the hands of the gods, she is filled with their gifts. If she opens the fatal box, containing all the evils, the responsibility rests with Jupiter, who, to revenge himself on Prometheus, made him a present of it. Till now I have never been able to grasp the motives of subordination. Therefore I pursue my investigations, and soon, advancing in the old story, discover a fault, a transgression of eternal law, of which the woman was guilty. India does not confirm this datum. In tradition Bramah is the sole author of the infraction. Humanity is lost by the fatal curiosity of Eve amongst the Hebrews, and Pandora amongst the Greeks. Among the Celts the daughters of Giants crop up and corrupt the sons of men. The Chinese Gloss pretends that we must distrust the words of woman, without explaining more. Finally, after my conscientious researches amongst the ancient documents, I infer that woman has been culpable. Culpability does not necessarily indicate an intellectual inferiority. To transgress a law is to manifest strength, perhaps misdirected; but the strength nevertheless exists, it can right itself and act aright, while incapacity is always a drawback and is always incurable."

Next, after carefully analysing the Jewish archives, and scornfully remarking that if Jehovah really had some secret ideas of making woman inferior (for he nowhere expresses such a design), then Jehovah himself was most wofully deceived, our advocate comes to present society, and thus deals with the case:

"It is considered the correct thing to say that man has larger duties to fulfil in society than woman, and that it is just for him to have larger rights; that we must not forget that it is he who supports the family, and that it is he who defends the country: as

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to the first point, one would conclude that man by his work provides entirely for his wife and children. We will show that this assertion is absolutely false. The woman of the proletariat works as much as the man. Like him she struggles for existence, and with every disadvantage, since at equal labour and with equal merits she receives an infinitesimal wage, which often forces her to prostitute herself for a living. She is not spared the most dangerous labours. We see her working in chemical factories, where she becomes the victim of necrosis; in the cartridge and percussion-cap factories; and in mines, where she is exposed to fire-damps and explosions. In the country she cultivates the earth, digs it, and often even draws the plough. In the town, she passes the night wearing out her eyes on needlework for a ridiculous price. Further she does the family mending, house-work, and washing. The man finds some time for rest; but woman's work is never done. And in the more elevated classes, if woman does not bring active collaboration, she buys her right from man to idleness by a large marriage portion and the prospect of a brilliant inheritance. She is even thus the victim of masculine exploitation. To the second point, touching the defence of the country, I would observe that up to now those who have defended their country are really a limited number compared with those who stay at their firesides. We would also remark that defending the country is not a *sine quâ non*, since all men whose health is weak and who are excused military service do not forfeit their rights. Besides, can we not put in opposition to the military service the maternal function, in the fulfilment of which woman, to transmit life, risks the loss of her own? Remember, there are more mothers than soldiers. Maternity offers to women more chances of death than war offers to men. . . . . But the interested ones insidiously object that the union of man and woman is the base of these differences. Each sex seeks the other to find the qualities which it lacks. To make these differences disappear is to substitute disorder for harmony. When there are the same pretensions, there will be competition—that is to say, rivalry, antagonism. My answer to this is: the moral harmony of the couple depends entirely on the similarity of mind and education, and not on the differences. No affection is formed, is developed, or is maintained except by a community of sentiments, of opinions, of learning. If physical differences are indispensable for material union, the intellectual differences are pernicious to the moral bond. The differences which the two sexes offer are in reality more formal than essential. The inferiority of woman is not an act of Nature, we repeat; it is a human invention, it is a social fiction."

The second discourse, *Woman and Morals*, brings out all the latent fire of the Amazon. Mdlle. Deraismes is, of course, on the field of battle. Paris is the place where the vexed subject of the

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Contagious Diseases Acts and licensed vice have been fought out first and last. Mdlle. Deraismes handles her subject without gloves:

"Man has established a law, and he passes his life in transgressing it. He imposes on women a rigid virtue and in a thousand ways he tries to ruin them. To this end he organises a whole system of corruption, and brings in the law and the police for his personal safety. In this way prostitution is established—in other words, the woman is at the service of all men at all hours. Prostitution once admitted and approved of as an institution of public utility, it is absolutely necessary to put up with all its consequences. The East has its eunuchs, the West its "sonteneurs," two degraded specimens, the one physically, the other morally, and who are allied in the same infamy. What is then the state of morals? In truth there are no morals—there is confusion, incoherence, contradiction."

Mdlle. Deraismes then deals with the general question of the relation of the sexes, and puts forward her ideas for explaining the true sources of social evils:

"We have shown that the hierarchy established between the two sexes has produced two sets of morals: we shall see that the two sets necessarily imply two educations. Man, having declared himself the superior, physically and morally, concluded that his brain alone is capable of profound study and the solution of great problems, whilst woman, whose brain apparatus is defective, ought to accept, without examination, the judgments arrived at by the sex better endowed than hers. He has thus carefully banished from female instruction philosophy and science, and has not gone even so far as Clitandre's 'I allow that women should have light from all.' In fact, in general ideas, and above all in more exalted notions, woman has stopped at religion—debased by priestcraft to superstition, prejudice and error. Her mental faculties are only exercised in a false and restrained cycle—woman accepts, without weighing, the most flagrant contradictions and frightful iniquities. She can practise moral probity without having a superior theory. Thanks to the superficial and erroneous instruction which she receives, she continues the traditions and habits which have been transmitted to her, without caring to revise them by healthy criticism. So that, far from protesting against, or revolting from, this odious compromise, as humiliating for her as for others, she sanctions them, and bases the condition of her good reputation on the humiliation of her sisters. There are no young girls who at their marriage are not aware that the husbands that they have accepted have known several women before them. Far from being indignant, they find it quite natural; they see in it a condition of safety to themselves. So, then, we cannot insist too much that women do more than tolerate prostitution: they approve it. They see with *sang froid* their own kind condemned to the most unspeakable shame—the slavery of their flesh—and they esteem,

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nevertheless, those for whom this degradation is brought about. What simpler in their eyes than that willing girls should be found in the classes below them to pacify their betrothed! . . . . They say to themselves, satisfied in their consciences, 'it is necessary that there should be some like that.' If such is the language of virtuous women, what can we think of virtue! Virtue—*virtues*, far from being passive, is a force, which, like all other forces, should move: moral force, like physical force, is active and determines its deeds. It does not suffice in calling oneself *virtuous* to apply it to oneself alone—one must, according to one's ability, far from encouraging, put a stop to immoral acts. Every woman should say to herself, 'Since virtue is necessary to woman, it should be necessary to all.' For, if perchance one woman can break with virtue, all others can break with it also."

But this cynical indifference to the sufferings of the poor seduced work-girl soon brings its own retribution for complacent virtue. Lais and Phryne erect their gorgeous palaces, don their seductive robes, and lure the whole male sex to their embraces, leaving the legitimate wives to solace themselves in solitary state, with only their own virtue to feed upon. This is the injured voice of the Parisian woman so long ignored by the noisy renown of the Camellian courtesan and kith and kin.

"Much to their astonishment, virtuous women have for centuries seen things turn out contrary to their expectations. They have thought vainly that on account of their irreproachable conduct they would be the preferred objects. They have never doubted but that, compared with light women, they would have every advantage. Unfortunately, the result has given the lie to their preconceptions. So long as it is a question of those poor girls unguarded, without support, seduced early, deserted, and given the alternative of suicide, or abortion, and imprisonment at St. Lazare, virtuous women rested assured, and were perfectly content. All was for the best in this best of all worlds. But they reckoned otherwise when the courtesan is in question. Because the courtesan really and seriously competes with them. She, either by accident or ability, gets into the most favourite circles to make a stir, and to attract public attention, success, and renown. If only her ignorance be not crass, and her intelligence is quick, she attracts a literary, artistic, and even political following. Especially if her occasional repartees and lively anecdotes are rendered increasingly interesting by great freedom of language. Just as there are men born gamblers, stockjobbers, intriguers, so there are women born courtesans, others become so. We are grossly deceived if we think the first are only found in a certain class of society: one meets them in all. Having a legal status in the world, they employ, without any incognito, the hetaristic method to benefit themselves and theirs. The courtesan

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surrounds the honest woman with a void and isolation. Thus she takes her revenge. The bitter cup society prepared for her she gives back to society—she ensnares lovers, husbands, sons, fathers. She seizes fortunes, wastes, ruins, and extinguishes the dowry and inheritance of legitimate children. Industry and art toil to a great extent only for her. Worse still, she knows how to make her guests disgusted with orthodox drawing-rooms. If distinguished men, yielding to the necessities of their position and conventional claims, appear in them they do so with reluctance, but having once gone through the formalities of decorum, they return to her more congenial society. The courtesan, as in the days of Greece and Rome, still holds sway; for to-day, as formerly at Athens, it is she who prepares the future: does she not dispose of youth? The press, especially, interests itself concerning her, and entertains the public with descriptions of her most insignificant peculiarities. The novel, the theatre (that tremendous power which continues to develop unceasingly), has nothing reassuring for legal and regular life; the *hetaira* holds every place, or at least obtains preponderance."

This state of affairs our authoress considers as perfectly natural under present conditions where women are not allowed free development. Indeed, she confesses that the stage is perfectly justified in always representing virtuous women as greater fools than are courtesans.

"The virtuous woman has allowed the lessons of history to drop from her mind, or she would be less surprised with what happens to her. She would remember that Pericles left his virtuous wife to attach himself to Aspasia, that Antony deserted the estimable Octavia to run after Cleopatra, that Galsuintha was strangled by order of Fredegonda, mistress of the king her husband; that in much nearer times Louis XIV. and Louis XV. ruined France to *fête* their mistresses, and that Madame de Pompadour received homage from all the powers, whilst the queen, Marie Leczinska, cried alone at the Trianon. . . . . She has only to protest and act. But, always under guardianship, a perpetual minor, she regards virtue as consisting of negation and resignation. . . . . Without perspicuity, without vigour, without dignity, she sees nothing, suspects nothing, accepts all."

Our valiant Amazon sends the last shaft from her quiver in this discourse on the moral question, against the father of modern socialistic reformers, and shows how little their schemes suffice to settle the woman-question:

"Fourrier has doubtless elaborated a plan of society, including independence of sexual relations. He called it the *phalanx*. But this plan remained a project. We cannot, for want of experience, gauge its value; and first, Is love free? Is there liberty in love? Is one free, after oath, to break the bond without real injury? Does

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liberty thus taken to sever oblige the partner to accept such rupture without recrimination and without resistance? No, that is Fourrier's grave error. The wish to part is rarely shared by both parties. If the loyalty of both, if the grand ideal of duty counts for nothing, if the senses' whims reign sovereign, and those who are their prey cannot be sure of keeping in the morn the promise of the eve, social order is at an end. Speak not to me of liberty. For the individual without conscience or reason sinks to the worst of slaveries. Liberty is nowhere when passion is mistress. . . . . Free love is a fiction. . . . . Nations, at the highest blossom of intellect, have miserably foundered in licentiousness: the consequence of the violation of a natural law. In fact, virtue and good morals are nothing more than justice in all relations between man and woman."

The third and fourth discourse, touching woman in the family and in society, develop the same idea in different connections. The family is the prototype of the town: "Inequitably organised, it no longer represents harmony, but discord; not order, but disorder." This was the cause of the scandalous intrigues and jealousies in the households of the Biblical patriarchs. Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, were no better. The French Revolution freed every one but woman. Marriage is now a diminution, it should be an addition, of social strength. Maidens as fully developed as their lovers would have a sense of dignity; their virtue would spring from knowledge, not ignorance. Such only can be fitting mothers, such only really reverenced by their sons. In society at large it is the same. Ignorant women are its curse. Not understanding great efforts of the intellect, they despise them, and are a block to their development.

The fifth discourse, touching the stage's treatment of women, is where Mdlle. Deraismes tilts her lance with most interesting effects. The noblest names in the temples of Melpomene and Thalia do not escape her scathing criticism.

"We must admit that England, through Shakespeare, revolutionised the stage; Shakespeare breaks new ground, no more aping Greeks and Romans (whom he sometimes uses as he fancies), but his own society, though centuries intervene. He puts aside Olympian gods and deals with the new doctrines—ideas. Shakespeare's heroines are all in love. With him, passion entered the stage—not the god's fatal passion, but nature's passion. His heroines are all love's subjects, but none courtesans. And neither Corneille, Racine, nor Molière portray *la marchande d'amour*. Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona, are passive victims—neither reason nor will cause their violent dominating sentiment to triumph. Love, set aside in Greek and Latin tragedies, love scarcely outlined in Menander, Terence, Plautus (never directly the inspiring subject, but in recitals and confidences), love, I say, becomes an element of the play. This step is to be

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noticed in the English authors who established the equality of the sexes by the power of love. But his impartiality stops here. He takes care not to advance equality of brain. When Shakespeare depicts an energetic woman, capable of influence, he makes a criminal, witness Lady Macbeth. The moral force of all his heroines is only violence of sentiment. Reason never guides them. The gentle and poetic Ophelia is too feeble in brain to sustain the shock—madness seizes her. Juliet and Desdemona escape only by death. Shakespeare's opinion is easily grasped. He believes in masculine superiority, even whilst he had as his sovereign one of the greatest geniuses of the age—I would add, of history. In the *Taming of the Shrew* he puts into a character's mouth a theory leaving no doubt we should recognise this attenuating circumstance; this is the motive of Shakespeare's heroes, whatever the sex, in which they live and die. Hamlet, Othello, Lear, are impressionables, sentimentalists; even Macbeth, bowing to his wife's carnal ascendency, is sensible and sensual. By deep observation the English author knows the heart is the impulse of power, the source of all heat, vehemence, and external movement. After him, in France, Corneille and Racine, adding to genius better stage knowledge, shrank not like the ancient tragedy from showing love's dynamics; with more knowledge and less partisanship they restored Nature's predominance. Racine's Achilles, contrary to Euripides, is ardent for Iphigenia. Doubling the interest and conforming with reality, the piece gains in warmth and vitality. But whatever the merit of Iphigenias, Paulines, &c., they only personify greatness in passivity—resignation to sacrifice, or nervous excitement with absence of reasoning. Doubtless feminine activity is incarnate in Corneille's Chimène and Emilie. Both, duty bound, wish to revenge a father's death, each at the expense of a lover's life. Chimène has a complex and contradictory situation. She wishes her father's murderer punished, and, crowning misfortune! loves him. Hence the struggle between the two sentiments. Emilie has no conscience thus divided. Cima, whom she loves, she asks to execute the vengeance, ready to sacrifice him. But in the *dénouement* Chimène and Emilie seem to want largeness of soul and dignity. . . . . As to Camille, Hermione, Phèdre, and Roxane, they have this in common with Juliet and Desdemona, that, wholly given to delirious passion, for it they forget conscience, family, and country. As to the Athalies, the Agrippinas, their vigour and energy are shown only in crime—their ambition is only perversity. One gathers from these authors that woman, gifted with a directing faculty, is out of her sphere, her activity only ending in damnable acts. The author's intention is also plain, inasmuch as none attempts to place on the stage one of those grand feminine figures which history furnishes, and who, during popular crises, have been able by capacity, genius, and character to

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master the most difficult situations. The most celebrated writers have ever been silent as regards Joan of Arc; but ancients and moderns have thrust forward Clytemnestra, Agrippina, Athalie, Lucretia Borgia, Margaret of Burgundy, Mary Tudor, Catherine de Medicis, Christina of Sweden; and the characters they give them, and the acts for which they make them responsible, belong more to legend than reality. Who, I ask, is edified by the truth as to La Tour de Nesle? We can accuse them of making an inverse selection. Quite recently, a scholar, known to the learned for curious researches, M. Hippolyte Rodrigues, has demonstrated by important documents that Catherine de Medicis was not, as commonly believed, the instigator of St. Bartholomew, that she only desired the forcible seclusion of the principal leaders, and that Charles IX. alone decided, without his mother's consent, the general massacre. Authors, therefore, not only make wrong selections when woman is in question, leaving the best to take the worst, but they taint the truth, and they lower the types they have chosen. Victor Hugo, notwithstanding his genius, has done no less in transforming Mary Tudor, called the Bloody, into a wanton. Scribe, in the *Verre d'Eau*, has given us Queen Anne as hare-brained, nothing in common with the original."

With this brief glance at Mdlle. Deraismes' brilliant sweep across the theatrical horizon, I must conclude my extracts from this volume. The discourse on *Woman and the Stage* is not the only tilt our authoress has at the dramatists. She devotes a special discourse to the demolition of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, and seeks to place him in the humiliating position of having devoted his life to the analysis of the woman-question without once having understood a woman. Mdlle. Deraismes's bantering retort to M. Dumas's famous *Tue-la* is most effective. A most entertaining episode in the collection is our orator's address at the banquet of a Scotch banner lodge of Freemasons, demanding the admittance of women, and claiming that of old such admission was allowed. The last of her addresses was made at Troyes in 1883, and deals with women in the society that is to be, when no law nor institution shall exist which does not recognise the duality of human society. It is by no means Mdlle. Deraismes's idea to make her sex masculine, but to have it recognised as distinctly feminine, but with its place in every social foundation. Whether or no they agree with the details of Mdlle. Deraismes's book, or indeed with her general idea, few readers can fail to find subjects for serious thought, and many hitherto unnoticed points in *Eve dans L'Humanité*. The wide grasp of the intellect of our authoress, her catholic tone and discerning logic, give every page its value.

EDMUND R. SPEARMAN.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[FOURTH ARTICLE.]

I NOW pass to the last division of my subject—Lincoln's moral qualities; and here it is that he appears at his best, a statement that cannot always be made of a political character, especially when his public career belongs to the most difficult period of his country's history. Lincoln's private secretaries, who knew him as few men knew him, offer as an explanation of their hero's "immediate and world-wide fame" his possession of certain virtues "rarely combined, in such high degree, in one individual." They then go on to say: "His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him by word or manner of his colour;[1] he was as just and generous to the rich and well-born as to the poor and humble —a rare thing among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognised their existence and counted with them. . . . . He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist, for others, upon the high standards he set up for himself."

Honesty, in its broadest and best sense, was perhaps the most conspicuous quality of Lincoln's character. "Honest Abe Lincoln," a nickname first bestowed on him by his admiring neighbours in the frontier town, finally became one of the popular cries of a great political party. These volumes teem with examples of the upright-

[1] Two other men of distinction made, in this respect, perhaps a deeper impression on the present United States Minister to Hayti. When Douglass bade good-bye to Victor Schœlcher, the famous French abolitionist, the latter kissed him on both cheeks. As we left the house and walked down the Rue Drouot, Douglass was silent for some time. Then, turning on me suddenly, he exclaimed, as if having at length recalled the fact: "But two white men have ever kissed me; one is Senator Schœlcher and the other was Gerrit Smith."

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ness of Abraham Lincoln. Some have already been given in the course of these articles; but a few more might be added—this one, for instance, so full of "local colour," though depicting the more commonplace side of honesty. On one of the occasions when Lincoln was a candidate for a seat in the Illinois Legislature, some of his party friends made up a purse of two hundred dollars to be used for election purposes. When the canvass ended, the successful but very poor Representative handed back to the collector of the fund one hundred and ninty-nine dollars and twenty-five cents, with a request that he return it to the subscribers, adding in a note: "I did not need the money; I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the house of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm-hands insisted I should treat them to." [1]

Here is an example of a higher quality of probity. Once when Lincoln was prosecuting a civil suit, evidence was introduced showing that his client was attempting fraud. Thereupon Lincoln left the court-room in deep disgust, and when the judge sent to the hotel for him, he refused to return, saying: "Tell his honour that my hands are dirty; I came over to wash them."

Simplicity, plainness, was as ingrained in Lincoln's character as was honesty. When he was nominated for the Presidency, the Amercian nation found him living in an unpretending two-storey frame house, and practising law in a small room over a furniture-shop. When Richmond fell, President Lincoln entered the city from a row-boat, walking for a mile and a half with ten sailors and a half-dozen officers as his only body-guard. Well may the authors say: "Never in the history of the world did the head of a mighty nation and the conqueror of a great rebellion enter the captured chief city of the insurgents in such humbleness and simplicity."

His tender-heartedness was proverbial, as we have already seen, and called down upon him more than once the complaints of the sterner members of the Government. So adverse was the President to wound the feelings of others, that it was no unusual proceeding with him to write a letter expressing his dissatisfaction at the conduct of some General or other public servant, and then lay it away and never send it. The authors publish for the first time one of these letters addressed, but not despatched, to General Meade, at the moment when the President's disappointment and irritation was at their keenest, because of Lee's escape after Gettysburg. The letter closes with these words: "Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it. I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had

[1] Referring to the celebrated joint-debate between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858. Greeley says in his *Century* article: "While Lincoln had spent less than a thousand dollars in all, Douglas in the canvass had borrowed and dispensed no less than eighty thousand dollars, incurring a debt which weighed him down to the grave."

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learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why."

Lincoln's equanimity was also remarkable. "Mr. Lincoln was never liable to sudden excitement or sudden activity," say his secretaries. "Through all his life, and through all the unexpected and stirring events of the rebellion, his personal manner was one of steadiness of word and act. It was this quality which, in the earlier stages of the war, conveyed to many of his visitors the false impression of his indifference. His sagacity gave him a marked advantage over other men in enabling him to forecast probable events; and when they took place, his great caution restrained his comments and controlled his outward bearing. Oftentimes, when men came to him in the rage and transport of a first indignation over some untoward incident, they were surprised to find him quiet, even serene—perhaps with a smile on his face and a jest on his lips—engaged in routine work, and prone to talk of other and more commonplace matters. Of all things the exhibition of mock-heroism was foreign to his nature. Generally it happened that when others in this mood sought him, his own spirit had already been through the fiery trial of resentment—but giving no outward sign, except at times with lowered eyebrow, a slight nodding and shaking of the head, a muttering motion or hard compression of the lips, and, rarely, an emphatic downward gesture with the clenched right hand. His judgment, like his perception, far outran the average mind. While others fumed and fretted at things that were, all his inner consciousness was abroad in the wide realm of possibilities, busily searching out the dim and difficult path towards things to be. His easy and natural attention to ordinary occupations afforded no indication of the double mental process which was habitual with him."

So when Sumter was fired upon and the whole North was aroused there was little variation in the business of the Executive Mansion on that eventful Saturday. Again, when the President was re-elected and a perfect torrent of congratulatory telegrams came pouring in upon him, we are told that "he was absolutely free from elation or self-congratulation. He seemed to deprecate his own triumph and to sympathise rather with the beaten than with the victorious party."

Lincoln's deep respect for the laws and his strong anti-revolutionary feelings were touched upon in the last article. His secretaries relate a curious example of his departure from his habitual conduct in this respect, which almost had its counterpart, by the way, in the House of Representatives last winter. While a member of the Illinois Legislature, the Opposition on a certain occasion was in the minority, and having exhausted every other parliamentary means of staving off a dreaded vote which was imminent, they tried to defeat the majority by leaving the House in a body and thus destroying

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the *quorum*. But the doors were locked. Thereupon a number of members, among whom, we are told, Mr. Lincoln's tall figure was prominent, jumped from the windows of the church where the Legislature was then holding its sessions. "I think," said later one of those who performed "this feat of acrobatic politics," "Mr. Lincoln always regretted it, as he deprecated everything that savoured of the revolutionary."

A better illustration of Lincoln's respect for legality, though rather a negative example, is given in the chapter of volume eight, where the authors consider the subject of the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* during the Civil War. What they say is to the honour not alone of President Lincoln, but also of American institutions and popular government. "We believe there is no instance in history," say Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, "with the exception of the one we are now considering, where the Government, sustained by a large majority of the citizens, its physical force supplied by a devoted army, and its hands upheld by the enormous moral support of a loyal judiciary, has voluntarily relinquished the great powers freely confided to it, and has, from the beginning to the end of a great war, continually restricted the application of its powers, and diminished, instead of increasing, the frequency of its resort to arbitrary measures."

Reverencing law himself, it was but natural that Lincoln should discountenance all injustice in others. A love of fair play was born in him and showed itself in a pronounced manner while he was still a boy. Many are the instances in his early life when Lincoln did not hesitate to have recourse to physical force in order to protect the right. The following story, which illustrates a curious phase of public life in Illinois over half a century ago, as well as Lincoln's readiness to act the part of the equitable peacemaker, is told in the words of one of his fellow-law students: "The custom of public political debate, while it was sharp and acrimonious, also engendered a spirit of equality and fairness. Every political meeting was a free fight, open to every one who had talent and spirit, no matter to which party the speaker belonged. These discussions used often to be held in the court-room, just under our office, and through a trap-door, made there when the building was used for a store-house, we could hear everything that was said in the hall below. One night there was a discussion in which E. D. Baker[1] took part. He was a fiery fellow, and when his impulsiveness was let loose among the rough element that composed his audience, there was a fair prospect of trouble at any moment. Lincoln was lying on the bed apparently paying no attention to what was going on.

[1] A native of England. He became a famous Illinois lawyer; served in the Legislature of that State, and in both Houses of Congress; was a colonel in the Mexican war and in the Civil War, where he was killed while gallantly leading his regiment to battle.

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Lamborn[1] was talking, and we suddenly heard Baker interrupting him with a sharp remark, then a rustling and uproar. Lincoln jumped from the bed and down the trap, lighting on the platform between Baker and the audience, and quieted the tumult as much by the surprise of his sudden apparition as by his good-natured and reasonable words."

We are told that he was often, in the days of his youth, unfaithful to his "non-resistant" Quaker traditions. "Those who witnessed his wonderful forbearance and self-restraint in later manhood," say his two closest observers during that period, "would find it difficult to believe how promptly and with what pleasure he used to resort to measures of repression against a bully or brawler." One election day he learned that a certain contractor named Radford, of the opposite party, had, with his workmen, taken possession of a polling-place, and was preventing Lincoln's party from voting. The young politician started immediately for the scene of action, where he succeeded in getting the offender to quit the polls without a moment's delay. Here was one of the arguments which accomplished this object. "Radford," he said, "you'll spoil and blow, if you live much longer!" Lincoln rather regretted the man's timidity on this occasion. "I wanted him to show fight, so that I might knock him down and leave him kicking." Whenever and wherever there was a "row" in those early days, "Lincoln usually appeared upon the scene, and, with a judicious mixture of force and reason and invincible good-nature, restored peace."

Although Lincoln was an ardent partisan—Greeley, in his *Century* article, calls him "the most earnest partisan, the most industrious, effective canvasser of his party in the State"—he placed patriotism above party and personal ambition. A curious example of this is given by his secretaries. When in the summer of 1864 it looked for a moment as if Lincoln's re-election might be prevented and McClellan triumph at the polls, the President's action in this conjuncture was "most original and characteristic." He made up his mind deliberately to the course he should pursue if McClellan was chosen, and, "unwilling to leave his resolution to the chances of the changed mood which might follow in the natural exasperation of defeat, he resolved to lay down for himself the course of action demanded by his present conviction of duty." So, more than two months before election day, on August 23, 1864, he made the following memorandum: "This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration;[2] as he[3]

[1] Josiah Lamborn was a prominent lawyer of Illinois.

[2] A period of about four months.

[3] Although this was written six days before the convening of the Chicago Democratic nominating convention, Lincoln felt sure that the successful candidate would

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will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards." Mr. Lincoln then folded and pasted the sheet in such a manner that its contents could not be read, and requested each member of the Cabinet to write his own name on the back, thus binding himself and his advisers "to accept loyally the anticipated verdict of the people against him, and to do their utmost to save the Union in the brief remainder of his term of office." No member of the Cabinet knew the nature of the paper he had signed until after Mr. Lincoln's triumphant re-election, when one day he took it out of his desk and said, after reading to them the above memorandum: "I resolved in the case of the election of General McClellan to see him, and talk matters over with him. I would say: 'General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people than I. Now let us together, you with your influence and I with all the executive power of the Government, try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energies to assist and finish the war.'" And when Mr. Seward remarked that McClellan would have answered "Yes, yes," but would have done nothing at all, the President replied: "At least I should have done my duty, and have stood clear before my own conscience."

This tendency to rise above narrow partisanship, leads Carl Schurz to say in his *Atlantic* essay: "As he became strongly impressed with the dangers brought upon the Republic by the use of public as party spoils, it is by no means improbable that, had he survived the all-absorbing crisis and found time to turn to other subjects, one of the most important reforms of later days would have been pioneered by his powerful authority"—the reference being to the cause of civil service reform.

Scattered through these ten volumes are several incidents that give colour to Mr. Schurz's presumption. When, for instance, after Mr. Lincoln's re-election in 1864, Henry J. Raymond, who represented the President's strongest New York supporters, wrote to him a letter 'breathing fire and vengeance against the officials of the Custom-house, who, he said, had come near defeating him in the race for Congress," the President merely observed: "It is the spirit of such letters as this which creates the factious malignity of which Mr. Raymond complains." When friends urged him to take stringent measures against lukewarm supporters during the recent canvass, his favourite reply was: "I am in favour of short statutes of limitation in politics." When pressed still harder with a demand that certain flagrant offenders be punished, he answered: "We must not sully

be McClellan, and that a peace plank would be introduced into the party platform, both of which things happened, another remarkable example of Lincoln's political sagacity.

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victory with harshness." He once said: "I recognise no such thing as a political friendship personal to myself."

But we have a still earlier example of his civil service reform leaning. "The recommendations to office which Lincoln made after the inauguration of General Taylor are probably unique of their kind," say the authors. "We have examined a large number—for with a complete change of administration there would naturally be great activity among the office-seekers—and they are all in precisely the same vein. He nowhere asks for the removal of an incumbent; in fact, he makes no personal claim whatever; he simply advises the Government, in case a vacancy occurs, who, in his opinion, is the best man to fill it. When there are two applicants he indicates which is on the whole the better man, and sometimes adds that the weight of recommendations is in favour of the other! In one instance he sends forward the recommendations of the man whom he does not prefer, with an indorsement emphasising the importance of them, and adding: 'From personal knowledge I consider Mr. Bond every way worthy of the office, and qualified to fill it. Holding the individual opinion that the appointment of a different gentleman would be better, I ask especial attention and consideration for his claims, and for the opinions expressed in his favour by those over whom I can claim no superiority.'" When it is remembered that in 1849 nobody had yet raised a voice against Jackson's axiom, "To the victors belong the spoils," the tone of these communications becomes all the more remarkable.

It will have been surmised from what has already been said that Lincoln was little addicted to the personal quarrels which seem inseparable from public life. Early in his career he learned a lesson on this head which had a lasting and salutary effect on him ever afterwards. When thirty-three years old he got involved in a ridiculous duel with a prominent Illinois politician, General Shields, which was even more absurd than the average French "affair of honour." It was, in fact, a roaring farce which aspired at one time to be a tragedy. It was also Lincoln's first and last duel. "We have reason to think," say his secretaries, "that the affair was excessively distasteful to Lincoln. He did not even enjoy the ludicrousness of it, as might have been expected. He never—so far as we can learn—alluded to it afterwards, and the recollection of it died away so completely from the minds of people in the State, that during the heated canvass of 1860 there was no mention in the Opposition papers of Illinois of this disagreeable episode. It had been absolutely forgotten."

With the exception of the hostile correspondence called out by this Shields duel, the authors say they know of only one other letter of this kind addressed to him. This was from a rival politician

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whom he had worsted in a verbal encounter, and who wrote him a note demanding an explanation of his words and of his "present feelings." "In the difficulty between us of which you speak," said Lincoln in his peaceable but dignified reply, "you say you think I was the aggressor. I do not think I was. You say my words 'imported insult.' I meant them as a fair set-off to your own statements, and not otherwise; and in that light alone I now wish you to understand them. You ask for my 'present feelings on the subject.' I entertain no unkind feeling to you, and none of any sort upon the subject, except a sincere regret that I permitted myself to get into any such altercation." This seems to have ended the matter, although the apology was made rather to himself than to the complaining party.

Even when President and Commander-in-Chief of the Army he could suffer an affront from a thoughtless General without losing his temper or his dignity. When General McClellan first took command of the army of the Potomac, the President paid almost nightly visits to headquarters, until an incident occurred which virtually put an end to them. One evening, in company with the Secretary of State, Mr. Lincoln called at McClellan's house, and was informed that the General had gone to the wedding of an officer and would soon return. They waited nearly an hour, when the General came home, paid no attention to the orderly who told him of the callers in the drawing-room, but went upstairs. Thinking their names had not been announced, word was sent up to the General, who returned the message that he had gone to bed.

On another occasion General McClellan failed to appear at a military conference which the President had called at the White House. After long waiting, Mr. Lincoln said to the other gentlemen present: "Never mind: I will hold McClellan's horse if he will only bring us success."

This habit of Lincoln's, not only not to quarrel with others, but—the more difficult task—to prevent others from quarrelling with him, stands out prominently in his relations with his Cabinet; and when it is borne in mind that from the very start he invited to his council-board men of marked individuality, prominent leaders of rival factions and sections, such men as Seward, Chase, Cameron, and Montgomery Blair, and later the positive Edwin M. Stanton—"in weaker hands such a Cabinet would have been a hot-bed of strife; under him it became a tower of strength"—Lincoln's tact, forbearance, and knowledge of human nature and how to control it, come out in a remarkable manner. His secretaries report that his relations with his Ministers was one of unusual frankness and cordiality. "The President was gifted by nature with a courtesy far excelling the conventionalities of an acquired politeness; with a delicacy which has rarely been equalled, he respected not merely

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their official authority, but also their sentiments, their judgments, their manhood. Though differing widely from him in personal qualities, they returned his courtesy and kindness as a rule with warm friendship." Though there was more than one explosion—some have been touched upon in this series of papers—during the four years he presided over the body, Mr. Lincoln succeeded marvellously well in pouring oil on troubled waters, and in not permitting the public weal to suffer from the petty jealousies or political rivalries of his constitutional advisers and administrative chiefs. But, when necessary, the President could speak to them with authority. On one occasion, *apropos* of a demand that a "slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet," the President read them "this impressive and oracular little lecture": "I must myself be the judge how long to retain in, and when to remove any of you from, his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavouring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavour would be a wrong to me, and, much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made nor question asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter." "This we are inclined to think," say the authors, "is one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a President. The tone of authority is unmistakable. Washington was never more dignified; Jackson was never more peremptory."

It would be easy to conclude from what has already been shown of the moral side of Lincoln, that he would entertain a peculiarly high reverence for woman. His secretaries offer this reflection on this point: "No Hamlet, dreaming amid the turrets of Elsinore, no Sidney creating a chivalrous Arcadia, was fuller of mystic and shadowy fancies of the worth and dignity of woman than this backwoods politician. Few men ever lived more sensitively and delicately tender towards the sex." Thus, while "clerking it" in a shop at New Salem, a rural bully having made himself especially offensive one day when women were present, Lincoln requested him to be silent. A fight in the street was the result. But Lincoln quickly threw the fellow, and gathering a handful of dog fennel, rubbed the ruffian's face and eyes with it until he howled for mercy. Then the kind-hearted disciplinarian himself brought water to bathe the culprit's smarting face.

The story of Lincoln's marriage, one of the saddest episodes in his life, reveals in an almost tragic manner the high-strung, sensitive, poetic nature of the man. He became engaged to his future wife in 1840, but soon began to doubt the strength of his affection for her; so when the hour for the wedding had come, and the bride, friends, and clergyman had assembled, the prospective groom failed to appear.[1]

[1] This fact is not stated in Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's work. Herndon's *The True*

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He recoiled at marrying the woman whom he feared he did not love; or perhaps he had a presentiment of the incompatibility of the union. When two years later, evidently through the pressure of friends, and also because he felt he had wronged a young woman of considerable social position,[1] he married Miss Todd, he still had a lurking feeling that he was making, as after events so sadly proved, a grave mistake. While dressing for the ceremony he was seen by a small boy in the house, who, noticing his handsome attire, inquired where he was going. "To hell, I suppose," was Lincoln's response.

One other fact of quite a different nature illustrative of Lincoln's view of woman's position deserves notice. When he was up for re-election to the Illinois Legislature in 1836, he published in the journals, as was then the custom, a statement of his principles. We there read this rather remarkable paragraph: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females.)" Commenting on this final phrase, his friend and law partner for twenty years, Herndon, says: "His broad plan for universal suffrage certainly commends itself to the ladies, and we need no further evidence to satisfy our minds of his position on the subject of 'women's rights,' had he lived. In fact, I cannot refrain from noting here what views he in after years held with reference to the great questions of moral and social reforms, under which he classed universal suffrage, temperance, and slavery. 'All such questions,' he observed one day, as we were discussing temperance in the office, 'must first find lodgment with the most enlightened souls who stamp them with their approval. In God's own time they will be organised into law and thus woven into the fabric of our institutions.'"[2]

A word still remains to be said about Lincoln's religious belief—or shall I say non-belief? Messrs. Nicolay and Hay and Mr. Herndon devote considerable space in their Lives to this aspect of their hero. That Lincoln was an orthodox Christian nobody pretends to assert. But his friends and biographers differ as to how much of a Christian he was. If Lincoln had lived and died an obscure Springfield lawyer and politician, he would unquestionably have been classed by his neighbours among Free-thinkers. But, as is customary with the Church, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, when Lincoln became one of the great of the world, an

Story of a Great Life, of which I spoke in the first of this series of articles, gives a more complete account of Lincoln's courtship and marriage.

[1] The future Mrs. Abraham Lincoln was the daughter of the Hon. Robert S. Todd, of Kentucky. Her great uncle, John Todd, was appointed in 1778 Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, then a part of Virginia. He was killed in battle in 1782. Her grandfather, Levi Todd, was a man of prominence. Another relative was General J. B. S. Todd, a graduate of West Point and a member of Congress.

[2] *The True Story of a Great Life*, p. 167.

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attempt was made to claim him. In trying to arrive at a correct comprehension of Lincoln's theolgy, this fact should be borne in mind in sifting the testimony.

Another very important warping influence which should not be lost sight of was Lincoln's early ambition for political preferment. Now, the shrewd American politician with an elastic conscience joins some church, and is always seen on Sunday in the front pews. But the shrewd politician who has not an elastic conscience—and this was Lincoln's case—simply keeps mum on his religious views, or, when he must touch on the subject, deals only in platitudes. And this is just what Lincoln did.[1]

Lincoln thought little on theological subjects and read still less. That, when left to himself, he was quite indifferent to religion is frequently evident in the acts of his life. Thus the text of the greatest moral document of his Presidency, the Emancipation Proclamation, contains, as originally drawn up in secret with his own hand, no mention of God; and, what is still more significant, when the "omission" was pointed out to him by one of his Cabinet officers, he simply incorporated into the text the religious paragraph offered him. In his criticisms on the original draft, Secretary Chase wrote: "Finally, I respectfully suggest that on an occasion of such interest, there can be no just imputation of affectation against a solemn recognition of responsibility before men and before God; and that some such clause as follows will be proper: 'And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution, and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favour of Almighty God.'"

Perhaps it is also significant that while adopting this paragraph, the only change Lincoln made in it was of a political and Constitutional nature, substituting for "and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country," the phrase, "upon military necessity." In other words, when he came to weigh Judge Chase's paragraph he turned his attention only to the mundane portion of it.

More than one instance of this kind might be cited. Thus, when a convention of clergymen passed a resolution requesting the President to recommend to Congress an amendment to the Constitution recognising the existence of God, Lincoln prepared a first draft of a message to this effect. "When I assisted him in reading the proof," says Mr. Defrees, Superintendent of Public Printing during Lincoln's administration, "he struck it out, remarking that he had not made up his mind as to its propriety."[2]

[1] "Inasmuch as he was so often a candidate for public office, Mr. Lincoln said as little about his religious opinions as possible, especially if he failed to coincide with the orthodox world."—Herndon, p. 439.

[2] Herndon's *True Story*, p. 444, note. "In 1854," says Mr Herndon, "he asked me to erase the word God from a speech which I had written and read to him for

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In dismissing the subject, I propose giving the testimony of a few witnesses *against* Lincoln's orthodoxy; the testimony *for* his orthodoxy is always so well presented and made the most of that it need not be dwelt upon here.

"We have no purpose of attempting to formulate his creed; we question if he himself ever did so."—Messrs. Nicolay and Hay. "Scientifically regarded he was a realist as opposed to an idealist, a sensationist as opposed to an intuitionist, a materialist as opposed to a spiritualist."—William H. Herndon. "His only philosophy was what is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree."—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. "He was an avowed and open infidel, and sometimes bordered on atheism."—John T. Stuart, Lincoln's first law partner. "He had no faith, in the Christian sense of the term—had faith in laws, principles, causes and effects."—Justice David Davis. "I have no hesitation whatever in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great mass of Christian believers, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or evangelical views of Christianity. . . . . If I was called upon to designate an author whose views most nearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on this subject, I would say that author was Theodore Parker."—Jesse W. Fell, to whom Lincoln first confided the details of his biography.

A man about whose theology such things can be said is of course far removed from orthodoxy. It may even be questioned whether he is a theist, whether he is a deist. That he is a free-thinker is evident; that he is an agnostic is probable. Addison's line seems to fit the case: "Atheist is an old-fashioned word: I am a free-thinker."

Such was Abraham Lincoln—unquestionably the grandest specimen of "the self-made man" that America has produced. Born into most abject poverty, and dwelling from childhood to manhood in the roughest of extreme frontier settlements, where he could not even breathe culture, he yet became a master in English composition and an adept in popular oratory.[1] Though his boon companions were, at least during the moulding period of his character, veritable "hoodlums" with all the bad habits of their class, this boy became a youth and entered upon manhood without having acquired a vice, without even having indulged in strong drink or tobacco.[2] When he came to the White House he had had no real training as a statesman, and yet, forced by circumstances to take the helm in the stormiest period of his country's history, he showed himself, on the

criticism because my language indicated a personal God, whereas he insisted no such personality ever existed."—*True Story*, p. 446.

[1] "He was the cleverest logician for the masses that America has yet produced," says Horace Greeley in the *Century* article.

[2] The United Consul-General at London, Mr. John C. New, who was an intimate friend of the President, tells me that "Lincoln *never* smoked, drank, or chewed."

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whole, to be the man for the hour, and left behind him a reputation for ability which has been equalled by few of his predecessors and surpassed by none. Though a native of a slave State and surrounded by pro-slavery influences almost to the close of his career, he was, from the very moment he began to think for himself, a determined foe of "the peculiar institution," and was finally enabled, mainly through his own qualities of mind and heart, to eradicate the curse for ever from the land. Although his intellect was never broadened and enlightened by university culture, and his mental horizon and social opportunities were limited, till the declining years of his life, to the humdrum existence of a mean provincial town, still he held the most liberal views on religion, was open to the best thought and sentiment of the age, and, in the belief of two of his biographers—ex-Senator Schurz, the philosophical statesman, and Mr. Herndon, the intimate friend—he would have taken the lead, if his days had been prolonged, in the political and social reforms which have agitated the United States during the past quarter of a century.[1]

THEODORE STANTON.

[1] In the course of this series of articles I have called attention to several recent publications concerning Lincoln. Since completing this paper, two more have fallen under my eye. One of them, *Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration* (New York: Harper & Brothers; London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), is from the pen of Mr. L. E. Chittenden, Registrar of the United States Treasury during the Civil War. If I had seen this interesting volume earlier, I should have quoted it more than once. The second, *Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), is by Charles W. French, and is the latest biographical sketch of the President. I have not seen the book, but Mr. B. O. Flower, editor of the Boston monthly, *The Arena*, pronounces it "one of the most charming and instructive Lives of Lincoln that has yet appeared."

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"A CHEAPENED PARADISE."

ENGLAND is at present suffering from a superabundance of women. I use the word suffering advisedly, because, as things are, the fact is distinctly disadvantageous and injurious to the nation. In the first place it is disadvantageous to her commercial life, because the labour market becomes glutted with ill-trained workers who are forced by their helpless condition to do their work, whether as governesses, lady-helps, or seamstresses, at the lowest rates. In the second place, it is injurious to her social and moral life, because it impels women into ill-assorted marriages, on the principle of "any port in a storm," and lowers the dignity and the whole position of the sex. And the degradation of a nation's womanhood means the degradation of the nation itself.

As to the plain fact, however, we can do nothing, beyond looking it frankly in the face. Providence sends us our boys and girls in fairly equal proportion; the boys depart hither and thither and are lost to us, or they fall in the battle of life; the girls remain, and even if they choose to accept weeping as their mission, they cannot subsist satisfactorily on tears. Added to this comes the recurring complaint that the men who remain, and who ought to marry, in many cases do not, and where they do are increasingly difficult to lead to the altar, requiring a rare amount of female loveliness before they can be brought to "worship," and a substantial dowry before they see their way to "endow." There are only two practical methods of dealing with the difficulty. One is that every woman should do the best she can for herself and her own daughters; let the pursuit of husbands be the supreme struggle of existence—and the devil take the hindmost. The other sends woman out of her own peculiar sphere into the world to work for her daily bread, risking thereby certain marks of deference to helplessness which the chivalry of man has been willing to accord the woman who keeps to her sphere. A third method which has been suggested is that parents should take care to provide so comfortably for their daughters as to ensure their respectable maintenance when they remain single; but in the majority of cases this is impossible, and even where it is possible it leaves the spinster with no occupation and no interest, and with neither incitement nor help to a useful life. A fourth method is hinted by China, where baby girls meet

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the fate we reserve for kittens; but English public opinion is not ripe for any proposal of that kind at present.

One of the two feasible methods is sensible; the other is popular. One is voted right, natural, womanly; the other doubtful, dangerous, and objectionable. This was to be expected, because one is old and the other is new. We have become so accustomed to hear that a woman's place is to stop at home, and that a woman's mission is to marry, that the inclination is simply to add "if she can," and to refrain from considering how she is to do it, and whether the game is always worth the candle; but the greatest stickler for the system must have had his confidence in it a little shaken by revelations of various kinds which have appeared in the public press, and which would be grotesque if they were not so utterly humiliating, of miserable maidens shrieking aloud for husbands, and of ill-matched men and women taking the world into confidence concerning their failure in marriage. That a girl should work for her living may be doubtful as regards respectability, because it is a confession of poverty, and poverty is never quite respectable; but it is honest. It may be dangerous, though the office and the workroom at least suggest no more danger than the idle hands and the empty brain. It may be objectionable in that it sometimes places women in open competition with men, though if they were recognised, trained, and organised workers, their competition in the labour market would be less disadvantageous than it is now. But it is difficult for an unprejudiced observer to say that such a course has less of true womanliness about it than the eager wiles of the girl, the desperate artifices and hungry eyes of the older spinster, the barefaced manœuvres of the anxious mothers.

The truth is that the primary condition of things has been inverted, and until we get it back to the original condition the status of women and the holy estate of matrimony cannot be satisfactory. Compared with this elementary mistake, the minor considerations as to what women may and may not do; whether a Civil Service clerkship debars her from making a pudding or a knowledge of Euclid unfits her for nursing a baby, are the veriest trifles. A nation will not be ruined because its women can support themselves without dependence upon men, though some men may think so. Most women will still prefer the delights of matrimony and maternity to the possibilities of independent careers; all true women will sink self and fame without a thought when that love which is real love takes up the harp of their lives. Home is woman's natural place, and she is drawn to it like steel to a magnet when the magnet is there.

Mrs. Grundy is as virtuous as ever, and would be profoundly scandalised by a girl giving any hint of the emotions of her heart before a man definitely inquired about them. Nevertheless she may

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offer herself as freely, as boldly, and far more degradingly by acquiescing in the terms of the marriage-market, by throwing the whole of girlhood, so to speak, at the head of men in general, by letting men learn, as they pretty quickly do learn, that for their favour and for the price of a wedding-ring she speaks, moves, acts, and lives.

> "Oh wasteful woman, she who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
> How has she cheapened Paradise,"

the poet has truly sung; and his words are quoted by the great prose-poet who has given one of the most beautiful ideals ever pictured of the mutual relation of the sexes. "It is the type of an eternal truth that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it," says Ruskin. But the warrior must come to the woman because of his faith in her purity and strength. If she is to run after him, crying up the cheapness and easiness of the armour she would clothe him in, more intent on having her own particular hand seen at the work than on bracing that armour truly, the armour is apt to fall away in the first minute of battle and the eternal truth to be turned into a lie.

Upon the theory that man is to woo and that woman is to be won rises all the superstructure of mutual dependence and influence which makes up the perfect character of each. The dignity, the purity, the gracious nobility of woman make her worth the winning. She must be placed on some pedestal of virtue, and surrounded by some halo of mystery and sanctity, if the end is to be attained. Conversely, the man, if he is to woo her, must seek the knightly qualities of chastity, faithfulness, and incorruptible honour which are the points at which their natures must touch. To love a good woman brings out all that is best in a man, making him ashamed of his faults and his follies, inspiring him for his work, strengthening him, and reviving him for his battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil. That is a mere truism. But how if the positions are reversed and woman becomes the wooer? True love for a good man is indeed an ennobling power to a woman, but it will never lead her to court him. That is about the last thing to which it could lead. The condition under which women are reduced to courtship is not love, which must infallibly put the sexes in their true relationship, but the need or the wish for a husband and a home, which is a different thing altogether. And how is the courtship conducted, and with what result? The drawing-room and the street, the Lady Aramintas and the Betsy Janes afford the same answer. By sharing in the man's follies, by conniving at, if not making capital out of, his faults, by glossing over his vices, by displaying those of her attractions which he will comprehend with

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the least exertion of soul and mind; by playing down to the weaknesses of his character which she can work upon most readily, descending to the atmosphere of his lower nature for fear his higher nature should refuse to exert itself to reach what ought to be her loftier and more serene plateau. She chooses dresses which will catch his attention, joins in his rougher and ruder pursuits, habits, and language, in order to please him, as she supposes, by meeting him on even ground and by making him feel free and easy in her society, lest he should abandon it altogether. She rides hard after the hounds; she baits her rod without squeamishness; she puts on gaiters and a billycock hat, and goes out with the guns; she picks up what she can of the stable-boys' slang and the latest music-hall witticism; she follows into the smoking-carriage and smoking-room, and vows that the heavy fumes of cigar and pipe are grateful above all things to her nose and throat. If Lord Blank or Captain Dash come to her in dance or drawing-room with flushed face and thickened utterances, she responds smilingly to his inanities, and would think it extremely "bad form" to associate, even in her inmost heart, his champagne and brandy with the whisky which made Bill Stubbs kick his wife to death the other day. It is not a case like the supposititious one of "Cousin Amy":

"It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought;
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought."

He is not—as yet—her lord; there is no fine fancy about her shallow society talk and "chaff." It is simply that she has been schooled in the worldly wisdom of the marriage-market, and considers it expedient to take men as they are, and not to be too particular.

One thing is quite certain. The girl-apes of mannish ways and mannish dress are not those who go out into the world to work for their livelihood, and that of those near and dear to them. To work on any lines unfamiliar to her grandmother, may be unwomanly in the modern woman, and may justly deprive her of the wall-side of the street, and the seat in the omnibus, which appear, by the stress laid upon them, to be the greatest and chiefest things which man's chivalry yields, under pressure, to the weaker sex; let us grant that it is so. Even then their more womanly sisters ought to be grateful to them, since the number of candidates for matrimony is thereby decreased, and their own chances proportionately bettered. And the sinner's sin ends with herself. Whereas the woman wooer, when she has secured her husband, has

"Spoiled the bread, and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine,"

for generations to come. Her daughters learn of her in their turn the

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cheapness of womanhood; her sons are early taught that anxious eyes await the throwing of the handkerchief.

The Church has recently given vent to a cry of alarm over the sanctity of the marriage vow. It would be to more practical purpose if she spoke out plainly upon the sanctity of marriage itself. All marriages are not sacred that are celebrated in a consecrated edifice; all marriages are not, on her own showing, lawful. In her own language, matrimony is a state to be entered upon "reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," by a man who would give his very life for his wife, as Christ gave his life for the Church, and a woman who can reverence and obey her husband as the Church reverences and obeys its head. This is the nature of the mutual vow. Clearly its utterance is simple perjury from the man who is "hooked at last," after having, it may be, eluded for twice seven years the Rachels in pursuit; and from the woman who has "landed her fish" in order to secure an establishment, triumph over her rivals, and escape the terrible name of "old maid." Church and priest alone cannot sanctify where heart and soul are not purified for the sacrament, just as in a higher sacrament the Prayer-book holds it possible a man may eat and drink his own damnation. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," is for ever urged by the Church. She forgets her own assertion, "that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God; neither is their matrimony lawful."

Let us, then, guard our courtships; let them be founded on knowledge, on esteem, on sympathy, on love; let the men woo, and the women be not too lightly won, even though it be necessary that the woman should have something else than flirtation to think of, something else than marriage to live by. Marriage will not cease, and the labour market will soon right itself. But Paradise once cheapened, the bread once spoilt, and the wine spilt, not all the law-courts and all the convocations can restore it.

LINDA GARDINER.

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SIDE LIGHTS OF THE SWEATING COMMISSION.

I.

THE final report of the House of Lords Committee on Sweating has already been for some time in the hands of students of social subjects, and has familiarised its readers with the leading facts which the huge mass of evidence given before the Committee has brought to light. But the minutes of the evidence itself form a storehouse of information on several subjects connected with the labour problem, which, as not bearing on the phenomena of sweating, have passed unnoticed in the Report, and are therefore inaccessible to all who are not prepared to wade through the 32,000 questions and answers of which the evidence consists. Amongst these is the present condition of apprenticeship, the competition of women's labour with that of men, and the influence of machinery and of combination on the condition of the operatives in the trades to which the Committee's attention was directed. These trades were the following: tailoring, shoemaking, cabinet-making, upholstery, shirt-making, mantle-making, furriery, saddlery and army accoutrements, nail- and chain-making, cutlery and waterproofing. A few others were referred to in evidence, but the above are the principal trades.

There seems to be a pretty general consensus of opinion on the part of witnesses that, with the exception of a few small trades in provincial towns, the whole system of apprenticeship (by which is meant a legally-binding apprenticeship by indenture) is dying out wherever it is not already extinct. The reasons are not far to seek. The system was the outcome of a state of things which hardly exists now. The master was formerly himself a skilled workman, taking an active part in the actual handiwork of his trade. His employés were few enough to allow him to exercise personal supervision over them. He was under a semi-parental responsibility towards his apprentices, and exercised semi-parental control over them. To compensate him for the loss and trouble to which the ignorance of his apprentices subjected him during the earlier stages of apprenticeship, its duration was lengthened out so as to continue to him their services for a time after they had attained a degree of efficiency

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which would have ensured them higher remuneration in the open market. It is clear that these favouring conditions have passed away. The evidence shows us some of the reasons why apprenticeship has been unable to survive them.

To begin with, in the large factories and workshops of to-day the apprentice is no longer taught by his master. He has to look to his fellow-workmen for his training, and they are under no obligation to instruct him. The workmen's representatives among the witnesses complain that, through the minute subdivision of manufacturing processes, apprentices are initiated into one or two small details of their trade, and are not, as formerly, given an all-round knowledge of it as a whole. And it is at the same time allowed that some disinclination exists, on the one hand, among the masters to be burdened with the responsibility of teaching and looking after an apprentice, and, on the other hand, among the young lads themselves to being bound to continue working for their master after they have become capable of earning a higher wage than he has contracted to give them. And besides, masters have sometimes failed to execute their part of the agreement by affording the apprentices proper instruction, and the remedy is not easy of enforcement. It is true that, as has been said, apprenticeship continues in a few trades—*e.g.*, the cutlery trades of Sheffield, among tailor's cutters, and the boot-maker's clickers, but masters and men agree that as things are tending now, it will soon be a thing of the past. What, then, is taking its place?

The evidence gives us an answer, so far, at least, as the trades which were passed in review by the Committee are concerned. Boys are now taken by an employer frequently on a verbal agreement or understanding that they are to learn his trade. Beginning with the simplest and most inferior work, they rise gradually to the more skilled. But they do not learn the trade in all its branches. They are almost always confined to one subdivision of it. In firms which turn out only the better class of work, this may have its compensations, as the learner gains in finish and dexterity what he loses in all-round capacity, and here the training may last for years. But in the inferior class, where competition is keen, and cheapness in production rather than quality is aimed at, the same course is adopted, from a different motive and with a less fortunate result, so far as the worker is concerned. When once he has acquired the capacity of executing one small process with speed, it is the employer's interest to continue to engage him exclusively on that process at learner's wages, rather than to cease to profit by his already acquired skill while he is being taught the next step in the training. Then, when he ought to have reached a degree of proficiency which would entitle him to a journeyman's wages, he is discharged. The employer takes another

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learner, to exploit him in the same way. The first man, on the other hand, finds great difficulty in obtaining work which will afford him any opportunity of supplementing the stunted training he has already received by acquiring as journeyman the experience he should have obtained as learner.

The time taken in learning depends naturally on the minuteness of the subdivision. The smaller the fragment the sooner it is learnt. While it takes four or five years to become a skilled tailor's machinist or presser, and two years to learn to make up a coat, an under-presser will learn his work in a few weeks, from watching a skilled presser. The learner in a sweating-room picks up his knowledge from his fellow-workmen rather than from his master. In the East-end boot trade, again, which is much subdivided, one witness told the Committee that he had learnt the trade of knifer in seven months. In this case the learner was taught by his own brother, and so we may assume that more than usual pains were taken in teaching him. Among the large firms in the London cabinet-making trade apprenticeship still continues, the term ranging from three to five years without premium, and the pay is fairly good, rising from half-a-crown a week at the commencement (a very common initial wage in other trades) to twenty shillings for the last part of the time. Yet even here the workman is said to learn to make only one article of furniture, be it table, chair, or drawers. This may sometimes arise from his own choice, as he may naturally prefer to devote himself to that part of the work which is best paid. In other branches of the same trade journeymen and small masters frequently take on boys, who begin by running errands and cleaning the shop, and gradually pass on through the simpler stages of cabinet work, until they are qualified to undertake rough kinds of work as journeymen. In many cases the learner is expected to "give" some weeks or months before he receives any remuneration; but the practice in this respect varies very greatly, not only in different trades and different localities, but even in the same trade and neighbourhood. A previous knowledge of plain sewing will often secure for a novice in tailoring a higher remuneration. Sometimes the master both engages the learner and pays him himself; sometimes (in tailoring trades, at any rate) he engages him without wages, and places him with one of the skilled hands, who has the benefit of the learner's assistance, and pays him in return from one to three shillings a week; or, again, the learner is engaged by an outworker—that is, a workman who works at home instead of in the factory—on his own account. The learner system is common in trades carried on in the City, where, with tailors, it is not unusual to board and lodge the learners on credit until they have learnt their trade, which Mr. Lakeman, the factory inspector, reckons to require two years.

A large number of witnesses, both on the employers' and the

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workmen's side, agree in deploring the absence, among the present generation of operatives, of sound practical acquaintance with their trades. But they differ as to the best means of ensuring this acquaintance. The employers advocate technical schools. Mr. Hollington, for instance, a large clothier, quotes, in support of this view, the improvement that has taken place in the quality of the cloth manufactured in Huddersfield, since a technical school for instructing the operatives has been started there. Mr. Leggatt, a foreman tailor, whose experience has been of high-class "bespoke" work, proposes that boys should be taught the principles of the trade, and given a practical knowledge of a good style of sewing in a technical school, and then be drafted into the ordinary workshops to complete their education. Schools for teaching cutting exist already. He urges that the Merchant Tailors' Company should take a more active part in promoting technical training. The Secretary of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association states that his society are anxious, in connection with the City and Guilds of London Institute, to formulate a scheme for the establishment of a technical school for shoemaking. It is generally agreed that the old term of apprenticeship—seven years—is too long, and that five years would be sufficient.

The workmen's representatives, on the other hand, lay stress on the necessity for apprenticeship in the workshop itself, since there alone the pupil meets with and learns to overcome the difficulties and perplexities that he would have to face in the every-day business of the trade. Mr. Shipton, of the London Trades Council, a house-decorator, recognises, indeed, that good work is being done in the Polytechnic classes, but leaves us rather in the dark as to what its good points consist in. Mr. Keir, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors, points out, in speaking of high-class work, that in workshops a boy will see a great variety of styles and modes of doing the work, whereas, in a technical school, he would see but one method. He also mentions that in 1886 the Merchant Tailors' Company formed a committee, on which he served, for establishing a workshop for teaching the trade. It was proposed to take out work for this purpose from West-end shops, and he opposed the scheme as likely to be worked too exclusively in the masters' interest. Nothing came of the inquiry. One suggestion, made by two witnesses, a clergyman and an employer, was that during the last few months of a child's schooling he should be taught the rudiments of a trade. Unfortunately, neither of these witnesses clearly explained whether, in his view, the technical instruction to be imparted at school was to aim at forming the first stage in learning the trade by which the scholar was ultimately to gain his living, or whether it was to aim merely at developing his general faculties.

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The drift of the evidence on the subject of training for trades may be summed up thus:—We are in a state of transition. Formal apprenticeship is the exception; technical education has not yet become the rule, and, notwithstanding its generally admitted importance, there are several causes which impede its growth. One is this, that subdivision of labour has split up trades, which formerly were learnt and carried on by each workman in their entirety, into mechanical and monotonous processes, at any one of which it is open to well-nigh unskilled labour to make a living. Another is, that even where a considerable amount of skill has been acquired, lads are content to learn but one branch of the trade of which their fathers would have learnt the whole; and lastly, technical education, so long as it is merely theoretical, is of little use. It must show the learner what are the difficulties he will meet with in his every-day work, and how to overcome them, and must develop his mental resources and self-reliance.

Another point of interest is the question of women's labour, especially as it affects the rate of remuneration given to men, and as it influences the physique and rearing of the children of work-women. Of the fourteen or fifteen trades into which the Committee extended its inquiry, shoemaking, cabinet-making, and saddlery were stated to be almost entirely in men's hands; shirt-making and mantle-making are carried on by women only; while in the remaining trades some processes are more usually carried out by men and others by women. In the tailoring trade the cutters—those who cut out the cloth—are always men, so are the pressers, where the cloth is pressed flat by hand, but pressing is also done by machinery worked by women. Waistcoats as a rule are sewn by women; cheap knickerbocker suits for children are made up by them, and they generally sew on the buttons. The remaining processes are common to the two sexes. In fur-work the skins are stretched by men and sewn by women. In the making-up of army accoutrements—that is, of soldiers' belts, pouches, water-bottles, &c., and of some parts of military harness—there is no sharp division between men's work and women's work; but women are employed more largely in Birmingham and Walsall than in London, and some of the articles—*e.g.*, shaft-tugs, are too hard for women, and are sewn by men. So in the chain and nail trades, the heaviest articles are made by men only. Women are employed in some departments of the cutlery trade of Sheffield.

The women who engage in these trades may be divided into three groups. First, those who are brought up while girls to an occupation which they have chosen for themselves. This class, we may reasonably suppose, is the most numerous. Secondly, the wives and daughters of men who carry on a small trade in their own houses or dwelling-rooms, in which they enlist the assistance of the female

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members of their families. This mode of working is most usually met with in the chain- and nail-making industries, and in some classes of tailoring. Thirdly, women who have to adopt some unskilled form of labour in middle life to support their families when their husbands are sick, out of work, or dead. Such work is generally inferior in quality, and the remuneration received for it is very small. Wives of men in casual employment—*e.g.*, dock labourers, contribute largely to make up this class. Shirt-making and the very worst paid forms of tailoring, such as making knickerbocker suits for children, are principally carried on by them. In many trades a fourth class of workwoman would no doubt be found—the woman who is supported by her father or husband, but who takes up some employment for the sake of the luxuries or comforts which the money it brings in to her enables her to afford. But the only reference to this class to be found in the evidence is with regard to the chain and nail trades, in which the earnings are said to be lowered, owing to the competition of the colliers' wives in the neighbourhood, and to the accoutrement trade.

This brings us to the question of the amount which women actually earn in the different trades, and of the extent to which their cheaper labour prejudicially affects the wage rate for men. We begin with tailoring, in which both sexes are very largely employed. But first it is to be premised that in tailoring (and indeed in several others of the trades inquired into by the Commission) even work which realises a very high wage does not necessarily ensure to the workman a high annual income, owing to irregularity of employment. For instance, a good male presser or machinist commands his 8*s.* or 10*s.* a day—rather a long day, it is true—and if he has constant employment, is well off on £100 or £120 a year. But it frequently happens that only three or four days' work a week is to be had during the greater part of the year, and not even that much in the slack season; and, as a rule, the less efficient the worker, the less regular the work. One cause (though not the only or the most important) why women working at home are able to make so little money by their labour, is probably that they are liable to constant interruption from children and household work. Certainly the table of wages in the trousers trade given in the index to the evidence, where women's earnings in shops and at home are contrasted, shows the former to be considerably higher. All work done at home is not ill-paid, but, owing to causes I have just explained, the very worst paid women are among the home-workers. Miss Potter, a lady who actually worked as a tailoress, the better to ascertain the conditions of the trade, explains that out-door work is very irresponsible and very bad, and the employer has to take it out in some way or other.

We learn from Mr. Arnold White, who got up a large part of the

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evidence upon the East-end trades, that a woman working at home upon a cheap class of coats can earn in a day of fifteen hours, 2*s.* 3*d.*, out of which she has to find soap, irons, and firing, which he reckons to reduce her wages to 1*s.* 11*d.* For making children's knicker-bocker suits, home-workers are paid, according to Mr. White, from 10*d.* down to 4½*d.* per suit; but the number of suits which can be thus done in a given time does not appear to have been stated. Miss Potter, however, describes this class of work as being among the very worst paid, owing partly to foreign competition. Home-made trousers bring in 10*d.* or 1*s.* a day to the workers. This we have on the authority both of Miss Potter and of a workwoman. If we turn to female labour in workshops, we at once meet with better pay. Trouser hands get at least 1*s.* 6*d.* a day, and the general average in ninety cases collected by Mr. Burnett was 2*s.* 3*d.*; button-hole makers from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* or 3*s.* 6*d.*; seventeen machinists were mentioned by Mr. Burnett as earning from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*, the average being 2*s.* 9*d.* Mr. Burnett's inquiries, however, date back to 1886–7. A workman, who draws a dark enough picture of life among his class, and a middleman, agree that tailoresses as a class can make 15*s.* a week, provided they are in constant employment. If we turn from the East to the West-end, the scene brightens. One witness, a journeyman, states that women can earn up to 20*s.* a week at making so-called "tailor-made" dress bodices, and that as button-holers they earn 3*s.* or 4*s.* a day, while the manager of a large house of business, employing several hundred hands, gives the women's wages as ranging from 13*s.* to 26*s.* a week, the average being 19*s.* This was at a busy time, though not in the height of the season.

In the provinces, the evidence taken before the Commission, which concerned large towns like Birmingham and Glasgow only, goes to show that women's wages on the whole do not sink so low as in the East-end. One Birmingham tailor put the earnings of his female hands at from 12*s.* to 20*s.* a week; in another shop they ranged from 5*s.* to 16*s.* a week for finishers, and from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 25*s.* for machining. In reply to a request for an explanation of this disparity in wages, the witness remarked that there was a class of hands that, no matter how long a time they had been learning, could never earn much. In Glasgow the employers give the earnings of plain machinists at 10*s.* or 12*s.* a week, fellers 10*s.* to 20*s.*, first-rate machinists 5*s.* 6*d.* a day, a button-holer 12*s.* 6*d.* on an average (but over 20*s.* a week in the busy season). A factory inspector, however, puts the earnings of these employées 15 or 20 per cent. lower, and a workwoman states that, with one employer she had to work fourteen or fifteen hours a day the week through, and took only 6*s.* or 7*s.* at the end, while, with another employer, she earned 8*s.* 6*d.* between Wednesday and Saturday. At Leeds, where there is stated

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to be a great deal of cheap tailoring, a feller says she makes 14*s.* to 16*s.* a week; this is for highest class work. The employers give the wages as 15*s.* to 32*s.* a week for machinists, about 20*s.* a week for finishers, and, in general, as running from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 4*d.* a day. On the other hand, the Secretary of the Jewish Tailors' Society put the wages paid by middlemen to fellers at 1*s.* to 2*s.* a day, to finishers at 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, and to machinists at 2*s.* to 5*s.*, irrespective of sex. In Liverpool, the rate of pay appears to be a little higher. At a rough estimate, women in provincial towns who understand their trade seem to average from 10*s.* to 15*s.* a week when in steady work, but as payment is usually by the piece, a great deal depends on quickness as well as on skill, and the interval between minimum and maximum wages is usually very wide. It would be interesting to know whether, in towns like Birmingham, where, according to a witness of wide experience, tailoring is the best paid-form of women's work, some other less skilled trade exists to form a catchment basin for draining off that mass of helplessly unskilled and incompetent labour which, in the East-end, influences so fatally the scale of remuneration for shirt and trouser-making.

As I have just said, the pay for making common shirts is extremely bad. Machining is paid at the rate of from 7*d.* to 10*d.* per dozen shirts, and workwomen say that only two or three dozen can be done in a day. As the higher priced work takes longer to do, about 1*s.* 3*d.* a day is as much as is generally earned at it, though one witness thought that, with more practice, she could make 12*s.* a week. Shirt-finishing is paid for at 2½*d.* to 4*d.* per dozen, but, for a better quality, 6*d.* to 9*d.* Two or three dozen can be done in a day. Mr. W. J. Walker, who, as an experiment in philanthropy, started a workshop in Poplar, and took out shirt-work, paying the women all the money he received from the manufacturer, reported to the Commission that he considered that, paid in this way, shirt-machinists could make from 10*s.* to 15*s.* a week, but that shirt-finishers could never make a living.

According to Mr. Adamson, a clergyman in Old Ford, the price of labour in the mantle trade is very low. The sewing on silk mantles, even of good quality, is done for 4*d.* or 5*d.* a mantle, two of which can be done in a day. The witness at the same time considered that 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* a day could be made at this work. Persons actually engaged in the trade were not examined. The fur-making industry is another of the trades in the East-end in which women are largely employed. The middleman in this case is called a "chamber-master," and the work is sometimes made up on his premises, and sometimes at the women's homes. The rate of pay for women is given by one witness—himself a furrier—at from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* a week. It seems to be very unskilled work. The stitching of military harness and accoutrements gives employment

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to women in Birmingham and Walsall, and, to a smaller extent, in London. Men are also employed in this trade, and, as I said before, there is no sharp dividing line between the class of work entrusted to them and that given to women, except that women are seldom physically strong enough to sew the heavier articles of harness, such as shaft-tugs. Mr. Leckie, a large manufacturer at Walsall, gives the wages of competent women, for good work, at from 10*s.* to 15*s.* a week, while inferior hands, put on easier and cheaper work, would earn 8*s.* to 10*s.* From the wages of those who work on the employers' premises 3*d.*, and in some shops 6*d.* or 1*s.*, must be deducted, as a sort of rent for heat, gas, and working room. A good deal of the work, however, is done at home, and evidence, based on two wages-books obtained from an anonymous source, was given by one of the operatives' representatives that women's wages ran at about 5*s.* 6*d.* a week. There was, however, nothing to show whether, in the cases to which these wages-books referred, the women were competent hands, and whether they were employed throughout the week. No women-workers in this trade were examined before the Commission. The accoutrement trade will be referred to again when we consider the competition of women's labour with that of men.

Chain- and nail-making are local industries almost peculiar to the border line of South Staffordshire and North Worcestershire. A number of women-workers were examined, who declared that a full week's work at chain-making would bring them in only from 5*s.* to 7*s.* a week, out of which 1*s.* would be paid for fuel. As the President of the Chain-makers' Society pointed out, this would be at the rate of only 1*d.* an hour. A magistrate and a factory inspector from the same neighbourhood agreed, however, that the lower limit was exceptional, as was also the opposite case, quoted by an employer, of women netting 10*s.* 6*d.* a week; 7*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* would be the average. In the hand-made nail trade (which is said to be dying out) as much as from 7*s.* to 9*s.* a week can be made, but the average as given by employers, and confirmed by a factory inspector, ranges from 4*s.* to 6*s.*—rather less than in the chain trade. The local name for the middleman in these industries is "fogger." Some evidence was taken as to the waterproof and india-rubber goods trade carried on in Manchester. The witnesses examined, including one employée, agreed that competent hands could make from 18*s.* to 20*s.* a week at least.

One important factor in depreciating the wages of women who are engaged in trades is touched on by the Rev. Mr. Adamson, of Old Ford, and Mr. Lakeman, the factory inspector. A field of employment which women have all to themselves is domestic service. It is one, too, in which the regular workers are free from the competition of married women and women possessing other resources. And yet,

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girls in large towns throng the factories and workshops, competing sharply with each other and with the men, while mistresses know to their cost how hard it is to meet with servants who know anything about their duties. Mr. Adamson gives the explanation—long since a truism among ladies who have dealings with girls of the working-class—liberty, real or at least apparent, is to these girls at once a *sine quâ non* and the *summum bonum* of life. However long and however hard they may toil in the factory, the day's work comes to an end at last, and they are their own mistresses again. In situations, even easy ones—and it is but fair to these girls to remember that the places for which they are fit are neither easy nor comfortable—a servant is liable to interruption at any moment of the day, and also to an interference with her habits and occupations which, however necessary it may be, is hardly pleasant.

The injurious effect of female labour on the rate of men's wages is much insisted upon by the men's representatives in most of the trades. Mr. Juggins and Mr. Homer, representing the chain-makers, assert that the men's wages are lowered by the great and increasing amount of female labour in the trade, and this view is confirmed by Mr. Hoare, the factory inspector. Mr. Hingley, an employer, states that men are abandoning the nail trade, because the women undersell them, and adds that, in the branches of chain-making where women and children are not employed, chain-makers are thriving. In the military accoutrement trade the men allege that a big London employer transferred a large amount of his work, previously done by men in London, to Walsall, where it was done by women, of course at much lower wages. The employer himself concurred in this, and said that a fall of wages in London had been the result. Mr. Arnold White admitted that the women's work was, on the whole, very well done. In the tailoring trade, again, we have complaints from Liverpool and Manchester that a large part of the work has passed from the men into the hands of women. In the former town, Mr. Goodman, a former official of the local tailor's trade union, tells the Committee that whereas in the tailor's workshops fifteen years ago, 1400 men were employed against probably not more than 200 women, in 1887 the number of male operatives had fallen to 1100, while that of female operatives had risen to 600. A master-tailor in the best class private trade disputed the accuracy of this statement. In his opinion the amount of female labour has not increased. In the main, however, the men's complaints on this point are of a very general character, and do not give dates or figures.

In some instances, as in the accoutrement trade just now alluded to, women and men appear to be employed concurrently upon identically the same work, the men's wages having fallen to the level of the women's; but it perhaps more frequently happens that women

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have, by accepting lower wages than men will consent to receive, secured a practical monopoly of employment in certain trades and subdivisions of trades, where formerly men were engaged. If we accept Mr. Goodman's statement, this has been the case with the vest-making trade in Liverpool. Indeed, some of these trades and subdivisions, such as cheap knickerbocker-suit making, would never have come into existence but for the facilities offered by cheap female labour, which, as Mr. Alexander, the honorary secretary of the Jewish Board of Guardians, points out, has been greatly increased by the sweating system. But it is very difficult to ascertain whether the rate of remuneration is really different for the two sexes, for the simple reason that it is very rare to find an example where perfect equality of conditions as to nature, quality, and amount of work executed—without which any comparison would of course be erroneous—exists. One instance, however, was given, where the work was precisely the same, and here the rate of payment was also the same, two nail-makers, a man and a woman, stating that they got 8*d.* a hundredweight for making a particular size of spike-nail; so that this case may be quoted against that of the Liverpool vest-makers. The general tenor of the evidence goes to show that it is the exception for men and women to be employed on precisely the same description of work, although they are constantly employed in the same trade. Taking all the trades and localities into which investigation was made, the remuneration for women's work seems to be, on a rough average, three-fifths or two-thirds that given for men's work of as nearly similar a nature as possible. Very often the proportion is lower, but very often, also, it is higher. Here is a comparative table of wages in the tailoring trade:

Machinists. Glasgow.	Machinists. Liverpool.	Tailors. Birmingham.	Machinists. Leeds.
Men, 7½*d.* an hour	7*s.* 6*d.* a day.	6*d.* an hour.	42*s.* a week.
Women, 6*d.* an hour	5*s.* a day.	3*d.* an hour (Walsall)	32*s.* a week.

COAT TRADE ONLY.

Machinists. London stock trade.	Button-holers. East-end.	Basters. East-end.	Fellers. East-end.
Men, 9*s.* a day.	6*s.* average a day.	3*s.* to 9*s.*, average 5*s.* daily	3*s.* to 5*s.* daily.
Women, 4*s.* 4*d.* a day	4*s.* average a day.	1*s.* 10*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*	2*s.* to 3*s.* daily.

In their evidence before the Committee the workmen's representatives in all these trades admit that women's labour is indispensable in some branches, and even that they here and there excel the men, but on two points they insist very strongly—the non-employ-

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ment of women with husbands able to work, and equal payment for equal work (women's wages to be raised to men's, not men's reduced to women's, *bien entendu*). Mr. Juggins and Mr. Homer think that the families of nail- and chain-makers would not only be far better off as regards comfort, if the married women among them looked after their households instead of going to work, but that incidental expenses, such as paying a girl to look after the young children, would be saved which, as things are at present, eat up the woman's earnings. And then, too, the competition with men's earnings would be reduced. Mr. Smith states the same view with regard to the accoutrement trade, and Mr. Goodman as to tailoring. It is added that the discomfort of a home where the wife is constantly engaged in work at a trade instead of in household duties drives men to the public-house. This is the opinion of Mr. Bassano, a magistrate in the Black Country. Of course it is recognised that widows and women with sick husbands are very differently circumstanced, and that for them work is an unavoidable necessity.

As to the second postulate, which, as we shall see, is intimately connected with the first, no objection to women's labour in the abstract was expressed (though further restrictions both as to hours and nature of work were advocated by many of the witnesses) so long as women doing men's work were paid men's wages. A master tailor from Liverpool alleged, however, that the operative tailors there were opposed to women working either at home or in the workshops, and objected to female labour altogether, however well paid it might be. He quoted Mr. Goodman, the trade union official already referred to in this paper, as having stated at a conference that the men would not agree to women being employed in the workshops even at 9*d.* or 1*s.* an hour. We shall not, it may be hoped, be over-estimating the astuteness of the workmen, in assuming that they perceive that the effect of their apparently moderate demand that women's wages for the same work should be levelled up to men's, instead of men's wages levelled down to women's, would be to free the labour market of a very large proportion of the female element which so disastrously competes with the men. There are probably very few employers who would not, for work at which both sexes are equally skilled and equally paid, employ men in preference to women —a fact fully recognised by women-workers, who are not unanimous in themselves making the demand which the men so strongly urge on their behalf. Something may, perhaps, be said in favour of having a lower rate of payment for women than for men. Employers are expected now-a-days to reckon their workpeople, Russian-wise, as "souls" rather than, according to the old fashioned term, as mere "hands," and they meet with severe censure if they so little regard the interests of these latter as to offer a semi-starvation wage, even when there is no lack of hands ready to accept it. Now, any

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attempt on the part of the employer to act on this principle, by taking the circumstances of his workpeople into consideration in fixing the scale of remuneration, will certainly lead him to pay the men at a much higher rate than the women, for, often as we may meet with women who have the burden of a household to support, they form the exception. In the normal condition, in actual life as in theory, the support of the family rests on the husband and father, and not on the wife and mother. Our domestic legislation is based on this assumption, and it lies at the root of the difference in the scale of wages of the sexes. It is tacitly recognised on both sides that a man's wages have to keep his family, while a woman's wages have only to keep herself. And the fact that the wages actually paid to both sexes are often notoriously insufficient does not disprove the assumption, for even in such cases the same relative proportion is maintained.

But, while we allow for the obvious bias of the workmen's representatives, their view is supported by some very strong practical considerations, even setting aside the apparent justice of the argument that like work should command a like price. Mr. G. Shipton says, "There are men capable of living upon the industry of women, I mean respectable industry; and if the women are to take the places of men, it must have a tendency to social degradation. I think the man should be the breadwinner, and be able to keep his wife or his children by his labour, instead of driving them at an early age into the labour market." Mr. Homer, too, in speaking of the nail and chain trades, remarks that if the woman did not work herself the husband would "have to buckle to and be more a man, and feel a greater responsibility." These are only samples of opinions generally expressed, and that not among the workmen only. All who have to do with the labouring classes will recognise the type of husband alluded to by Mr. Shipton and Mr. Homer, and will agree that any measure which leads towards its extermination will be by that much an advantage to the whole community. It is the cheap rate at which the wives of such men sell their labour that makes it easy for them to obtain employment, and so renders such an undesirable state of things possible. Were the general rate of women's wages higher than it is, employers would be more likely to prefer the skilled labour of single women (who could give their whole time and attention to their work) to married women, who perhaps have never really learnt any sort of work, and who are, in any case, liable to interruptions and distractions which render them less reliable as employées than women who are free from encumbrances; and then, again, it is perhaps a fair inference to draw from the general purport of the evidence, as well as from the fact that workmen appear to view the married rather than the single women as their most serious competitors, that the withdrawal of the married element from the

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female labour market would place single women in a more favourable position to claim fair pay.

Most of the witnesses—workers, both male and female, philanthropists, factory inspectors, and even some employers—have something to say in favour of further restricting the hours of employment for women, and of forbidding their employment in occupations so laborious as to injure their health. This unanimity was very strong among the witnesses from the seat of the chain and nail industries. Complaints were loud that the women, instead of confining themselves to the lighter descriptions of nails and chains, which it was agreed could not only be made by women without affecting their health, but were made by them better than by men, competed with men for the heavier sorts used for rigging and cranes, the muscular strain in making which was very great, and occasioned ruptures and other internal injuries. Great numbers of them worked in their own cottages, and had to carry the material they worked on to and fro between the factory or shop where it was given out and their homes. One witness said he knew of a woman having had to carry 60lbs. of nails for a mile. It was said, too, that they had to wield heavy hammers called olivers. Medical witnesses stated that the work interfered with maternal functions and duties. It was generally agreed that women should be restricted, by the Legislature if necessary, to working on nails and chains not exceeding a certain size; but opinions differed as to the precise point at which the limit should be drawn. No complaints were made as to the necessarily injurious nature of the other classes of women's work, except that employers and men agreed that some parts of military harness on which women were sometimes engaged, such as stitching shaft-tugs, was much too heavy for them. But the workmen were very strong upon the need for enforcing more generally the already existing provisions of the Factory and Workshops Act as to the working hours of women (which, they contended, were very frequently violated), and also for extending those provisions. And they further insisted on more stringent sanitary inspection. On both these points they were supported by the factory inspectors examined before the Committee. The latter grievance is common to both men and women workers, and it is dealt with at considerable length in one section of Lord Dunraven's Draft Report on Sweating, in which the noble lord sets forth some of the causes to which insanitary conditions are attributable. It would be needless, therefore, to go into the subject here.

With regard to the working hours of women—a matter not specially dwelt on in the Report—the Factory and Workshops Act of 1878 fixes a maximum limit of ten and a half hours (exclusive of meal times), not to be exceeded on more than forty-eight days in the year, of which notice must be given to Her Majesty's Inspector, and

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then only for two hours at a time. The factory inspectors examined before the Committee point out that in workshops under Section 15 of the Act—that is, workshops where no one under eighteen is employed—this regulation is easily evaded, for the women engaged in such workshops are allowed to work at any time between 6 A.M. and 9 P.M., so long as the above-mentioned limit is not exceeded, and this it is impossible to ascertain. And even in the factories and workshops, the hours of work and meal times for which are rigidly fixed by the Act, Mr. Arnold White, the inspectors, workmen's representatives, and others, state that the regulations are frequently ignored. One instance is quoted in which an inspector and another gentleman, in going round a locality late at night, stopped at a house where work was going on, and while one of them knocked for admittance, the other stepped across the road, and from the opposite side watched the workwomen, who were, of course, illegally employed at that time of night, shuffling out of the workroom to avoid detection. Several of the inspectors expressed an opinion that the clause in the Act which precludes them from entering domestic workshops—*i.e.*, private rooms used by members of the same family, against the occupier's consent—without first obtaining a warrant from a magistrate, gives an opportunity for exceeding legitimate working hours of which advantage is widely taken. Another point on which Mr. Oram, a superintending inspector, is very strong, is that a minimum as well as a maximum penalty for breaches of the Act should be fixed; for, he remarks, when cases have been proved before borough magistrates, and they have had no alternative but to convict, they have inflicted a merely nominal fine of 6*d*. Mr. Oram's comment is, "Manufacturers are very lenient to fellow-manufacturers in certain districts." Adult women working at home by themselves are, of course, not affected by the Act, and several of the tailoresses and shirt-workers who were examined, spoke of beginning at seven or eight in the morning, and working, no doubt not without interludes for meals and looking after the children, up to eleven or twelve at night.

And, lastly, the evidence throws a little light on the question how far low wages are responsible for forcing women into immorality. Mr. Arnold White and Mr. Adamson both of them take this view as the result of their inquiries and experience, and Mr. W. J. Walker alludes to putting a question on the subject to a respectable woman, who herself resorted to shirt work merely as a means of supplementing other resources. He put before her the case of a neighbour, a young woman who was solely dependent on her own exertions, and whose only trade was shirt work, and asked her whether the girl could possibly support herself by it alone. The woman allowed that she could not, and that she "could guess the result." Mr. Walker believes cases of this kind are very common, though he observes that

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he can bring no actual proof, as no one would confess to it. One of the workmen, a tailor, and the present Bishop of Bedford, agreed that the mixing of the sexes in workshops led to immoral practices, while Mr. Lakeman observed that low wages in some trades, combined with inclination, led to prostitution, especially among the unskilled who earned small wages, and yet seemed well-off and not anxious to earn more. On the other hand, it was stated that among the very poorly paid women of the nail- and chain-making districts, prostitution was practically unknown.

What we have just collected from the evidence brings to light two main causes of the low rate of women's remuneration. These are, first, that the scale of pay for all women is decided by the fact that the great majority of them are, as it were, subsidised by their male relatives, and so the minority have to accept wages quite insufficient for their necessities; and secondly, that the system of home work keeps the workers apart, and without opportunities of intercommunication, so that the employer makes his own terms with each. The restriction of work, whether through legislation, force of general opinion, or any other means, to women without other resources, and the placing of domestic workshops under the same conditions as to inspection and sanitary requirements as factories, are advocated by a large party among the workmen, on the ground, among others, that home work would thus be discouraged, and one great obstacle to combination among women-workers done away with. It will probably be generally admitted that concerted action on the part of women is very desirable, in view of the unjustifiable exactions at present made by many of the employers. But to make this action effectual it is necessary that the labour of the women who combine should possess a value superior to that of the non-unionist element. There must be difficulty in supplying its place if it is withdrawn. It has been one of the greatest difficulties which the movement of the last eighteen months among workwomen in the East-end has had to contend against, that the work itself is of such an inferior quality that it requires very little skill; it is very easily learnt, and consequently, those who have acquired a knowledge of it already possess little value for the employer, since they can be so easily and quickly replaced. An enhanced standard of excellence must be both required by the employer and offered by the worker, in order to afford the leverage necessary for raising the scale of remuneration. At present this leverage is largely wanting.

C. H. D'E. LEPPINGTON.

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THE MALTHUSIAN DOCTRINE.

THE Malthusian doctrine, as originally stated, was to the effect that population tends to increase in geometrical ratio while subsistence only increases in numerical ratio, and therefore that, unless the people are numerically thinned out by some violent catastrophe, such as the sword or the pestilence, there must always be chronic starvation among the poorest classes, do what we will, till man learns to restrict deliberately his own increase by "prudential restraint."

The penalty for this excessive but inevitable increase is not prospective but ever present. It is not that starvation *may* come or even *must* come, at some remote, indefinite, period; but that it always has been, always is, and always must be at work among us until this "prudential restraint" becomes a recognised duty.

Let us take the two points in the proposition separately, and see what of truth there is in each.

I. "Population tends to increase in geometrical ratio." Not *increases*, observe; but only *tends* to increase. The proposition is always so expressed, and very properly. What it means, when we come to examine it, is this: That there is a natural tendency in both sexes to "pair," and that if they all paired, and each pair had as many children as is generally born to an average healthy couple, the world would, within a distinctly measurable time, not be able to afford even standing-room for them, much less subsistence.

This is quite correct; but it is a purely conditional statement. It all rests upon two "ifs." In practice we find that there are numerous checks, quite irrespective of subsistence, that keep this increase within reasonable bounds.

1. More than half who are born die from the ordinary accidents and ailments of life before reaching a marriageable age.

2. Of those who do reach that age a great number fail to find mates.

Many (females chiefly) fail to find mates through being ill-favoured or unattractive in some way. Many (males chiefly) abstain because they are so wedded to comforts and enjoyments which marriage would compel them to surrender that they do not care to marry.

Many miss getting the mates they want and will not take others.

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Many abstain from fear of not being able to keep up their position in society (a very different thing from not being able to procure subsistence).

Many (males chiefly) are prevented by their mode of life from finding mates; some are colonial frontier-men in wilds where there are no women; others are soldiers or sailors condemned to rove, and who either do not like to tie a wife with whom they could not live, or (as in some countries) are authoritatively forbidden to marry.

And so on.

3. Again, of those who do marry—

A good many are absolutely barren;

Many more have only one child, or two;

Others have sickly children who die.

If every individual in existence found his mate, every pair would require to have two children merely to take their place and so keep up the population. But as half (at least) die before reaching a marriageable age, therefore it would be necessary for every couple that did survive to pair and have four children to each pair merely to keep up the population.

When we strike off from these survivors all who cannot find mates, or won't seek mates, or who are barren, we shall find that, merely to keep up the population without any increase at all, it will be necessary that every couple marrying and having children should have about six. So that if we should look round at the average number of children that are born to a family, we should find that the rate of increase is not likely to be anything startling; and when we go farther and question statistics, we find that in countries like Australia, where there is work for all who choose to work and at what is recognised as "high wages," where subsistence is cheap, land fit for cultivation but uncultivated in abundance, and where there are no catastrophic checks, the actual rate of increase is only about 2 per cent. per annum[2]. We may call this, then, the normal rate of increase of population. It is far from being a "geometrical" rate.

It is true that with extending knowledge, better sanitation and improved morals, many of the fore-mentioned ordinary checks on increase are being weakened in their effect; still they are pretty potent yet, and as they lose force another counteracting tendency comes into play.

It is found that as subsistence becomes more abundant and of better quality, and as life becomes more regular and artificial, fertility diminishes.

We find it so among the lower animals, and we find it so in man. Animals in poor condition breed more freely than those that are fat, and wild animals when domesticated have fewer offspring, and often cease altogether to breed.

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The Western Irish or Highland woman, insufficiently nourished and leading a half-wild, irregular life, commonly has a large family, while among the upper classes, who are well fed and whose lives are regular and artificial, large families are by no means the general rule.

It appears, moreover, that as brain power is cultivated, reproductive power diminishes, so that, with a rising standard of comfort, a more regulated life and higher intellectual tastes, a sort of Law of Diminishing Return comes in, and the increase of population slackens from causes having little or nothing to do with "prudential restraint."

All this, however, it may be said, is mere theory. Well, let it pass. Our case is strong enough against the Malthusian doctrine without it.

II. "Subsistence increases only in numerical ratio." This is altogether an incorrect and misleading statement. Man's existence on the earth may be divided into three stages.

1. The primitive or hunter state, in which he does not *produce* subsistence (in any creative sense) at all, but only slays the animals that are already in existence, as the lions and tigers do, or gathers the natural fruits of the earth, as the birds and monkeys do. In this stage, there being no real production, subsistence does not increase at all—in *any* ratio.

2. What may be called the intermediate stage, in which man does not merely kill the lower animals but domesticates them (or some of them), burning off the coarse herbage or otherwise improving and increasing the pasture and defending them from wild beasts; and not only gathers the fruits of the earth, but cultivates the soil and grows them, and so does really begin to produce—*i.e.*, create and increase subsistence. But in doing this he performs only such productive acts as are obvious and simple, using the rudest tools, and goes on from generation to generation without any perceptible improvement in his methods. The Egyptian of to-day, for instance, cultivates his land in the same way and with almost exactly the same implements as he did in the days of the Pharaohs. Here there is a sort of rate of increase, and you may call it "numerical" if you like. It proceeds entirely by extension of area, not by improvement of method.

3. There comes a time, however, when man begins to invent and to improve; when he begins systematically to observe and to reflect, to conceive new ideas and carry them out, investigating the laws of Nature, and perfecting his instruments and his social and industrial organisation. From the moment that he once fairly enters this progressive stage his powers of producing subsistence increase rapidly; indeed, so long as there is land enough the rate of increase of production (whether of subsistence or other things) may much more fairly be described as "geometrical" than his rate of increase in population. Anyway it is a continually accelerating increase. The terms "geo-

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metrical and numerical ratio," however, are now generally dropped, and the doctrine in its present accepted and modified form is to the effect that population tends to increase *much faster* than subsistence, and consequently, unless kept back by catastrophic checks, such as the sword or the pestilence, must always be confronted with famine among the poorer classes, unless they deliberately limit their natural increase by "prudential restraint." Indeed, we are kept so closely on the verge of an insufficiency as to be constantly overstepping it: this is the main cause of the extreme poverty of the lowest classes.

The whole doctrine rests on the assumption that as population increases there is an increasing difficulty in procuring subsistence.

This assumption we dispute, and we propose to show that it is based on a false inference from the Law of Diminishing Return and a false explanation of the Resort to Inferior Lands.

Diminishing Return *v.* Diminishing Area.

But first, Diminishing Return is one thing, Diminishing Area is another, and we must not mix the two together.

Every one sees that if population is to go on increasing, no matter at what rate, a time must come when the world itself would not afford standing-room, much less subsistence. But we need not concern ourselves about that. So long as any country, provided with all the resources of civilisation and peopled by an energetic race, has an appreciable quantity of land of any sort into which a spade can be put, but which yet is uncultivated, it is concerned with the Law of Diminishing Return only, and not with the Law of Diminishing Area. A time may come when the Law of Diminishing Area must be faced, but it will not be for generations yet to come, and the Malthusian doctrine professes to concern us now and always.

The Law of Diminishing Return.

The doctrine in regard to this is, that given so much labour applied to land and so much return to that labour, every additional increment of labour procures a less increase. Doubling the labour does not double the produce; and the inference drawn is that there must be an ever-increasing difficulty in procuring subsistence as population increases.

The doctrine is true; the inference is false.

Subsistence depends so largely on cultivation that people have got into the habit of speaking and (unawares) even of reasoning as if the whole process of procuring subsistence consisted in the cultivation of the soil; whereas, as we all know but are apt to forget, it consists of a vast complicated network of actions (often not recog-

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nised as productive at all), carried on by innumerable people often thousands of miles apart, and having no visible or conscious connection with each other or with the soil—the actual cultivation of the soil forming a very small part indeed of the process.

Take bread as the type of subsistence.

The process of providing a loaf of bread begins far back (or at least we may there take our first glimpse of it) in distant regions where the lumberman and the miner are procuring the wood and iron for the construction of the tools with which the soil is to be cultivated, and is not completed till the baker's boy (or somebody) has placed the baked loaf in the hands of the person who is to eat it. Shipbuilders, architects, carriers, road-makers, merchants, clerks, manufacturers, and numberless other people each carry the work a stage on. Even the legislator, the judge, the policeman, who provide that security for life and property without which this complicated process would at once break down, all help.

You cannot leave out a single factor in the vast array and yet secure your result, any more than you can leave out one step in a journey of 100 miles and yet get to your destination; and every improvement in the tools or the methods or the organisation in any one of these countless departments helps to reduce the cost and increase the facilities of procuring subsistence.

My point is that the facilities in all these numerous departments increase much faster than the increase of return from *the land* diminishes; and as a consequence it becomes *easier* every year to procure subsistence, notwithstanding the increase of population; indeed, in great measure *because* of it.

Scientific discoveries, mechanical inventions, improved communications, diffused education, co-operation and organisation, all these factors are every day diminishing the amount of labour required to bring the loaf of bread within reach of the consumer, and so relieving an increasing number of people from the task of producing mere subsistence, and setting them free to produce luxuries and enjoyments instead. All which is only another way of saying that to provide subsistence is becoming easier.

The curious thing is that the Malthusian economist sees perfectly well that the production of *wealth* is becoming daily more easy; but, misled by the Law of Diminishing Return, he thinks that it is that kind of wealth only that consists of superfluities, and does not include subsistence—subsistence being dependent on cultivation, and the increase from cultivation tending to fall off.

But the land and the labour and the capital that are producing all these superfluities (and they all come at bottom from the land) might just as easily be producing bread, if more bread were wanted. But bread (or food stuffs) there always is in superabundance. There is always a good stock standing over besides what is used up for manu-

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facturing or sporting purposes as distinguished from human food. If more bread is not being produced it is either because there is a sufficient abundance for all already, or else because, owing to something wrong in our social arrangements, the labourer receives so small a share of the produce of his labour that he has not money enough to buy with; and so the capitalist, whose real object in producing is to make a profit for himself, not to feed other people, will not produce the bread; in short, it is because the man who is in possession of the land won't grow the wheat, and not because there is any difficulty in growing it to any extent that may be required.

Why, then, it will be asked, is population driven to resort to inferior lands?

Resort to Inferior Lands.

The orthodox explanation of this movement is that, as population increases, it *presses on subsistence*, and *compels* resort to inferior lands, subsistence becoming more difficult owing to the diminishing return.

The true explanation, we submit, is that as knowledge and skill improve and appliances multiply, lands that formerly could not be cultivated with profit now become worth cultivating, and so *invite* resort to them, no matter whether subsistence be short or not; subsistence becoming *easier* to procure in consequence of the diminishing labour required to secure a given product, and the increasing area rendered available.

According to the orthodox view, capital is the prime mover in industry, and will not move unless it sees its profit ahead; and it is assumed that all the land in a country (except in newly settled countries), which, at any given time, is profitable to cultivate is in cultivation, what lies outside being left uncultivated because it "doesn't pay."

But if it does not pay, how can mere increase of population pressing on subsistence make it pay, or make the capitalist content with a less profit? What is population to him?

Population pressing on subsistence means people getting hungrier and poorer, and less able to give paying prices. The effect would be rather to throw out of cultivation the worse lands in use than to bring into use worse land still, for a paying price is all that capital cares about. It will not resort to inferior land merely because food is getting scarce and people hungry; that would be contrary to all its instincts, contrary to the fundamental assumption on which the orthodox view rests.

But when, through improved instruments or methods, or diminished cost of transport, or what not, the cost of placing a given produce in the market is so reduced that land which formerly did not pay will now yield, not as great a bulk, but as great a profit as better land did before, then capital will step very quickly on to these lands

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without waiting to ask whether population is pressing on subsistence or not, for subsistence is far from being the only thing that land will profitably produce.

It may be that there is subsistence enough already with a balance over to carry on, so that to produce more would be a needless over-production of perishable goods; or it may be that there is not enough (though that never really happens in countries that have once fairly entered on the progressive stage), but that those for whom there is not enough are paupers, and could not pay for it if there were enough, in which case capital would not think of producing it. But neither of these conditions will prevent capital from immediately utilising the inferior lands now become profitable, for if there is no subsistence wanted there are comforts and luxuries to be got out of the soil, and these will always sell. There is always flax, wool, silk, cotton, to make fancy fabrics, draperies, and hangings of State, over and above needful clothing. There are always dyes and scents, flowers and ornamental shrubs, alcohol, tobacco, and condiments. Even simple food-products can be grown for other purposes than human food; to be used up for manufacturing purposes, as starch, &c., or for maintaining sporting dogs, horses, and game. There are always, in short, articles of mere luxury which the soil will produce, and which rich people will buy though the poor be starving, and the prospect of this is quite enough to attract capital to inferior lands without any pressure of population on subsistence.

Production, indeed, so far from falling short of subsistence, far and away outstrips it, and yet falls short still further of its possibilities. That is to say, there is always land in abundance that will yield useful products in abundance more than there are people effectively to cultivate it. If it were not so, then indeed we should be face to face with the Law of Diminishing Area; Malthus's bugbear would become a substantial and awful reality; and the further increase of population would be effectually stopped.

Resort to inferior lands, then, is not caused by population pressing on subsistence, but by the increasing productiveness of labour making lands profitable that were not profitable before. It would go on all the same were subsistence even more ahead of population than it is, and it is a sign not of increasing difficulty, but of increasing facility of providing subsistence, and of supplying all secondary satisfactions.

Supposed Examples of the Malthusian Doctrine Examined.

Let us take the two stock examples. They will be enough.

1. The Orissa famine in India. We may note, first, that in this case the people in question had not entered on the third or progressive stage of existence, and so we might expect that the Malthusian

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doctrine *would* apply; for we do not dispute its application as a general rule in the two earlier stages of existence. But as a matter of fact it did not apply.

In Orissa there existed a population practically cut off by want of proper communications and a low industrial condition from the outer world, and subsisting directly on the land.

If under these circumstances the expected rains do not fall, and, if the tropic sun beats down for months upon a baking soil, the crops will wither, the food supply will fail, and the people will die. If they are 10,000, the 10,000 will die. If they are 10,000,000, the 10,000,000 will die. If they are only ten, the ten will die. For as they all live directly from the land, the food supply will be proportionate to the people. The more the people the greater the food supply, the fewer the people the less the food supply. Had they "prudentially" limited their own numbers to half, there would have been only half the number of labourers, therefore only half the ground put in, therefore only half the crop. Be they many or be they few, if the crop fails they will die. Their numbers, or their rate of increase, has nothing to do with the matter.

2. The Irish famine. In the Indian case, the famine was real; that is, the food was actually non-existent. But in the case of Ireland there was no famine at all in the strict sense of the word; that is, the food was there, only the people had not the money to buy it. It was not the food supply as such that failed, but only one particular branch of it, the potato crop. There was plenty of corn, roots, dairy produce, pigs, cattle, sheep, recognised food-products in plenty in the country. Corn was actually being exported from Ireland while the people were dying. Even had it not been so, there was abundance of food of all sorts close by in England, and, unlike Orissa, the communications were ample, and food could have been poured in faster than it was wanted.

The so-called famine did not fall on the country like a thunderclap from a clear sky; it gave due warning of its approach. The potatoes were known to be rotting, and they took weeks to rot. Any quantity of food might have been on the spot and ready for distribution before the pinch came. The people died, not through Nature's niggardliness, but man's injustice.

Had these unhappy creatures not been rack-rented to the uttermost; had they not been driven off the fertile lands to make way for the rich man's cattle, and crowded on to the barren mountains and seashore, to choose between rocks and bog; had they been secured in possession of the homes which they had made, and in the fruits of their own labour; had they been protected and encouraged to work and to save; they would not have been driven to depend on the potato for subsistence, and so would have had other produce to fall back on when the potatoes failed, and they would have had a

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little money to buy other food if their alternative produce ran short; as the potatoes grew scarce, corn would have risen a few pence per bushel in the afflicted districts, and it would have come pouring in spontaneously in reply to "effective demand." There would have been no disaster; charitable people would have kept their money, and England would have been spared her deep disgrace.

But as it was, the disease did its work, the people had no potatoes and no money, and they died. Had they been ten times as many they would have died; had they been ten times as few they would have died. Their numbers, their rate of increase, had nothing to do with the matter. Landlordism destroyed them, and would have destroyed them equally had they by "prudential restraint" limited their numbers to half; for the limitation of their numbers would not have limited the landlord's power over them—his power to drive them off the fertile lands into the bogs and mountains; his power to rack-rent, to evict, to confiscate; his power to plunder and oppress, and to reduce them to a diet of potatoes which disease might destroy, spreading desolation and death among them.

Much of what I have here said, has been said—and said much better—by Henry George; but much is different, and there are some points that, so far as I know, are new.

A. J. Ogilvy.

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HODGE.

THE history of the English farm-labourer remains to be written. Far less is known of him than of Saturn's rings; and as compared with our acquaintance with the intimate habits and thoughts of the sportive Ichthyosaurus, he is to us an almost undiscovered creature. The conventional Hodge of the novel and stage is a caricature, a semi-animated turnip surmounting a sartorial study in smock-frock and corduroys. Here and there an attempt at faithful portraiture has been made, but in no case with any degree of success. The cause of failure, however, arises not so much from the fault of the artist as from the nature of his subject.

Hodge's history would prove of absorbing interest. Through all social and political changes he stands out in bold relief, unmoved, unchanging. He is the embodiment of the principle of Conservatism. His daily life, his daily work, even his constant thoughts, are regulated by precedent. In many remote districts, his speech is almost as "pure a well of English undefiled" as that of Chaucer. He abhors change, and looks upon new-fangled notions with contempt. He is slow to take in fresh ideas. He considers that what sufficed for his forefathers, is good enough for him. He is utterly without ambition. All the innovations in his occupation, all the improvements in his condition, have come from without. The records of the early part of the present century afford abundant proof of his hostility to mechanical improvements in agricultural pursuits. Yet he has learned to look upon these with indifference. He has *suo more* resigned himself to the inevitable, and the irresistible rush of labour-saving inventions scarcely disturbs his serenity. We have it on the authority of *Punch* that there was a time when the greeting for a stranger was, "Heave half a brick at him." The spirit of exclusiveness peculiar to primitive peoples and isolated communities, is not yet wholly extinct. The rustic has got beyond the stage of humility, however. Yet the stranger, who occasionally "sorjourneth within his gates," is reminded, at every turn, that he is "nobbut a strä̈anger," and not one of the elect native race. From his entrance to his exit he forms the subject of deliberate investigation, in the cottage, in the inn, and at the idle corner. For to be unknown is to be suspected. The ingenuity displayed by the bucolic mind in the imputation of imaginary motives of conduct, is simply marvellous.

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Here he displays fertility of imagination and sententious judgment in rare combination. He out-Sanchos Sancho. In the art of subtle analysis of motive he is a past master. He believes that "the proper study of mankind is man," especially strangers. His judgments seldom err on the side of generosity. He has eliminated the factor of charity in his estimates of character almost as completely as a certain modern philosopher.

Singularly enough, despite his exuberance of imagination in this direction, he never originates. Whoever heard of a rustic inventing anything? Musing by the quiet churchyard, nestling there under the cool shadow of the yew trees the poet, in kindly fancy sings,

> "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
> Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

It *may* be so. We are not in a position to dispute it. Yet, if the fire of poetic or inventive genius slumber in the soul of the rustic, it has hitherto possessed a singular faculty of self-consumption. Happily, there are now signs of awakening. We must wait in patience.

For a sluggishness of intellectual enterprise so universally observable among our rural population, there must exist a cause. That cause is not far to seek. It is to be found in the depressing monotony of his surroundings, in the struggle for existence that ceases only with life itself. When, after years of toil, the bent old man finds himself unable to carry on the fight, he longs for kindly death to take him by the hand, and lead him home. He is even now ready. For the labourer's work is of the hardest, his hours of the longest, his wages of the scantiest, and, frequently his family is of the largest. If some of his miseries are self-inflicted, the conditions of his life are still unfavourable to the development of the higher qualities of manhood. He is the slave of his environment. Escape from it seems hopeless. If he migrate to towns, he helps to swell the ranks of unskilled labour, and sinks into abject poverty. The curtain falls more speedily on a more miserable tragedy. The last state is worse than the first. He is infinitely better at home, where custom has made life, if not more pleasant, at least more endurable. He can at least grapple with fate under God's own sky, with the free breezes blowing on his face.

Notwithstanding his uncouth, indeed, almost repelling, and unresponsive manner, he can, when occasion arises, wax warm and enthusiastic. But it requires a mighty dynamic power to rouse him. He is generous at heart, loves justice and fair play with an abiding love, and hates sham. He has a shrewd eye for detecting humbug, as certain of his pretended friends have discovered to their discomfort. Patiently enduring evils that arise from custom, or that appear inevitable, the slumbering lion within him is roused at the suspicion of injustice. He has all a Briton's love of fighting. Indeed, he is a

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more skilful adept in the pugilistic art than his betters suspect. His character is a strange combination of subservience and independence. Closer acquaintance reveals the fact that these qualities never mingle. The subservience is the veneer of habit. And the veneer is wofully thin in many places, the rugged spirit of independence bursting through, and asserting itself. The bed rock is indestructible as granite. "Wherein," as Carlyle would moralise, "lies great hope, and it may be fear withal, in the years to come, for this nation of Britain."

His stolidity is a complete enigma to those who injudiciously undertake his reformation. To kindness, persuasion, eloquence, he appears as irresponsive as the Sphynx. On this rock have many a minister's hopes been wrecked. One has come in the prime and vigour of life, ardent, enthusiastic, and has spent his time, and energy, and substance in endeavouring to induce Hodge to adopt plans that he considers will result in his moral and social improvement. The labour of love has seemed in vain. Yet it would not be wasted if judiciously exercised. The amateur reformer must remember that the uneducated are generally suspicious, and frequently hyper-sensitive. The rustic simplicity of the books is a delusion and a snare. Hodge is a complex problem. If, even unintentionally, he be rubbed the wrong way, all the reformer's efforts will be neutralised. For he has his code of honour and etiquette. The golden rule is, neither to be overbearing, nor to patronise. He considers himself, as a man, quite as good as his master. He, therefore, resents bullying, and abominates back-patting. All he needs is, to be treated with manly straightforwardness.

The rural clergy frequently fall into the error of magnifying their secular functions. This may be natural. Perhaps ninety-nine men in a hundred could not resist the temptation. But it is fatal. Hodge won't stand it. The minister may be an estimable man. But that goes for nothing. If he, by his assumptions, overstep the mark prescribed by custom, he wounds his parishioners in a tender place. And they resent it. Not openly, for they are too law-abiding to resort to open rebellion. Yet in a quiet, stubborn, determined way they manifest their disapprobation of his conduct. The incumbent has a vague notion that he is unpopular, but he is probably unconscious that he is erecting the barrier between himself and his flock. He may work on, and work hard. But his devotion will prove of little avail, unless his eyes be opened to the real state of things. If this revelation be not vouchsafed, mutual misunderstandings will become intensified with time,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

He will resign himself to their stolidity, and probably, impute it to their ignorance or ingratitude. Many a conscientious minister

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has endured years of misery because he has not understood the elementary phenomena of the rustic character one hundredth part as well as he understood the exquisite refinements of the Greek particle. He was handicapped at the commencement of his ministry by this lack of knowledge, yet was not conscious of the defect. It is precisely because dissenting preachers are of their own class, and thoroughly understand their thoughts and ways, that Dissent has taken such a firm grip of the country folk. If the Church of England wish to emulate their success, they must adopt their methods, and boldly and vigorously utilise the lay element. So popular is Dissent that it might almost be said: Scratch a village Churchman, and you find a Dissenter.

The secret of success with Hodge, therefore, is to respect his independence. Commune with him face to face, as man to man. He will entertain a higher opinion of your judgment, and, if your ideas are genuine and practical, you are pretty certain of securing his hearty co-operation. Courtesy—not patronage—is a great force in village life. It will unloose Hodge's tongue, and he will freely, yet civilly speak his mind. By its powerful aid, he can be made the agent in reforming many of the evils and discomforts, social, moral, domestic, that render his environment depressing.

Hodge has recently assumed new responsibilities. He has been elevated to the dignity of a British citizen. The value of his vote has led to his discovery by the politician. Incomprehensible to him at first was the seductive eagerness of rival candidates to secure his favour. He could not understand the old order of things giving place to new, in this fashion. The social centre of gravity appeared to be displaced. What could it all mean? Shyly, but afterwards more boldly, he attended political meetings. The voice of the orator was heard in the sleepy village street. He listened, and pondered, but was never enticed into demonstration of his feelings. He heard, and will continue to hear, both sides impartially. He won't allow any hitting below the belt. He will have fair play. And the better he understands political issues, the more sternly will he insist on this. In the early days of the county franchise, he was bewildered by the sudden outburst of affectionate interest in his behalf. He had studied the evolution of the mushroom and drew a mental analogy. Under floods of patriotic oratory, under torrents of reforming zeal, he remained unmoved. The same stolid, impassive, unemotional countenance was upturned towards rival speakers. The phenomenon was cold, discouraging, depressing, for those who sought his suffrage. He never cheered. The quick "Hear, hear," so familiar in large assemblies, was unknown. The truth was, he came as a learner and critic, not as a partisan. He wished (to use his own phrase) to hear, to read, mark, learn and turn the things over in his own mind. He would accept no man's

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judgment. He would do his own thinking. He is consequently, the despair of political canvassers. Though he has very nebulous ideas of the state of parties, he has a very distinct idea of his own wants, and, after his own fashion, he will most assuredly make these wants known. There is too much sterling grit in his constitution to permit of his being easily cajoled. He will never be an ardent partisan. But there are already unmistakable indications that he will prove as a practical politician—possessing by inheritance an abundant fund of patience, and more given to deeds than words—a mighty factor in the development of our social history. Deeply rooted as his native oak, his sturdy patriotism, which has stood the test of stress and storm through years of struggle, will prove one of the strongest bulwarks for the preservation of all that is best and noblest in the British Constitution.

JOSEPH J. DAVIES.

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TELESCOPE AND CAMERA.

ALWAYS surely men have gazed upwards at the starry heavens and pondered with a wondering awe their story and their meaning. Strange legends of deities and heroes grew out of the groupings of the stars; strange influence of human destiny was attributed to the heavenly bodies; strange thoughts were suggested by the "planets," the "wanderers" through the star-strewn spaces of the sky.

The knowledge that the ancients had is proof enough of the fascination of the study, crude and fantastic though their notions were of the celestial scenes they gazed on.

Cycles and epicycles were devised to explain the movements that patient study had disclosed, and astronomy was for centuries nothing but a study of places and movements with but little hope of ever knowing what those bodies are whose varying positions were so assiduously traced.

But with the invention of the telescope there came a chance of at least making better guesses at celestial dimensions and perspective, and of learning the truth as to our place among infinities.

And now astronomy is taking two more long steps forward; one began when at the end of the telescope a spectroscope was placed and the light from sun and stars and nebulæ was widened out into a band of colour, and little by little men learnt the meaning of the light they saw, and of the dark lines in the spectrum where there was no colour and the light that came to us after a journey of many years or centuries, told us of the state of the body that sent it forth, or of substances in the star depths whose vapours had stopped part of it on its way.

And the other long step began when to the telescope was added a camera, and a photographic plate received and kept the autobiography written by sun and moon, by planet and comet, by myriads and myriads of stars.

Very wonderful is the image that the light gathered by the object-glass of a telescope and concentrated on the human eye forms upon the retina, very wonderful but in some ways very different is the image formed upon a photographic plate.

The image in the eye fades in a fraction of a second after it is made, and no repetition of the image leaves a lasting picture; but the light that falls upon the sensitive film is cumulative in its

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effect and faint impressions that the eye fails wholly to perceive become visible at last when received upon the photographic plate.

One more instance, and not the least remarkable, of the success of many little efforts.

Let the light from distant worlds journey on for years or centuries and fall upon the eye of man, and sometimes its journey ends by exciting some sensation of wonder it may be, or of admiration in a human brain, sometimes its light falls too faintly to leave behind an impression or a memory; but let its terminus be but a photographic film, and however feeble its effect, its journey ends at least in a picture telling us something of the contents of space.

But eye views and plate views are often very different; the human retina and the chemical retina see very differently.

Look at the Pleiades with the unaided eye and you may see six or seven, or a dozen stars; look at it through a three-inch telescope and you may see perhaps three hundred. Study it through a telescope for three years as M. Wolff has done, and map the stars and their places and you may record six to seven hundred stars on a strange background of nebulous light; expose a sensitive plate for an hour and more than twice that number are revealed, lengthen the exposure to four hours and you have a picture of 2326 stars with a different and a more extensive background of nebulosity.

If the chemical retina looks for four minutes at a bright star and a faint nebula it will result in a good sharp picture of the star and no trace of the nebula, but expose the plate for four hours, and the stars show as an undistinguishable patch, while the nebula shows as beautiful clouds and streams of hazy light. When the eye looks upwards with a telescope or without, the same view of the stars can be seen again and again, however often we shift our eyes, if only we gaze at the same place. They write their image time after time upon clean tablets, from which the former images have been removed; but on a photographic plate the image must always fall upon the same place: it must trace with absolute accuracy over the lines of the previous image, for if successive images vary in the least the result is a blurred picture telling a misleading or imperfect story; and inexhaustible ingenuity has been spent upon the problem of keeping the light from a star on precisely the same part of a plate throughout the whole exposure, in some cases lasting for hours.

As the earth turns round, the stars rise or set, and this movement has to be counteracted by driving the telescope by clockwork, so that it points throughout to identically the same part of the sky; and not this only; the rays of light as they pass through the earth's atmosphere are refracted or bent aside just as a stick appears bent when placed in water; and as the stars get higher above the horizon, or nearer to it, this refraction varies in extent, and the variation

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itself varies according to the distance of the stars from the zenith; and all this has to be allowed for, and corrections made so that the light from any given star falls always upon identically the same spot on the plate.

And by means of electrical control from standard time-keeping clocks, and other exquisitely ingenious arrangements, this can be done so accurately as not to vary the twentieth or perhaps the hundredth of a second in an hour.

A telescope made for photographic work consists of the telescope that takes the photograph and a guiding telescope mounted on the same stand, through which the image of some guiding star is made to fall upon two intersecting threads of spider's web, and an observer can notice the least deviation from accurate following, and at once correct it.

But so minute is the accuracy of modern science that it has recently been shown that the refraction of the rays that affect the eye is different from the refraction of the rays that act upon the photographic plate, and the extent of the variation has been measured; and so, though the difference may probably be ignored, accurate following with the eye is not absolutely accurate for the photographic plate.

Nowhere, perhaps, so much as in astronomy, is there so strange a mingling of greatness and littleness, of superb achievement and almost inconceivable insignificance. The civilised nations of the earth have agreed to co-operate in taking a photographic chart of the heavens, some twenty telescopes are to work for four years to result in a chart showing probably twenty-five millions of stars; with longer exposures probably two thousand millions could be photographed.

It is a magnificent achievement, it fills us with awe and wonder to think that such a thing can be done, and yet were our telescopes and cameras placed upon some distant star, the earth itself would not even figure as one of those two thousand million points of light that tell us something of the wonders of the heavens.

Think again of that picture of the Pleiades that shows over 2300 stars; no less than seventy surpass our sun in brilliancy, and the rays of light that fell upon the plate and made that picture started on their journey some 250 years ago, long before photography was thought of and just about the time the Royal Society was being founded.

How strange to think of that great English society, learning more and more of Nature's ways; making many wonderful discoveries, and working always for good through many troubled years of a nation's life, and all the while rays of light were travelling through space nearly two hundred thousand miles a second to end at last in a chemical action bringing a fresh revelation to that Society, whose

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records in relation to different standards are at the same time so ancient and so recent, so magnificent and so minute.

Think again of the contrast between our present knowledge and the problem that is before us, not even probably to solve, but to learn more and more about, if only to find out how to better ask the questions we may never answer. At present we know something, but very little, about the sun, and innumerable questions about it are unanswered still, while each fresh answer seems to cause, it may be, half a dozen new questions: while planets, comets, and meteorites are puzzles only partially unravelled.

Outside our solar system we know of thousands of stars that have been catalogued, before many years we shall have a chart, perhaps a catalogue, of millions, while some eight thousand nebulæ have been catalogued, and photography is continually adding to their number.

Besides these, are millions of unlisted stars, and we know not what far-reaching masses of nebulosity; each star, each nebula has a different story, as full of varied detail as the story of the earth and its inhabitants, and even of that story how little we read or can read. And yet we would like to read the story of each nebula and star and compare them one with another; some barest outline we are learning of a few hundreds, and differentiating star from star, guessing at their age, their temperature, their distance.

And now and then a discovery or a picture comes like Mr. Roberts' photograph of the nebula in Andromeda, and throws a flood of light upon their nature, and gives us answers we had hardly hoped to know and shows us new questions that seem even further out of reach.

Perhaps the most truly wonderful thing this century has seen is that negative on which the Andromeda nebula has printed its own image: on a few square inches of a photographic plate is the intelligible autobiography of a nebula measuring its length by billions of miles, taking light, it has been said, six years to travel from end to end, and showing us obviously and at once a definiteness of structure hitherto unsuspected.

Comparisons of successive photographs of this nebula have been made with a view of detecting evidence of change, and whatever opinion may be formed as to changes in the course of years, but little doubt can exist that changes happen in the course of ages and that little by little nebulæ condense into stars.

Full of absorbing interest is the possibility of detecting changes in a single nebula, but there is a vaster problem behind, in which the evidence of many changes is only part of the solution.

The problem that we reach towards, and of which we hope some day to find the outline of the true solution, is no less than the structure and development of the sidereal universe itself.

Some day it may be we shall penetrate the star depths, for every

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hour added to the exposure of a photographic plate has added to the number of the stars revealed upon the picture, and if as we get more sensitive plates and longer exposures, if necessary, on two or more nights in succession, we find that no increase of exposure gives an increase in the number of the stars on the plate, then we may, perhaps, conclude that the limits of the star depths have been reached, and that nothing lies beyond.

Yet, even so, an element of mistrust comes in; not only can the photographic eye see things no human eye will ever look upon, because the one can accumulate minute effects, while the other cannot, but the photographic plate is sensitive to ultra-violet rays of light that have no effect upon the human retina, and if there are any bodies in space emitting such rays the photograph will record them though they are for ever invisible to our eyes; and similarly, if there are any bodies in space not sending forth rays of light between those whose wave lengths are slightly longer than waves of red light and those whose waves are slightly shorter than the waves of violet light, neither eye nor camera can take account of them, however important their places may be in the architecture of the heavens.

But we want to learn not only the extent of the star depths, but to see the course of the development of the sidereal universe, and we can learn little of its growth as a whole, except by tracing the growth and change of its multitudinous parts, and even in its parts the changes are to be detected, not in years but in ages, and our work now is to prepare reliable records that future generations will be able to compare with their own results.

But our work is not wholly for the future; already, perhaps, at times, too eagerly, we compare not the same objects at intervals of ages, but different objects in different stages of development and in this way form some tentative conceptions of the course of sidereal evolution.

For this work also many observations are required, many details must be accumulated, before any comprehensive generalisation can be profitably attempted.

And it is chiefly by photography that such records can be obtained for our own use, or for the use of generations yet to come. The brothers Henry produced in three hours by photography a far better chart of the Pleiades than M. Wolff produced in three years; while no drawing of a nebula could be considered a sufficiently reliable record from which to deduce evidence of changes such as photographs are pretty sure to furnish.

Year by year telescope and camera are applied in fresh directions with ever-extending, ever-increasing success.

We are learning how to measure by photography the amount of light given forth from any star, and to measure it at different times,

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comparing one record with another, and forming guesses at vast and momentous changes in some far-off world, that reveal themselves by microscopic differences between the negatives taken at one time and another.

And when myriads of details are crowding upon astronomers in all directions, photography has come in as an assistant, not only to solve new problems, but to do much of the old work, in many cases better, and in all cases more quickly than it was done before.

How valuable, for instance, is the camera in the few precious moments of a solar eclipse. A party of observers may have travelled hundreds of miles to get the record of such a phenomena, and it must need a cool head and a steady hand to quell the natural excitement of the moment sufficiently to sketch at all, and even then how inadequate the time and opportunity for making a true picture, but a camera knows no excitement, and a photographic plate needs but a fraction of a second to receive an imprint of prominences or corona.

Again, how tedious the search for a suspected planet, such as was made at Cambridge at the request of Sir George Airey instigated by Mr. J. C. Adams, when Neptune had been actually seen but not recognised as a planet, because the places of the stars observed had not been compared, and so the movement that declared it a planet remained unknown.

Whereas if photography had been employed, and the negatives compared, the discovery of movement would have been made easily and at once.

And the international chart of the heavens may be expected immediately to reveal any planet, if such there be, farther from the sun than Neptune or nearer to the sun than Mercury, as well as increasing the already lengthy list of minor planets.

And in many another way than those that we have talked of now the union of camera with telescope is aiding the progress of astronomy, and will aid it more and more as time goes on.

It is indeed a privilege to see to-day the grand achievements of astronomical photography, and one cannot but think half sadly what a pity it is Galileo or Newton could not know of the results we many of us look upon so casually, so unmovedly to-day; and for ourselves there is a feeling too of sadness and regret that we shall never see the wonderful achievements of a future age, but there is the gratification to the workers of to-day of knowing that they are laying good foundations for the future structure, and that the builders in ages yet to come will acknowledge their indebtedness to those astronomers of the nineteenth century who first showed how to learn new stories of the heavens by putting camera and telescope together.

WILLIAM SCHOOLING, F.R.A.S.

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"CHRISTOPHER NORTH."

SOME two generations have passed away since the appearance of the long series of essays, contributed by Professor John Wilson to the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the *non de plume* of "Christopher North." The mention of these is suggestive of the inquiry whether our older authors are in any danger of passing out of the public mind—will the essayists, poets, novelists, and historians of the pre-Victorian period retain their hold as classics in English literature? With regard to the domain of history, on which the discovery of hidden State papers and records has shed a flood of light on historical questions, more modern historians will maintain supremacy. Upon the older poets and novelists it is not the province of this article to dilate—our past essayists, and in particular the writings of "Christopher North" alone form the subject of this paper.

The group of essayists who have become part of our nineteenth century classics include such names as Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Landor, Leigh Hunt, and "Christopher North;" later on, Macaulay and Carlyle close the roll. These writers are admittedly distinguished by an individuality which distinctively mark them off from each other and from later writers; their characteristics belong to their age, and they have no successors. So that one is led to ask whether essay writing, which from the time of Addison, or even from Bacon, has been a delightful source of instruction, and has always had a fascination for the English reader, is not in danger of becoming a spent force, and if this be so, why? Or may we console ourselves by the hope that it is only slumbering for a while, to revive with increased vitality and distinguished by new elements, which shall lay hold of the book-lover with a grip equal to their predecessors? The conclusion that individualism and originality have been crushed out by that dead level of uniformity of which John Stuart Mill had such sombre forebodings, is too pessimistic to be seriously entertained, although it cannot be disguised that our past essayists have somehow lost touch with the present generation, have lost their supremacy in popular appreciation. Is this merely fitful and temporary, or have they not rather, amidst a seeming eclipse, those elements which go to make a literature enduring and permanent, riding above the waves of a changing popular taste?

Public fancy with regard to books, as with other all things, is

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strangely capricious, tastes ever varying, and, like shadows, coming and going. The plethora of new books, ushered in by catching advertisements, and displayed in booksellers' shops, take the eye; literary tastes are with many in a state of flux. New editions of old books only appear at long intervals, thus pushing them into the background, until their names almost fade from the knowledge of readers; the extent of this ignorance among even educated people is not a little surprising, and but little suspected by many.

Amidst all this seeming neglect of our standard essayists, the writer claims for them a superiority over their literary successors, on the unimpeachable ground that there are in them wide reaches of literary expression, far-searching ranges of thought, geniality of tone and humour, intimate acquaintance with the lettered wealth of past ages, and an unfolding of the luxurious and rich resources of the English language. All these combined must assuredly assert a pre-eminent claim to an abiding place in our literature. Every writer of commanding power has within him, through all the fluctuations in the reading proclivities of the public, such like characteristic permanent elements of endurance, and it is the object of this article to point out what these are in the essays of "Christopher North," which claim for themselves a perpetuity of existence.

Professor Wilson belongs properly to the rank of essayists, for though he was a poet and a novelist, yet it is not as such that he is, or will be, the best known. The character of his associations with the brilliant coterie of thinkers who adorned the select and piquant society then reigning at Edinburgh, as well as the peculiar bent of his genius, tended to this. If it is true that men are shaped by their surroundings, I think we may trace in these some of the influences which went to mould the uniqueness of "Christopher North"; his residence at an Oxford University gave him his classical scholarship; his loved home in the lake district of Westmoreland and Cumberland fed his passion for and keen appreciation of beautiful scenery; his Scotch life and his intimate acquaintance with the sterner glories of Scottish mountain scenery—moor, stream, loch and glen—served to develop within him those athletic and sporting propensities so vividly pourtrayed in his essays, &c., while his Edinburgh career contributed doubtless to the vivacious picture of human life and character which appear in the *Noctes*, and *Essays Critical and Imaginative*, and in the *Recreations*. So, from these varied sources of inspiration, there run through his writings a breadth and freshness of thought, a glow of warmth and feeling, which, had he been a denizen of London solely, would in all probability have been signally wanting.

Then, to help the Professor further, he was endowed with a rare physique—in Kingsleyan parlance a "muscular Christian." Harriet Martineau, assuredly not given to romancing, said that he reminded

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her of "the first man Adam"—there was a force and sentience vividly stamped upon his noble features and manly brow, a gush of physical enjoyment marked his revels in natural athletic pursuits, and bathed itself in the afflatus born of wild nature; he was a fine specimen of "*mens sana in corpore sano*," a union the value of which is too often forgotten.

The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* have been regarded by many as the most *taking* of "Christopher North's" writings; their characteristics have been admirably summed up by Mrs. Oliphant in her *Literary History of England*. She writes of the *Noctes*:—"Whoever will attempt to read them will find the outpourings of such an abundant and exuberant soul as has rarely flowed forth with equal *abandon* in literature. Here and there he will be touched by passages which are lyrical in their wonderful flow and rhythm, though they never abandon the form of prose; by descriptions full of the most brilliant life and colour, and always by a medley of passion and criticism, tenderness and laughter, which is unique and has no rival. The mixture, no doubt, has poorer elements, chief of which is the ever-present spice of locality and personality, ... but even with these drawbacks the attempt to understand the *Noctes* is worth making. The character of the Ettrick Shepherd is one of the most delightful impersonations of tender Scotch humour that ever was created. How much he really resembled the rude yet wonderful peasant cannot now be ascertained. When Wilson was at his finest, when the stream of his boundless eloquence was at its purest, it wasth rough the lips of the Shepherd that he spoke."

Strange conversations these *Noctes* tells us of, with their accompaniments of eating and drinking; you may in imagination smell the aroma of the whisky, inhale the fumes of the tobacco, and see the steam of the how-towdies and Scotch haggis! But we must not measure these gastronomic revels by the reformed tastes and manners of to-day; outwardly, at least, in these sensuous matters, the spirit of the age is happily superior to the days of "Christopher North."

The *Noctes* present us with a singular specimen of colloquialism—the three interlocutors are: "North" himself, one Timothy Tickler, and James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," and, later on, De Quincey—many of whose imputed sayings were, we suspect, the sole products of Wilson's own brain. The "Ettrick Shepherd" is made to stand sponsor for a good deal of brilliant talk, though at times he falls below zero; but the oddest thing about these *Noctes* is, that a living literary character, for such the Shepherd was, should be made or found willing to figure in such "Imaginary conversations," and sacrifice his sense of dignity and independence.

The *Noctes* are to many an object of stumbling, from the broad Scotch dialect of the supposed utterances of the Shepherd; a speech, however, which lends itself to the expression of some beautiful

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thoughts, which would sadly miss their *sparkle* if put into plain English. The beauties of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* will, to some extent, reveal themselves by a few extracts. Take this, which owes its brightness to its Scotch setting: "Wull the pleasures of thocht that from the soarin crest aboon your coronet, no admit another feather frae the train o' the bird o' paradise, or is the bird itsel floan awa' into the heart o' the Gardin o' Eden?"

A pretty conceit, which in English would have been robbed of its prettiness—as also in the following:

"Modesty is as if a red light fell suddenly on a white lily, or a white rose blushing no that deeply, but wi' a thin, fine faint, fleetin tint, sic as you may see within the inside o' a wee bit curled shell, when walking on the yellow sea-shore, you haud it up atween you and the licht, and feel hoo perfectly beautifu' is the pearl."

The following dialogue expresses true poetic description, in exquisite prose:

SHEPHERD: "I could not thole to live on the shore."

TICKLER: "And, pray, why not?"

SHEPHERD: "That everlastin thunner sae disturbs my imagination that my soul has nae rest in its ain solitude, but becomes transferred as it were into the michty ocean, a' its thochts as wild as the waves that keep foamin awa' into naething, and then breaks back again into transitory life for ever, and ever, and ever; as if neither in sunshine or moonlight, that multitudiness, tumultousness, frae the first creation o' the world, had ever once been stilled in the blessedness o' perfect sleep.

"That moon, bonny as she is in heaven, and when a' the starry lift is blue, motionless, ane believes as if nae planet were she, but the central soul o' the lovely lichts, round which the silent nicht, thocht-like, revolves dreamily, far, far away. She will not for ae single hour let the auld ocean shut his weary e'en that often in their sleeplessness seem longing, methinks, for the still silence o' the steadfast earth."

Has this grand poetic conception of the *ocean never having ever been once asleep from its creation, and its unwilling restlessness under the everlasting sway of lunar power*, ever been surpassed or equalled in the whole realm of poetry?

Now, the "English Opium-eater" is made to speak thus, in the following fine passage:

"The majesty of power is in the gentleness of beauty; cannot an eye—call it, in its trembling light, a blue sphered star—in one moment set countless human hearts a beating, till love in ecstasy is sick as death, and life a spiritual swoon into paradise.

"A poet's heart is the sanctuary of dim and tender memories, holy ground haunted by the ghosts of the beautiful; some of whom will be, for long, long years, as if they were sojourning in some

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world beyond the reach of thought, when, all in a moment, like white sea birds gleaming inland from the misty main; there they are, glide, gliding through the illumined darkness, and the entire region of the spirit is beatified by the heavenly visitant."

Perhaps the peculiar bent of "Christopher North's" poetic genius, or the limits of his imaginative soarings, found a more fitting vehicle in the *Noctes* than in the *Essays;* his imaginative passages were not sustained in his longer prose, while in the *Noctes*, they shone out in brief scintillations, complete in their expressive beauty.

In "Conversations," as a vehicle for the expression of thought, it is no easy matter to keep a team of three or four interlocutors well in hand, so that no one shall flag and drop into a level of commonplace. The only other instance of successful "talk" of this kind is probably Help's *Friends in Council*. Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* hardly come within the same sphere, the characters in them being historical, and had a basis in history and biography on which to rest, and out of which Landor, with fine literary skill, wove his matchless conversations.

It is not, however, in imaginativeness or prose poetry alone that Wilson's powers are shown in the *Noctes*, they bubble up in sprays of philosophy, wit and fancy, ingeniously and uniquely mingled, from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," to which their Scottish setting gives a fascinating glow of warmth and colour. One or two more extracts will indicate the varied range of topics serving as food for talk, as well as the vein of sly and piquant humour running through them.

SHEPHERD to NORTH: "Haud your tongue, ye tyke, you've quarrelled wi' me mony thousand times, and I've borne at your hands mair ill-usage than I wad hae taen frae ony ither mortal in His Majesty's dominions. Yet I well believe that only the shears of Fate will ever cut the cords o' our friendship. We maun like ane anither, whether we will or no, and that's the sort o' friendship for me, for it flourishes like a mountain flower, in all weathers, braid and bricht in the sunshine, and just faulded up a wee in the sleet, sae that it micht be thocht dead, but fu' o' life in its cosy shelter, ahent the mossy stane, and peering out again in a' its beauty at the sang of the rising laverock."

NORTH: "This world's friendship, James."

SHEPHERD: "Are as cheap as crockery, and as easily broken by a fall. They seldom can bide a dash without falling intil flinders. Oh, sir, but maist men's hearts, and women's too, are like tom nits (empty nuts) nae kernel, and a splutter o' fashionless dust. I sometimes canna help thinkin that thae's nae future state."

NORTH: "Fie, fie, James, leave all such dark scepticism to a Byron; it is unworthy of the Shepherd."

SHEPHERD: "What for? Should sae mony, puir, peevish, selfish,

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stupid, mean and malignant creatures, no just lie still in the mould among the ither worms, aneath their bits o' inscribed tombstones, railed in, and a' their nettles, wi painted airn rails, in a nook o' the kirkyard that's their ain property, and naebody's wishin to tak it frae them? what for, I say, shouldna they lie quiet in skeleton for a thousand years, and then crummle awa into the Earth, o' which Time is made, and ne'er be re-immaterialised into Eternity?"

NORTH: "This is not like your usual gracious and benign philosophy, James; but believe me, my friend, that within the spirit of the most degraded wretch that ever grovelled earthward, there has been some slumbering spark divine, inextinguishable by the death damps of the cemetery."

SHEPHERD: "Gran' words, sir, gran' words, nae doubt, mair especially 'cemetery;' but after a', is't mair poetical than the 'grave'? For a wee, short, simple, stern, dour, and fearsome word, commend me to the 'grave.'"

Now, through all this badinage, this rapid transition from gay to grave, we have compressed an epitome of true friendship such as no formal essay could so concisely express—a keen observation of Nature, out of which a striking simile is extracted; and then is evolved a philosophy of the good, lying, it may be, all unseen in man, indicative of the divine dwelling in human nature, even in its degraded forms. *Are there no abiding elements in thoughts such as these?*

Of "Christopher North's" imaginative powers it has been held by some critics, as we have indicated, that they appear at their best in the *Noctes* rather than in his *Essays*. They are less discursive, and are presented to us in the shape of neatly cut little cameos. The rapid change of discourse in the *Conversations* presented a favourable vehicle for passing and brilliant touches of fancy; but, for all that, there are many fine flights of the imaginative faculty in the *Essays Critical and Imaginative*, and in the *Recreations*, which should not willingly be left to die.

Our object will be best shown by a comparison between "North" and Carlyle, in describing a bit of mountain scenery. Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, writes thus:—"Mountains here [in Germany] arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic character, tempered by a singular airiness of form and softness of environment, in a climate favourable to vegetation; the grey cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots up through a garment of foliage or verdure, while bright cottages, tree shaded, cluster round the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude beauty alternates with grandeur. You ride through stony hollows, along straight passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by high walls of rock, now winding amid broken, shaggy chasms and huge fragments; now suddenly emerging into some emerald gully, where the streamlet collects itself into a lake; and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if peace

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had established herself in the bosom of strength." Now contrast "Christopher North." "From the top of Scawfell we like, in our pride, to look victoriously on all we survey; therefore, commend us to a mountain cliff, girdled, and shooting forth great glens from his base. Some of them lost in hazy nothing, and some in what seems the sea; we love the irresistible glory that takes the imagination by storm. To do that, the whole array of rocks must be drawn up in order of battle, with but black abysses between us and the horrid front. They must then deploy in line and advance, with colours flying, the regimental bands in full music, to the assault. What! would we have the mountains move for our delight and our destruction? Yes! And they are moving now, as if heaved up and shoved forwards by a slow, steady earthquake, that raises but rends not, and does its blind work in silence. For, ha! saw you not a cloud arise in the sullen West, 'no bigger than a man's hand'; storm-charged was the sea-born stranger, and exploding, but without noise, into a thousand fragments, they blend together in one wide mass of rolling mist, that is coming on like the surges of the great main, when tide and tempest work together, and ships are dancing at anchor, with storm-proof cables stretching far. In a few minutes more the mighty array of clouds has marched fifteen miles among the mountains. What a sight! Yewbarrow, a mountain of the first magnitude, is disappearing—has disappeared; the Skrees are shrouded, the broad, deep air-waves, come surfing along; we are now, indeed, 'children of the mist.'"

Now, in Carlyle we have a bit of realistic word-painting, slightly touched by imagination, whereas "Christopher North" gives us a series of dissolving-views, and calls to his aid images of battle, earthquake, sea-storm, and atmospheric effects. Extravagant you may call them; but not so. For who that has beheld the sudden and weird mutations of lake scenery, especially in the neighbourhood of Scawfell, in close proximity as it is to the storm-raising coast on the West, will pronounce them, amidst all the writer's seeming vagaries of wild fancy, overcharged or untruthful? A faculty like this is necessary to the full realisation of Nature's landscapes and cloudscapes in all their impressiveness. In truth the outward aspects of Nature were embodied in "Christopher North," just as its inner teachings were in Wordsworth. Ruskin, it may be admitted, rises more to the sublime in his delineations of mountain scenery, has more magnificent pictures; but then he is a painter *in esse*, and his inspirations were from the creations of painters. Carlyle and "North" embody the genius of poetry, hence their work must be viewed from diverse standpoints.

"Christopher North" seems to have revelled in this part of the Lake District. Of Wastwater he writes:—"In days of gloom we have seen it pitch dark; in storm days we have seen and heard it too,

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tumbling with white breakers, like the sea." Again, of the Skrees: "In many parts, here and there, is the finest soft red ore, used for marking the sheep; it stains the shingle with what, in the sunshine, seems liquid gold, and in the shade, vermillion, or crimson, or purple, as it may be, or all the three blended in the distance into one miscellaneous hue, to paint which would require the pencil of a Poussin, a Turner, or a Thomson. And then, how majestically the league long shelving line slopes down to the water, from the horrid abruptness of the cliff range above, that far as the eye can reach is bristling with battlements."

Wasdale and the Skrees, mostly fitful are they in their changeful variety; one day intensest gloom reigns, on another, a series of lovely dissolving views. I saw them one glorious sunny day in October last (and our author pithily says that "whoever has not seen October has not seen the Lake District"), when the restless lake rippled by, with its miniature tidal waves—here silvery, there sea-green, yonder a delicious blue, the Skrees shelving down to the margin of Wastwater, the dusky side of the mountain slightly touched by the sun's rays overhead, but, just behind its crest, projecting a grey film over the side, as a delicate gossamer veil, hiding indistinctly the colouring of the mountain slopes—black and grey streaks here and there, being only discernible amidst the dusky greenness of the Skrees; the charm of it all, intensified as no painter could show, by the swiftly changing hues on mountain and crag up Wasdale Head, with the brightest of green vales at their feet, the rich brown of the decaying bracken, completed a picture—one of the variety of moods which Nature presents in this solitary spot.

"Christopher North" impressed his unique personality on the scenes hereabouts, which was for many years cherished by the natives—the Tysons, Ritsons, and others. Will Ritson, probably the last link in the chain of remembrance, died in March last year at the ripe age of eighty-three. The old man was never weary of talking about "Christopher" and his ways, and used to relate how "North" had given a dinner (*à la Christopher*), in a marquee by the lake, to which he invited the farmers, guides, and innkeepers for miles round, and indulged in that sportiveness and *abandon* characteristic of his writings, the outcome of a rare buoyant spirit.

Wasdale Head is one of the few places in Lakeland still left free of modern innovations, but a favourite resort of tourists. Intending Alpine climbers flock here in early spring, especially at Easter, to try their metal in scaling the sheer precipices of the Skrees, as a preparation for more ambitious work.

Of humour, to which I have already referred, "North" was brimful, it suffused itself over all ordinary topics, seeking, by its aid, to lift them above the level of commonplace, though it must be admitted he sometimes sank unpleasantly below that level. It can hardly be

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said that this was the outcome of a spirit of frivolity; the fountains of real feeling were too deep in him for that. Amidst all his banter and frolicsomeness there ever and anon shines out a tender sympathy with the humbler classes of men and women, and a power to gauge the weal and woe of our many-sided human nature, to which he is not untrue. Amidst all his apparent rollicking there is exaggeration, but not travesty. His humour might "lack finish," but it was not cynical.

It seems to me that "Christopher North" excels most in the freshness, the healthy outlook, with which he takes in the world of Nature, and the world of living activities, in his deep, broad sympathies with all human life in town and country. He was no modern pessimist going about asking, "Is life worth living?" He never trundled the Diogenes tub. He enjoyed the rapture of living to the full; and yet *he had a quick ear for the sad undertone murmuring through human life*. He has many a passage of deep and sympathetic tenderness for the sorrows and wails of humanity, especially of the suffering poor. He gives many touching records of heroic endurance and kindly acts of self-denial in humble life. With the ancient philosoher, he felt that he was a man, and whatever belonged to humanity was of deepest interest to him.

The collected essays of "Christopher North," show the wide versatility of his mind in their range of subjects; and although some of them, notably his papers dealing with sporting topics, as "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," and "Anglimania," seem unduly lengthy, and probably thereby lack the *vis* and the *verve* attaching to his other charming essays, just passed under review, while others were written upon topics, the interest in which has altogether passed out of the public mind; nevertheless here and there in essays which perchance may be only cursorily glanced at, many a beautiful sentence or a fine passage may be culled. I cite one such, to my mind, magnificent paragraph—on 'Old Age'—contrasting it, at the same time, with one on a kindred vein of thought by the greatest of America's essayists, Emerson; and I venture to challenge the public verdict in favour of the subject of this sketch—I quote from the Essay on the "Moors" in the *Recreations of Christopher North.*

"Age is the season of Imagination, youth of Passion; they alone are rich who are full of years. The Lords of Time's Treasury are all on the staff of wisdom; their commissions are enclosed in furrows on their foreheads, and secured to them for life. Age is the season of Imagination, that of youth is the season of Passion; your own beating and bounding hearts now tell you this. Intensity is its characteristic. Expansion of the soul is ours, with all its feelings, and all its 'thoughts that wander through eternity.' Your eyes are bright—ours are dim; but it 'is the Soul that sees,' and

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this diurnal sphere is visible through the mist of tears. In that light, how more than beautiful, how holy, appears even this world! All sadness, save of sin, is then most sacred; but youth sees flowery fields and shining rivers, far stretching before her path, and cannot imagine for a moment that among life's golden mountains there is many a Place of Tombs! But let us speak only of this earth, this world, this life; and is not age the season of Imagination? Imagination is Memory, imbued by joy or sorrow with creative power over the past, till it becomes the present; and then, on that vision, 'far off the coming shines' of the future, till all the spiritual realm overflows with light; therefore was it that, in illumined Greece, Memory was called the Mother of the Muses; and how divinely indeed they sang around her, as she lay in the pensive shade!

"You know the words of Milton:

> "'Till old experience doth attain
> To something like prophetic strain.'

And you know, while reading them, that Experience is consummate Memory; Imagination, wide as the world, another name for Wisdom, all one with Genius, and in its prophetic strain, Inspiration."

These thoughts, no less truthful than finely expressed, point a moral fitted for our present day lack of reverence for the past, when the tendency is to an under-estimating the value of old age experience, rich in a harvest of memories both joyous and sorrowful, yet both illumined by an evening after-glow from the rich colouring of imagination.

Emerson, we see, does not descant on the activities of Memory and Imagination; but rather dilates on the purifying of Wisdom, and on the force of the moral sentiment in old age; and well he puts it:

"When life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare; muscular strength, organic instincts, gross bulk, and works that belong to these; but the central wisdom which was old in infancy, is young in fourscore years, and dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise. I have heard, that whoever loves is in no condition old; I have heard that whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced; it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill, at the end of life just ready to be born, affirms the inspirations of affection, and of the moral sentiment."

I conclude this estimate of the prose writings of "Christopher North" with a reference to his genius as a literary critic. Of poetry, his brilliant imagination made him a keen admirer, and several of his "Essays" are devoted to genial and loving criticisms of our English poets, many of whom bespeak his enthusiastic but discriminating praise, while he is not sparing of his strictures in the

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exercise of his critical faculty. He has a brief but pregnant canon of criticism when he says of poetry, "Memory is the best critic" —not without its force in our own day, when so much lies before us in the shape of criticisms on the poets, and of what *Poetry ought to be*, that, amidst it all, the *Real Poet* is in danger of being lost in an *Ideal Poet*, evolved out of the bewildering fancies, and refinements, and subtleties, characteristic of much of the spirit of modern criticism. From all these the strong common sense of "Christopher North" kept well in check his imaginativeness and exuberant thought.

Of Wordsworth he was a great admirer, in a generation when to admire him was scarcely held as a proof of correct literary judgment; the growing favour with which Wordsworth is now regarded is a tribute to the value of his critical faculty; while his delightful papers on Coleridge, on Thomson, on Ebenezer Elliot, among others, if not severely analytical, are inspired by an appreciation of the true spirit of poetry, and make their reading all the pleasanter. Of course, we miss some names, such as Keats for instance, who are now canonised among England's greatest poets; the distance of time, however, has raised to a higher altitude some reputations, while others, again, have sunk below zero, *but no true poet is finally lost.*

Professor Wilson's four essays on "Sacred Poetry" are perhaps the finest of their kind ever written. They are in a serious vein, such as we should hardly have looked for in one who seemingly wrote with such "a light heart," and there is in them an appreciation and understanding of some of the deepest verities of the Christian religion. The criticisms on Tennyson's earliest poems are remarkable for the prescience with which "Christopher North" forecasts the future Laureate's poetic genius, notwithstanding the presence of much which he scathingly denounced as immature and even fantastic. He is merciless on some of the pieces in Tennyson's *Miscellaneous Poems*, published in 1830, and reviewed by him in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1832, and, as time showed, not without reason, for "The National Song," "English War Song," "Lost Hope," "Love's Pride," "Forgetfulness," "The How and the Why," and some others —most of which are left out of subsequent editions—fell under the critic's scalpel; while he has much to say in appreciation of the "Ode to Memory," "The Deserted House," "A Dirge," "Mariana in the Moated Grange," "Adeline," "The Ballad of Oriana," and the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights"—all of which are preserved in the later editions of the *Miscellaneous Poems.* A parallel case of soundness in criticism and well-balanced judgment standing the test of the unknown future of a poet it would probably be difficult to find in the annals of literary criticism.

In the series of critiques on "Homer and his Translators," which fill nearly one volume of the *Essays Critical and Imaginative,* are presented the classic scholarship of "Christopher North," in a vivid

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and popular style; there is in them no attempt to educe any recondite philosophy, to evolve mythological history, or to dive into questions of ancient historic lore, such as might be suggested by any profound study of Homer. He rather dealt with the personages and events of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* from an objective aspect; he illustrates rather than explains; there is besides a curious and characteristic blending of the classical with modern commonplace, but always preserved from a discordant jar by the raciness of his comments; so that the excursions into modern ways and life do not make their reading any the less pleasant. Their value is heightened by the copious extracts from different translators: Pope, Chapman, Cowper, Sotheby, Dryden; and "North," unfolding the diversities of readings of which the Greek text is capable, we discern, by the contrasts they present, fine and subtle poetic touches missed by one translator, but grasped by the genius of another; and the poetic rhythm of one rendering as compared with a balder, but may be closer, adherence to the original text of another translation. So that from a study of these diverse extracts the ordinary English reader may arrive at a truer conception of the real meaning of Homer. It would be a profitable exercise for a non-classical student to take some one translator of the *Iliad*, say Chapman, and read him in connection with these critiques, and compare it, *par parenthèse*, with the various renderings; a simple study in English thus made would much more bring the *Iliad* home to the mind than the solitary reading of one translation only.

One word, in conclusion, as to the literary style of "Christopher North." Notwithstanding the exuberance of his imaginative faculty, the ornateness of his English, the purity of his language is well preserved in the easy, clear flowing periods which mark the "Essays"; the style in which he wrote was more specially characteristic of that period in literature than of ours. Robert Hall, Channing, Hazlitt, and Macaulay, not to cite others, were masters in that vein of literary writing; its language was as far removed from the terse, or angular, or enigmatic sentences, as from the long intricately woven passages which not infrequently mark the literary style of to-day; possibly we may have greater *depth* of thought in the new, though it may be questioned whether we do not thereby lose in *lucidity* of expression, and that consequent *ease in reading* which specially characterised the literature of a past generation. The further question suggests itself: Are we, on the whole, gainers by the change? If not, the enduring and permanent character of present day literature will hardly so stand the test of time, as have the older writers: among whom we place the subject of this article, "Christopher North."

RANDOLPH LEE.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Under the title of *The Telescope*,[1] the author of this volume has put together a few of the leading facts of astronomy, with a view to furnishing young students with some knowledge of that important branch of science. Quoting Professor Huxley to the effect that, in one aspect, astronomy is a branch of natural history, he has issued the volume as one of "The Young Collector Series," now in course of publication, and has kept its scope within the limits suitable for such a series. Naturally the subject-matter is that which is common to all elementary works on the subject, and there is little or no attempt at originality in the mode of treatment. An introductory chapter explains briefly the nature and properties of light, and the construction of some of the most necessary astronomical instruments. Then follow the usual descriptions of the earth, sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies, accompanied by a number of illustrations of the usual kind, and the volume closes with a short glossary, and a list of books which are recommended for the further guidance of the student.

One can readily believe that the author of *Saturn's Kingdom* [2] has found much genuine pleasure in the pursuit of antiquarian and scientific studies, and the idea of putting the facts he has accumulated into the shape of lectures or essays is undoubtedly a good one. But we are not clear as to the wisdom of publishing the results of such efforts, and our doubts are confirmed rather than otherwise by the volume which the author has here given us. It contains much information, is not badly written, and indicates that the author has read widely, and has displayed unusual industry. But—and here's the rub—the topics brought forward are such as have been written upon again and again, not only at length and in detail in authoritative text-books, but also in a more popular style in reviews, magazines, and other less serious publications. Then, the subjects are so numerous that it is plain to the meanest understanding that no one of them can be adequately dealt with, and that the whole

[1] The Young Collector Series. *The Telescope.* An Introduction to the Study of the Heavens. By Joseph W. Williams. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

[2] *Saturn's Kingdom, or Fable and Fact.* By Charles Moore Jessop. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

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must therefore have a superficial or scrappy character, which is disappointing to readers who are in quest of real knowledge. This last point is fully realised by the author, and he seeks to meet it by an explanation of the circumstances under which the volume has been produced, but unfortunately the explanation stops short at the point of publication. Both the explanation and the volume agree, however, in showing that the author's range of studies, whatever else it may have been, has not been a narrow one. He seems, indeed, to have run pretty nearly through the whole circle of the sciences, and in his enthusiasm to have shrunk from nothing. Hence we find him writing, not only on the Astronomy of the Solar System, and the Five Geological Epochs, but also on Hæckel's Pedigrees of Animals and Plants, and on The Organisation of Animals. He does not even stop here, but goes on to such difficult questions as the Antiquity of Man, his Relations to the Ape, the Passions and the Intellect, the Known and the Unknown, and Primitive Religion. And all this within the compass of three hundred pages of crown octavo size!

Our Country's Flowers[1] may be commended as a book that ought to stimulate an intelligent interest in a subject whose attractions are not so widely known as they deserve to be. Its chief object is to initiate beginners into the methods by which the scientific names of British wild flowers and ferns may be determined. This it does with some degree of success, using and explaining the various expedients known to botanists for attaining that object. In simple and familiar language the reader is first shown how plants are classified, and is introduced to the character of the natural orders so far as these subjects are needful for the purpose in view. A glossary of technical terms used in the description of plants is given at an early stage, but this is open to criticism on several points. The definitions are not always accurate, in many cases they are too vague to be of value, while not a few of the terms included in the list might with advantage have been omitted. Then comes a series of thirty-three coloured plates, which, in the aggregate, contain figures of over 500 species of plants, the effectiveness of these is diminished by the crowding of so many figures upon such a small number of plates, and some few of them are not at all life-like, either as regards form or colour. But, taken as a whole, they are not bad productions, and ought to be of great service to the tyro in botany who is making his own way through the mazes of the British flora. Following the plates, we have indexes of the orders, genera, and species, in which the distinctive characters are summarised—those of the genera being illustrated by small figures—with a view to leading the student as directly as possible to the name and position of whatever flower he meets with. A list of the local names of plants with their systematic

[1] *Our Country's Flowers, and How to Know Them.* By W. T. Gordon. With an introduction by the Rev. George Henslow, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S. London: Day & Son; and Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

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Latin equivalents is also included, which will be useful to the young botanist, though not perhaps for the identification of his specimens.

Dr. Codrington's volume on *The Melanesians*[1] is an addition to our anthropological literature of great and decided value, and the delegates of the Clarendon Press have been well advised in undertaking its publication. Without pretending to be exhaustive, it is thorough and reliable on the matters dealt with, is based upon personal observation and inquiry, and contains little that can be described as merely second-hand information. The author has avoided theoretical speculation, and has confined himself to a statement of the facts as he found them, or learned them from intelligent natives on whom he could rely. His connection with the Melanesian Mission, which was prolonged over many years, gave him exceptional facilities for becoming acquainted with the people, and he appears to have made the best possible use of his opportunities. The geographical area to which his observations were mainly confined included the Solomon Islands, the Santa Cruz group, the Banks and Torres Islands, and three of the northern New Hebrides. They are for the most part of volcanic origin, and the peoples who inhabit them are connected in race, language, and customs, the connection being traceable eastward to Fiji, and westward to New Guinea.

The first subject that falls to be considered is naturally that of social regulations, and these are such as to arouse and fix the reader's attention at the very commencement of the volume. From the account given, it appears that the inhabitants of the various islands are not divided into tribes, as that term is usually understood, but into two or more exogamous classes, in which descent is counted through the mother. This leads to some curious and intricate relationships, as the author shows, especially in Florida and the adjacent parts of Solomon Islands, where the exogamous divisions are six in number. A remarkable exception to this general rule of division is found in other parts of the Solomon Islands, however, where the language, the decorative art, and even the appearance of the people are all different, and where there is no division into kindreds as elsewhere, and descent follows the father.

The division of the people into strictly exogamous kins, accompanied by uterine descent, suggests the possibility of an earlier condition of society when a communal system of marriage was in existence; but the evidence for and against such a suggestion is not decisive. Against it is the fact that the people have no memory of such a state of things, while, on the other hand, the testimony of the language is in favour of it, the terms for "mother," "husband," and "wife" being expressed in the plural form. Under these circumstances our author has taken a wise course in avoiding a final

[1] *The Melanesians: Studies in their Anthropology and Folk-Lore.* By R. H. Codrington, D.D. With Illustrations. Oxford: At The Clarendon Press.

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conclusion on the subject. Another question in this connection is, whether the system in vogue is sufficient to prevent what is its obvious purpose to prevent, namely, the marriage of persons too closely allied in blood. Our author is of opinion that it is not, but that, practically, the blood connection with the father and his near relations is never lost sight of, and that, as a matter of fact, the marriage of those near in blood is discountenanced. In this there is a tendency towards the recognition of agnatic descent, a tendency which, in a later chapter, the author shows to exist with regard to the succession of property. Reflecting upon the numerous details which the author has brought together on this and related topics, the reader is impressed by a deep sense of their importance, even when their full significance is not obvious. To us they seem to throw some light on the possible evolution of agnatic from uterine descent, and are not inconsistent with the view that the latter was originally derived from the custom that obtained under a communal system.

Passing over several chapters dealing with other aspects of the social regulations, we may dwell for a moment on those which describe the religion of the Melanesians, their sacrifices and prayers, and their sacred places and sacred things. Of all subjects this is perhaps the most difficult to deal with, as the author shows, and there can be no doubt that both missionaries and travellers have often fallen into error when writing of the religions of uncivilised peoples. Happily our author has been on his guard at all points, has recognised clearly the dangers to which he was exposed, and has so conducted his inquiries as to avoid them. The result is one of the best and most carefully prepared accounts of the religious beliefs and practices of a native race that we have ever come across, and one that may be taken as trustworthy in the highest possible degree. It is not adapted to brief and summary treatment, and on this account we can only state what appear to be the main conclusions to which it leads. These are that the notion of a Supreme Being is altogether foreign to the Melanesian mind, and the same may be said of the belief in a Devil, *i.e.*, in an evil spirit. The natives have a belief, however, in a power or influence which is supernatural and not physical, which acts in all kinds of ways for good and evil, and which is named *Mana*. In practice the religion of a Melanesian consists in securing this *Mana* for himself or getting it used for his own benefit, and the prayers, sacrifices, and other rites indulged in, are directed to this end. In themselves they recognise both a soul and a body, the former of which continues in an intelligent and active existence when parted from the latter, but, like more civilised peoples, they find it difficult to explain what the soul is, and their words for it are more or less figurative and inexact. When death occurs the soul passes to the abode of the dead, which is either above ground, in

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islands at some distance from those in which the living dwell, or it is underground. In the latter case it is named Panoi, and while the true Panoi is a good place, there is a bad one in addition, to which the souls of bad characters are committed. It may be added that the Melanesians believe in the existence of spirits, that is personal and intelligent beings, full of *Mana*, with a certain bodily form which is visible, but not fleshly like the bodies of men. These constitute a higher order of beings than mankind, and are to be carefully distinguished from the disembodied spirits or souls of dead men which have become "ghosts."

Turning to more material things, the author next describes the various arts of life which are met with among the Melanesians. These have been partly dealt with by other writers, but the author has made many interesting additions to what has been previously published. He deals especially with the arts employed in building and decorating canoes and houses, in the cultivation of gardens, in the manufacture of weapons and instruments used both in war and peaceful pursuits, and other matters which lie on the surface of native life. His account, which is well illustrated, amply justifies the opinion he expresses "that Melanesians do not take a very low place among the backward peoples of the earth." The arts disposed of: dances, music, games, and a few miscellaneous matters are then briefly described, and the volume closes with a large number of stories or folk-tales. These will be read with the keenest interest by those who appreciate the value of such stories as illustrating the details of native life and native conceptions of the world around, and at the same time affording the means of comparison with the folk-tales of other parts of the world.

Dr. Bonnejoy's little book entitled *Le Végétarisme et La Régime Végétarien Rationnel*,[1] is a well written manual and one that may be read with advantage even by those who most strongly dissent from the views it advances. By Végétarism the author wishes his readers to understand not simply vegetarianism, but something more, a more perfect development of that subject perhaps, but at any rate something which is based upon modern scientific discoveries. The name he defines as a derivative, not of the French *végétal*, vegetable, but of the English *vegete*, vigorous, lively, active, which is derived from the Latin *vegetus*, and protests against the confounding of vegetarism with vegetalism. A vegetarian he maintains, is properly one who enjoys robust health; vegetarism is the body of doctrine which promotes robust health; and the *régime végétarien* signifies in reality an invigorating *régime*, and not simply a *régime* of vegetable food stuff. Nevertheless the author is a strong advocate of vegetarianism as a part of his *régime végétarien*, and is himself a vegetarian,

[1] *Le Végétarisme et la Régime Végétarien Rationnel.* Par Le Dr. Bonnejoy (du Vexin). Précédé d'une Introduction par Le Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz. Paris: Libraire, J. B. Baillière et Fils.

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in the narrow sense, both by conviction and by practice. He writes with enthusiasm, and deals with his subject scientifically, historically, and practically. With much that he puts forward, most people will agree, though few, perhaps, will accept his assertion that the eating of flesh is not only the source of innumerable bodily diseases, but also the cause of vice, hereditary insanity, alcoholism, morphinism, and other moral evils. Nor will it be universally accepted that vegetarism is especially favourable to the moral development of man, and the normal condition of his natural faculties. Most readers will, we think, agree rather with Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz, who has written an introduction to the volume, that the moral *rôle* of vegetarism, as claimed by the author, is inadmissible, though its therapeutic value is unquestionable. As regards the connection between the eating of flesh and the consumption of alcohol, both the author and Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz are agreed that such a connection exists, and the position is hardly likely to be disputed. But whether the connection is such as to make the one responsible for the abuse of the other we certainly venture to doubt. At the same time we would not deny that in the cure of intemperance abstention from flesh may be a useful factor in the treatment as there is reliable evidence that such is the case. On this branch of the subject, as indeed on all others, the author has much to say that is deserving of consideration, and we strongly recommend all who are interested, whatever be their individual opinions, to peruse his volume for themselves.

It is seldom that a reviewer comes across a work which deserves such unqualified approval as this volume[1] by Sir Daniel Wilson. It is one of Macmillan's *Nature Series*, and will certainly rank high even among the excellent productions that series contains. To some readers it may come as a surprise that there is so much to be said, and so much that is uncertain as to the cause and origin of Right- and Left-handedness. Our author makes it clear, however, that both on this, the main question considered, and the subsidiary ones which flow from it, there is much to learn before a full and complete explanation can be arrived at. Meanwhile he has done good service in examining it in so scientific a fashion, and in formulating the evidence that has already been accumulated along various lines of inquiry, and if he has not actually reached the goal of a final settlement, he has at least shown where such a settlement can alone be looked for. As the volume is one which is sure to make its own way in scientific circles, we may content ourselves in this place with a brief outline of the evidence and argument brought forward. "The phenomenon to be explained," we are told in an early chapter, "is not merely why each individual uses one hand rather than another. Experience abundantly accounts for this. But if it can

[1] *Nature Series. The Right-Hand: Left-Handedness.* By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D. F.R.S.E. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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be shown that all nations, civilised and savage, appear to have used the same hand, it is vain to look for the origin of this as an acquired habit. Only by referring it to some anatomical cause can its general prevalence among all races, and in every age, be satisfactorily accounted for." In accordance with this, after disposing of some preliminary matters, the author takes the case of palæolithic men, and shows on the evidence of his drawings, etchings, and chipped implements of flint, that he was characterised by a predominant right-handedness, though left-handedness was not unknown. The language of savage unlettered races is then shown to point to the same conclusion, as does also that of ancient nations whose written records have been handed down to us. Thus, all the evidence appears to conflict with the idea that the preferential use of one hand can be accounted for by a mere general compliance with prevailing custom. Long observation, indeed, leads the author to think that right-handedness is natural and instinctive with some persons, that with a smaller number there is an equally strong impulse to left-handedness, but that with the great majority right-handedness is largely the result of education. A consideration of the source to which the preferential use of the right-hand, and exceptionally that of the left, is to be ascribed is then entered upon, the various current theories are examined, and at length the conclusion is reached that it is to be found in the preponderant development of one or other hemisphere of the brain. Obviously, the test of this conclusion can only be sought in the brains of persons of exceptional dexterity, and is one which is not easy of application. So far, however, as it has been applied, the results are in favour of the hypothesis, and it may be hoped, now that the subject is again to the front, that those who are in a position to do so, will lose no opportunity of putting it to the proof.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

Mr. ROBERTSON has published six lectures, or sociological studies, on Carlyle, Mill (J. S.), Emerson, Arnold (Matthew), Ruskin, and Spencer,[1] and, as his title implies, has paid more attention to the human side of their teaching than to their literary merits or their philosophical systems. This gives to his book a peculiar and even profound interest, for though literature interests the cultivated few, everybody is curious to know what eminent thinkers have to say about life itself. Mr. Robertson has drawn out the teaching of these

[1] *Modern Humanists.* By John M. Robertson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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half-dozen of the most influential writers of the century in a clear and masterly manner, and it is hardly too much to say that he finds fault with them all. We cannot but think Mr. Robertson is a little too exacting, and is impatient with all those who do not take his own view. He appears to us to have two tests which he applies all round. Nothing will satisfy him but a rejection of all belief in a Deity, and the acceptance of neo-Malthusian views on the population question. Of course Mr. Robertson may be right, but he is unnecessarily hard on those who see differently. He has undoubted faith in the correctness of his own opinions, and this is his justification. Four out of the six writers discussed made no pretension to philosophy, and cared little for logic, and they should be judged by their aim and influence. Mill, according to his critic, is the only one who is nearly perfect, but his *Essays on Religion* have irretrievably damaged him in Mr. Robertson's opinion. For Carlyle the writer has hardly a good word; he finds in him nearly all the faults the author of *Sartor Resartus* denounced in other people, and criticises him with a vigour almost equal to that of the *Latter Day Pamphlets*. Indeed, Mr. Robertson seems to yield to the temporary influence of his subject, as far as style is concerned, the essay on Carlyle being marked by vigorous denunciation, that on Mill by logical examination of his teaching, that on Arnold by sarcasm in Arnold's own style. For example: "It is not found that even the most select American citizens exult at the prospect of saving their souls alive in Mr. Arnold's Remnant Warehouse." No doubt Arnold's admirers will appreciate the witticism. For Emerson and Herbert Spencer Mr. Robertson has more admiration, though this is not unmixed. Notwithstanding all their faults the essayist sees that his Humanists have not lived in vain. "Their value was in their stimulant energy, in their power of disturbing vulgar complacency and confronting human selfishness with higher motives and urgent menaces." In the present state of the world perhaps this is the most necessary thing to be done, and may prepare men to accept a perfect system when it is found. Mr. Robertson, in an epilogue, gives us a sketch of his idea of the basis of social reconstruction, which will give an opening for critics in their turn. Necessary items are the abolition of the National Debt, a graduated income-tax, State acquirement of monopolies, the limitation of the number of children born, and the payment of members of Parliament in order that some of these reforms might be obtained by legislation. It is possible, if these and similar reforms were accomplished, that social inequalities would be diminished, but we must not forget that mankind is blessed or cursed with a wonderful fertility of invention for making the world uncomfortable, and no doubt a new series of evils would take the place of the old ones. Men will have to improve a good deal before they will consent to apply even such mild remedies as

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Mr. Robertson proposes. We can nevertheless be grateful to him for pointing out some of the weak places in our social system, without being altogether unmindful of the debt we owe to the half-dozen brilliant writers so cleverly criticised in this volume.

Dr. Brewer has undertaken in a short pamphlet to expound the late Miss Naden's system of Hylo-Idealism,[1] the article being further annotated by Dr. R. Lewins. This completes a curious circle. Dr. Lewins gave Miss Naden the elements of the theory which she so brilliantly developed. Dr. Brewer attempts to elucidate Miss Naden, and Dr. Lewins lastly corrects Dr. Brewer. It is not unlikely the school will be limited to these three believers. Though we do not agree with Miss Naden, we prefer her essay to the attempt of her expositor, who candidly confesses that he may probably be but a halting interpreter. His justification is that he has long been a friend of Dr. Lewins, and knows more of him as a scholar and thinker than any other person. Whether Dr. Brewer has correctly interpreted Dr. Lewins is more Dr. Lewins's affair than ours.

The third division of M. Renan's *History of the People of Israel*[2] deals with the period embraced from the reign of Hezekiah to the return from Babylon, in many respects the most important period in the history of that remarkable people. It embraces the rise of the Theocratic Democracy, the Consolidation of Judaism, the destruction of Jerusalem, the Captivity, and the Return. It was a fertile literary period. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the great unknown (Deutero-Isaiah) all belong to these times, which also produced the Book of Deuteronomy and the Priestly Code. The independent treatment and freshness of thought to which we are accustomed in M. Renan are well maintained in this volume, and we are spared the weariness of continual reference to "authorities" which is so common in critics of the Bible. M. Renan is his own authority, and we desire no better. In the social and political condition of the people and the international events of the time he finds the key to their history which has nothing supernatural about it. The most interesting personality introduced to us in this division is Jeremiah, whom M. Renan depicts as a kind of Carlyle of his day—great in his way, but by no means faultless, and sufficiently at variance with his contemporaries to excuse to some extent their animosity; a man of very extreme views drawing down upon himself universal hatred by his scathing invective. M. Renan is inclined to attribute to Jeremiah the Book of Deuteronomy; at least it is instinct with his spirit, ideas, and style; and he considers it nothing short of astonishing that the name of Jeremiah does not occur in chapter xxii. of the

[1] *Constance Naden and Hylo-Idealism: A Critical Study.* By E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D. London: Bickers & Son. 1891.

[2] *History of the People of Israel.* By Ernest Renan. Third Division. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

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Second Book of Kings in connection with the production of the book of the Law. A great deal of light is thrown by this volume upon one marked characteristic of the Old Testament—that is, its socialistic tendency and its well-known advocacy of the cause of the poor and the oppressed. The prophetic writings sprang from a peculiar class, the *anavim* or religious poor, the "pious" of Israel, with whom poverty was synonymous with all the virtues, and wealth and power associated with every form of wickedness. Thus the Bible is the favourite book of the poor, and its words are welcomed by the oppressed in every age. We sincerely endorse the hope of the learned and brilliant author that he may have strength for the production of another volume (the fourth), to complete the cycle of religious history which he has undertaken.

The Trustees of the Lightfoot Fund deserve the gratitude of all students of historical Christianity for their publication of the edition of *The Apostolic Fathers*[1] by the late Bishop of Durham. The collection of these writings, both text and translation, in one convenient volume is an invaluable service. The scholarship of Dr. Lightfoot is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the work throughout, and so much of it as was not completed by Dr. Lightfoot himself was entrusted to Mr. Harmer, who enjoyed his full confidence, and at whose desire Mr. Harmer's name is placed upon the title-page by the side of his own. The introductions throughout are either derived from Dr. Lightfoot's larger work, or were written by him especially for this edition. In addition to the Epistles of Clement, Polycarp, Ignatius, and Barnabas, and the Shepherd of Hermas, this volume also contains the remarkable anonymous Epistle to Diognetus, the fragments of Papias, the Reliques of the Elders preserved in Irenæus, and the Teaching of the Apostles. It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and, notwithstanding the completeness of the collection, is not inconveniently bulky. It forms an indispensable companion to the New Testament.

The third volume of *Studia Biblica*[2] by Members of the University of Oxford, contains the result of a large amount of painstaking research in out-of-the-way subjects connected with Biblical literature. The first article, by Mr. Neubauer, is of the most general interest, part of which is devoted to an inquiry into the introduction of the square characters in Biblical MSS., and this is illustrated by a useful chart of the Forms of Early Semitic Alphabets, by Professor R. E. Brünnow. After some account of the MSS. referred to in the Massorah, and by old commentators, which are now lost, Mr. Neubauer decides that the Codex Babylonicus, 916 A.D., remains the oldest MS. of the Old

[1] *The Apostolic Fathers:* Revised Texts with Short Introductions and English Translations. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Edited and completed by J. R. Harmer, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

[2] *Studia Biblica et Ecclesiastica.* Essays, chiefly in Biblical and Patristic Criticism, by Members of the University of Oxford. Vol. iii., with Facsimiles. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1891.

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Testament now known. The Pentateuch scroll at St. Petersburg, dated 489 A.D., he unhesitatingly concludes is a forgery. The only MS. which disputes antiquity with the Babylon one is that known as No. 12 at the University Library, Cambridge. This is alleged to have been written and finished by Jacob Levi, the seventh of the month of Adar (4) 616 A.M., which makes 18th of February 856 A.D. From internal evidence the author of the present essay concludes that this is a falsification, which is the general opinion of scholars to-day, notwithstanding that Dr. Schiller-Szinessy believed in its accuracy. Drs. Steinschneider, Wickes, and Ginsburg agree in assigning this MS. to the thirteenth century. For the assistance of those who cannot refer to the MS. two photographic facsimiles are given of portions of it; as are also two facsimiles of the Cairo MS. Mr. Gwilliam contributes to this volume a paper on the materials for the criticism of the Peshitto New Testament, with specimens of the Syriac Massorah. This is followed by an important essay by Mr. F. H. Woods on the New Testament quotations of Ephrem Syrus; this is especially interesting owing to the recent discovery of Ephrem's commentary on the Diatessaron. Mr. R. B. Rackham examines the text of the Canons of Ancyra, and Professor Sanday adds a careful account of the Cheltenham list of the Canonical Books, and of the writings of Cyprian. By the Cheltenham List is meant a MS. formerly in the collection of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, and now we infer at Berlin. As there are peculiarities in the order assigned to the books in this list, the paper will well repay perusal. Part of the article is devoted to the Stichometries, a subject not much studied in England, and giving the latest results in this field of research. Mr. C. H. Turner adds a brief appendix on the Old Testament Stichometry. A somewhat commonplace exposition of the Argument of Romans ix.–xi. by Mr. C. Gore seems a little out of place in this volume. The volume, as a whole, is valuable to students, and much of it will be found interesting by the general reader.

The Story of the "Imitatio Christi,"[1] by Mr. Wheatley, will be acceptable to the innumerable lovers of that unique composition. The author has gathered into a small compass all that is known of the author of the *Imitation*, and the origin of his work. We are told much that is interesting about the Brothers of Common Life and the German Mystics, and the other writings of the famous Thomas Hamærcken, better known as à Kempis, from the town of Kempen, in which he was born. Mr. Wheatley is much concerned to vindicate the title of Thomas to the authorship of the book against other claimants for the honour, and makes out, we think most of his readers will consider, an indisputable case. In a chapter given to opinions on the *Imitation*, we are not surprised to learn that it was the constant companion of General Gordon, but it

[1] *The Story of the "Imitatio Christi."* By Leonard A. Wheatley. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

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is curious to know that Lord Wolseley "has always carried when on the field *The Book of Common Prayer*, *Thomas à Kempis*, and *The Soldier's Pocket Book!*" A copy of the portrait of Thomas à Kempis in the possession of Pastor Allard at Gertruidenberg is given as a frontispiece.

Martin of Tours[1] was the subject of the "Hulsean" prize essay for 1890, of which Mr. Scullard is the author. Considering the narrow limits allowed in a composition of the kind, the writer has done his work well, and has sifted the authorities for the most trustworthy information about the great Bishop. It should be very useful as an introduction to the study of the man and his times.

A perusal of the *Esoteric Basis of Christianity*,[2] by Mr. Kingsland, leaves us with a very confused idea both of Christianity and Theosophy. We gather that they are both to be found in the Bible, but that Christianity is something quite different from what is generally supposed. If the believers in the *Secret Doctrine* wished to convey their teaching to the world, we fail to see their object in hiding it in unintelligible symbolism and mythology only calculated to mislead the uninitiated.

Lieutenant-Colonel M. Von Egidy is the writer of a vigorous pamphlet on the present state of religion in Germany, entitled *Serious Thoughts*.[3] The views put forward are similar to those of the English Unitarians, but appear to have been arrived at by the author independently. His appeal to the religious public is, however, based upon the conviction that views similar to his own are widely held, and he thinks it is time that the Church should recognise the fact and reform its formularies accordingly. While denying the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, and rejecting the miraculous, the writer is an ardent Theist, and expresses himself in earnest and eloquent terms. This tract deserves a wide circulation. The English translation emanates from the "Bibliographical Bureau," Berlin.

The Biblical Illustrator, St. John, vol. ii.,[4] is very much like the other volumes of this series. It is a compilation of sermon outlines and illustrations from a variety of sources; an index of authors would be a welcome addition. We should be better able to recommend it if it were not so unmitigatedly orthodox; it represents a type of theology which is mistakenly supposed to be dying out. The common mistake of quoting *anathema maranatha* as one phrase occurs on page 535, though this error was corrected in the Revised Version ten years ago.

[1] *Martin of Tours, Apostle of Gaul.* By H. H. Scullard, B.A., M.A. Manchester: John Heywood.

[2] *The Esoteric Basis of Christianity, or Theosophy and Christian Doctrine.* By Wm. Kingsland, F.T.S. Theosophical Publishing Society. 1891.

[3] *Serious Thoughts.* London: Luzac & Co. 1891.

[4] *The Biblical Illustrator. St. John*, vol. ii. By Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

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SOCIOLOGY.

EACH month brings forth its own discussions in the scientific and industrial world, and a little crop of handbooks always appear in the social science series to lead the way. This time it is the co-operative movement, and we have received no less than three volumes of a more or less historical and critical nature chronicling the chief events of the movement since its commencement, but written from different points of view. One [1] of them is by an Italian, M. Pizzamiglio, and is therefore, interesting as an exposition of Italian views on the subject. In all the turmoil of international discussion of these questions, while the English, the French, and the Germans talk themselves hoarse, and write themselves blind, little is heard from the other side of the Alps, and one was tempted to inquire whether lethargy or apathy had seized upon the minds of the countrymen of Rosmini and Cavour, or whether the social questions did not exist for them. M. Pizzamiglio breaks the ice. His book shows much erudition in a small space—more erudition perhaps than originality. It is acutely written and not discursive; it keeps to the point—almost too much so—for, though the salient facts of the history of the movement throughout Europe are given (and how these facts, or better call them events, act and react one upon another is generally understood), the whole volume is a stew which reads as though it had lain too long on the fire of the author's own criticism before being placed in the hands of the public. We do not find consequently the independent and vigorous thought which Miss Beatrice Potter evinces in every page of her volume [2] on the same subject. Yet the list of authorities printed at the beginning of M. Pizzamiglio's book—authorities French, authorities German and English, is enough to cry the unlucky reviewer beware. Yet the whole co-operative movement has grown up amid failures and mistakes, it is looked upon still by many well able to judge its merits as a system of production unlikely to be generally successful in the future; and so, though it is interesting to know and to chronicle the past sayings of its opponents and its advocates in the earlier years of its history, a book written by a vigorous thinker brimming over with ideas and suggestions like that of Miss Potter is, in our opinion, likely to be of more use to the general reader than the compendium of dry bones we have received from Italy. But we do not in any way wish to detract from the value of M. Pizzamiglio's efforts. The description of the progress of the movement in Milan

[1] *Distributive Co-operative Societies.* By Dr. Luigi Pizzamiglio. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

[2] *The Co-operative Movement.* By Beatrice Potter.

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alone shows us that the system has now thoroughly taken root in the Italian kingdom, for Milan is the centre whence the movement will spread, and is indeed already spreading throughout the country, as in England the initiative was taken in the city of Manchester. Also the author gives a good account of the foundation of the movement at Rochdale, and indeed in this the first paragraph of the book he places the logic on which the system is based in a nutshell. We will give the paragraph in full as a sample of Italian thought on industrial questions.

"One evening in November, 1843, a dozen poor flannel-weavers, of Rochdale, a small city near Manchester, having met together to devise some remedy for their desolation and misery, aggravated by a recent crisis, in a simple observation struck out the fruitful germ of distributing co-operative societies. 'Many persons,' they observed, 'grow rich by selling to us what we need, retail. Clearly therefore, something sticks to their fingers—something is withheld in their interest, so that they are enriched at our expense. Why not ourselves become rich by banding together to buy the goods they sell us wholesale?'" The whole idea of the movement as the author says is enunciated in these few words—namely to have the advantages without the drawbacks of living in common. It must be remembered that the volume has to do only with distributive societies which have generally been more successful than the productive ones. This is natural. The machinery by which they are worked is more simple. They are limited liability companies really which deal in the necessaries of life, and which start by trading to their own members, and are thus ensured an immediate custom, and this certain custom they supplement by selling to the general public. The productive societies have to contend against the difficulty of tiding over some considerable period before getting any return for the labour of production. Frequently at certain times there are in a business no profits at all, and these periods must always present an awkward barrier against the adoption of the system of profit-sharing. But M. Pizzamiglio only speaks of the simple distributive societies, and these are excellent in every way. They cheapen the goods to be sold, and minimise the evils of selling on credit. We agree with the author in urging these societies not to sell actually at the cost price, but rather to accumulate a little capital against a rainy day or to give back the surplus at the end of the year in the shape of a dividend. A point in which the book is useful is in that it discusses the movement generally and internationally, for like all great movements which spring from the working classes, it is of its nature cosmopolitan. One chief defect of the remaining volume[1] on the subject, that by Mr. Holyoake, called *The Co-operative Movement of*

[1] *The Co-operative Movement of To-day.* By G. J. Holyoake. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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To-day, is that he ignores all the Continental countries, notwithstanding the fact that the French claim, rightly or wrongly, to have originated the whole idea.

But what is the original meaning of the terms co-operative production according to the ideas of the founders of the system? The suppression of the profits of the middleman was always the aim of these bodies, the simplification of industrial life in order that the producers might themselves consume all they produced. It is pure socialism. Lassalle attempts to arrive at the same result only by another means. His object is to raise wages until there is no margin left for profits and thus abolish the wage system altogether. The capitalist, or master, would then become a mere salaried official responsible to the men over whom he had control as the Minister is now to the nation. He would be at once the master and the servant of the workers—a somewhat delicate position at all times—and, when the continuous intercourse between him and the workers is taken into account, he would have to be possessed of no ordinary amount of tact to be successful. It will easily be understood then that the original productive co-operative movement has been beset with difficulties. Out of 1515 such societies in the United Kingdom, there are only eight that have kept to their old ideal, that is to say that employ only members as workmen and are governed by a committee elected by themselves. All the others are more or less limited liability companies, whose capital is raised in shares sufficiently minute to enable working-men to invest. These societies have regular paid servants who have no control whatever in the management of the business, no vote of any kind. If these are to be termed co-operative societies then the meaning of the words is very considerably widened and admit within their signification, numerous other bodies such as the Lancashire cotton-mills held by many proprietors in common, and many building societies. But now we are going beyond the scope of any of the three books before our notice. The co-operative ideal is a glorious one, but it presupposes a high state of intelligence and education if success is to be hoped for. The wide dissemination of the principles on which that ideal is based and their application, along with those principles, would have much the same effect on the capital and labour struggle as a peasant proprietorship would have on the land question—it would strengthen the capitalist interest by prodigiously increasing the number of capitalists. We may add that Miss Potter's literary style is very good, and that she reasons with great logical power. All the three books are instructive and taken together they are exhaustive.

Mr. Inglis Palgrave has begun to publish a work,[1] which if well

[1] *Dictionary of Political Economy.* Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. First part. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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carried out through all the thirteen parts which are to follow will supply a distinct want in English economical literature. It is a dictionary of political economy that he requests us to notice, and he truly remarks at the beginning of the first number now published, that though France and Germany can boast of excellent works of the kind, as yet no dictionary of political economy has been completed in this country. It is strange that the country which has done most to build up the science should have been until now without the ordinary publications which are almost absolute necessities to the practical student. Until this year there was no such thing as an English economical journal. That want is now supplied and Mr. Palgrave hopes in the course of about three years to place in our hands a dictionary which is to give "a statement of the position of political economy at the present time, together with such references to history, law, and commerce as may be of use both in economic and in general reading. Articles on the main subjects usually dealt with in the works of economic writers will be found in it. Explanations both of legal and of business terms are also given. References are likewise supplied to those legal decisions which have an important bearing on the history of English financial and economic development; and notices of the chief rights exercised and customs claimed by sovereigns, territorial lords, municipalities, and others. The aim of the work is to place in the hands of the reader brief, carefully arranged, and well-digested statements which may assist him in the interpretation of authorities, and in the formation of independent opinions."

On the whole, when it is considered that the number before us is the first of the series, and that the work is a first venture, the shortcomings, where they exist, should be treated indulgently, and only mentioned with a view to assist the editor in improving the forthcoming parts. Still it is tiresome to be so often referred from one place to another, and after all that trouble not to get what you want. Why have two articles on the same subject, as in the case of the notice on the life of the writer Bastiat, and in that of the word *arbitration*? The article on the word "apprentice" in speaking of trade-guilds does not take any notice of Mr. Gross's valuable studies on that subject, only following in the steps of Brentano, Arnold Toynbee, and Mr. Howell, all of whose works Mr. Gross controverts. But while mentioning a few defects we must testify to our keen appreciation of the work, which when completed bids fair to be very comprehensive and of great utility to the general reader, to the student, and to the man of business. Among the contributors are some well-known men. Professor Nicholson, Mr. E. Prothero, Professor Edgeworth, and Mr. Phelps have all given their assistance to ensure the success of the new dictionary

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which is published at the moderate figure of three shillings and sixpence each number.

Professor Vambery has brought out a new edition of what was once held to be a very remarkable book. The wonderful adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,[1] graphically described by himself, have been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and were "done" into English by one Cogan as early as 1663. The book is still looked upon as a classic by his countrymen, and it is certainly written by one possessed of no ordinary mind. Mendez Pinto travelled for one-and-twenty years, during which period he visited the kingdoms of Ethiopia, China, Tartary, Siam, Japan, and a host of other countries; he was five times shipwrecked, sixteen times sold, and thirteen times made a slave. He describes what he has seen, his many adventures, the religion, and laws and government of the countries he visited. He was possessed of an ardent imagination certainly, and when his book first came out it was looked upon by the majority of the ignorant, and especially by the clergy, as an odious tissue of lies. On the whole posterity has re-established his credit, for though the volume was probably written from memory, much that is said is fairly accurate and bears the stamp of sincerity. It is peculiarly interesting, for it gives the account of an eye-witness of an Asia of a past age. The grandeur of the East was on the wane, but the European was not yet master of the continent, and the glory and splendour of the native princes would deeply impress the mind of an adventurous sailor of what was then semi-barbarous Portugal. Professor Vambery has given us a somewhat meagre account of the author, taken from a French Dictionary of biography, and has added a preface mainly about himself and his own travels, and his anxiety to have always the means for ending his life at hand if he fell into the power of any cruel native chief. We scarcely see the necessity for these details, which do not add to the glory of the Professor, and we do not quite see his reasons for cutting out part of the book, and giving only an abridged edition. We think also it would have been better to have modernised the names, or at least to have added explanatory foot-notes. We are much pleased with so much of Mendez Pinto's work as we have got, and think it compares very favourably with many books of travels published in our own time; but we cannot congratulate the editor on his manner of editing the book, and of making it intelligible to the English public of our own time.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton's book[2] on the French and English races

[1] *The Voyages and Adventures of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto done into English.* By Henry Cogan. With an Introduction by Arminius Vambery. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.

[2] *Français et Anglais.* By Gilbert Hamerton. Traduction de G. Labouchere. Two vols. Paris: Librairie Didier. 1891.

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reads well in the French translation of M. Labouchere. It is undoubtedly full of profound reflections, it is written in a fair and kindly spirit, and we cannot detect any attempt on the part of the author to exalt unduly either nation at the expense of the other. We have indeed spoken ourselves in previous reviews of French books on this and on kindred subjects of the resemblance of the two races, and we are disposed to think that the resemblances are more striking than the differences. True England and France have always been rivals; they have detested each other with a truly cousinly hatred. It is because they are so much alike. They have the same objects and interests, and are therefore extremely jealous of each other. Mr. Hamerton's book carefully compares the characteristics of either nation as exemplified in every walk of life. He treats of the education, of the physical exercises which obtain on each side of the Channel among the youth of the two nations, of the peculiar manner that patriotism is understood in England and in France, and of the feelings that are harboured mutually by the one for the other. These are, he says, on the whole, feelings of respect and even admiration, but tempered with mistrust. The French, of course, are in a particularly restless and discontented condition. This is reasonable. If twenty years ago England had lost the counties of Kent and Sussex, and they were held by an implacable enemy, the English people would live in the same state of chronic restlessness and discontent. This is, of course, the main cause of all the trouble in France, and not the instability of Republican institutions, as is so often said by our countrymen. Indeed, as Mr. Hamerton points out, the institutions of the two countries are almost identical, or at least they soon will be. The French have been in this century going through the difficult period of transition through which the English passed in the seventeenth century. At last things in France show a tendency to greater tranquillity. The new institutions are becoming consolidated as they are becoming better understood by the masses of the people. On the other hand, as the author again points out, the tendency in this country is just the reverse, we are entering on a period of constant change, and probably instability in all things. These transitional periods in a country's history generally last at least a century, and therefore it was an extremely superficial view to take of French public affairs, allowing for the reactions which invariably succeed to years of abnormal progress, to suppose that, because several Governments followed one another, no one of them lasting twenty years, therefore, the whole French nation was tumbling to pieces. Indeed the rapid rise of the French people since the "terrible year" (1870) has forced these pessimists into the curiously inconsistent position of at one and the same time regretting the final fall of France, and advocating an alliance between the central

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European powers, each of them equal in population to the Republican enemy, in order to defend Europe and its class system from French depredations, and from an invasion of the ideas of 1789. We should think that Mr. Gilbert Hamerton was a keen observer of human nature, and it could not be said of him as it was once said of an eminent French author, that he was acquainted with books but not with men.

We are inclined to think that the reader having perused M. Paul de Regla's denunciation of *La Turquie Officielle*[1] in one volume—and he would yield to the book an undivided attention from the beginning to the end, for it is well written, and bears the stamp of keen observation and of wise judgment in the disclosure of the corruption of Turkish administration and in drawing conclusions therefrom—would put aside the book with a feeling that he knew all that before. There are certainly instances of maladministration shown up, such as the stories of railroads begun and never finished, all the cash having been absorbed by the exigencies of what the author terms, "Sa Majesté Bakchiche," which had not before come to our notice, but generally, we may say that the contents of M. de Regla's disclosures were pretty well known to us all before he made them.

"Le Pays s'en va. Par Allah, encore un peu et on ne pourra plus le sauver. Vous n'avez omis aucune avanie, aucune exaction, et l'autorité n'est plus qu'un triste pillage des forces de la nation. Vous vous concerterez avec le Cheik-ul-Islam et les grands de l'Empire, pour mettre fin aux abus. Je veux qu'on dise la vérité tout entière." These words are quoted by the author from the Sultan Selim III. They were spoken only a few days before his Majesty, as wittily put by a Frenchman, was "suicided." They are the text and key-note of the present volume, and they are unmistakably and unfortunately, if possible, more than the simple truth. They sum up with tremendous eloquence the exact position of the Turkish Empire of to-day. Bakchiche is certainly the great plague which is every day bringing the "Sick Man" nearer to his final dissolution. But there is more than this. There is especially the apathy of the Turk to be taken into account, one might say his feeling of absolute despair, his belief that the end has come of his reign in Europe, and with all this his religious fatalism. The Turk never imagined that he was doing anything more than camping in Europe, and he always thought that his stay would last about three hundred years. Curiously, even in the days of his greatest might, when all Christendom trembled at the sound of his cannon, he looked even at that time with terror towards the Northern shores of the Black Sea. It is hopeless, then, for the Ottoman Empire to think of rehabilitating itself now by drastic reforms such as have been carried out by England and France during this century; all that the

[1] *La Turquie Officielle.* Par Paul de Regla. Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin. 1891.

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most ardent Turk can hope to do, is to stave off the hour of impending ruin. Unlike their predecessors the Saracens, who were in the vanguard of civilisation, the Turks have been the curse of the world now for three centuries, turning into a desert every land wherein they have set their baneful feet.

M. de Regla's book is very eloquent. He tells us very nicely that the soldiers of Islam are very brave, and ought, if properly controlled, to do well in civil life. He explains that their diplomacy consists of making promises which are never intended to be kept. He speaks of the decline of French political influence, but of the progress of the French tongue, and he narrates an interesting story of the foundation and subsequent mismanagement of a French college of medicine. All this is very heartrending; but we don't see any help for it. He finally urges the Sublime Porte to join hands with the Franco-Russian Alliance. As the catspaw of France and Russia, Turkey might live on for some time with her integrity assured; but would it not be preferable to die than to live in such humiliation? As we said before the author's disclosures do not startle us in the least; but still we think he has written an able book. The perfection of the poet and of the orator is to tell us what we already know better than we could put it to ourselves; in fact, to do no more than clothe our own thoughts. In this manner M. de Regla has excelled.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WE gladly welcome a reprint of Sir George Birdwood's *Report on the Old Records of the India Office.*[1] The book was first printed in 1879 and a second time last year; it contains a catalogue of documents which range from the beginning of the seventeenth to the early years of the present century. These documents, even as printed in outline in this Report, are of great interest, and will be of infinite value to those engaged on the study of early Anglo-Indian history. Thus, for example, there are among the Factory Records, in a bundle of damaged papers, marked "The Dutch," the materials for telling the tale of the Amboyna troubles in 1623. The St. Helena "Proceedings," dating from 1704 to 1835, are in part, at least, full of interest. Sir George Birdwood has printed extracts from them relating to Bonaparte's captivity there, which give an excellent sample of what may be found in the rest of the volumes. Not the least valuable part of the Report, however, is formed by the notes which the Editor has added to the text of the catalogue. No

[1] *Report on the Old Records of the India Office.* By Sir George Birdwood, M.D. Second Reprint. London and Calcutta: W. H. Allen & Co. 1891.

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one can read through these notes without being struck by the wonderfully detailed knowledge which Sir George possesses of Indian history, and by the minute points with which it deals. Thus, on page 26 the vexed question as to the earliest mention and use of tea in England is discussed; and on page 74 the ship trading with India, called the *Mayflower*, is proved to have had no connection with the *Mayflower* of Pilgrim Fathers fame. But many of the Editor's notes deal with events of greater interest, as, for example, that which gives a list of all the charters granted to the various East India Companies (p. 13 *n.*).

After giving the catalogue of manuscripts, Sir George Birdwood adds a "supplementary note," which deals with the early history of discoveries and settlements in India from the days of the Phœnicians. This "note," filling upwards of two hundred pages, forms not only a record of early trade, and of the rivalry of European nations for the monopoly of Indian traffic, but also gives a history of the voyages undertaken by the "Old Company," together with its trade and factories, a list of which is given as they existed in 1702–9. This summary is rapidly continued up to the annexation of Upper Burmah in 1885–6. We have thus the outline given of a complete account of the English occupation in India, from its early discovery up to the present day; we have also the skeleton history of the two great Indian Companies, and the progress of their Eastern trade. Further catalogues of documents are printed in the appendices. The book is made useful by the addition of an excellent index, and of two maps, which illustrate early European discoveries in the Eastern seas and early European settlements and factories in the East. Four interesting illustrations form in themselves a complete history of the India companies. The old East India House of 1638–1685 is a modest three-floored house; that of 1714–1726 has grown in respectability, if not in size. The two later houses rapidly grow in both respects, till the height of magnificence is reached in that of 1796–1858.

There are no doubt, here and there, amid so large a mass of detail, one or two small inaccuracies, which it is neither possible nor necessary to point out here, since they are not of sufficient importance to make their correction necessary to the use of the book. We must in conclusion express our hope that Sir George Birdwood's report will be used widely, not only by professed historians, but by all who are interested in a record so peculiar as that of a company of merchant traders who have founded a mighty Empire.

We have received another book which deals with a portion of our colonial history. Mr. F. W. Lucas has written what he calls *Appendiculæ Historicæ*,[1] which is translated freely as "Shreds of

[1] *Appendiculæ Historicæ; or, Shreds of History hung on a Horn.* By Fred. W. Lucas. London: Printed for the Author, and sold by Henry Stevens & Son, 39 Great Russell Street. 1891.

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History hung on a Horn." The reason of this strange secondary title is this. Having a horn on which is sketched part of what is now the State of New York and Canada, and being desirous of writing on the Anglo-French struggle for the possession of Canada, Mr. Lucas combined the two, and produced the present book with its title. His object has been to describe the relative positions of England and France at the beginning of the war, the causes of the war, the war itself, and its results. Mr. Lucas has carried out his object fairly well. But far more valuable than the text, which barely covers ninety pages, and seems to be little more than has been said by M. Parkman, are the various appendices which are added. Such, for example, are those on the discovery and exploration of America during the fifty years after Columbus's first voyage, and on the settlements made there during the next two hundred years. The text of the Treaty of Paris is also worth the printing, and useful for reference are the list of lands possessed by various European nations after the treaty. Further Mr. Lucas has added a list of books and original authorities, arranged in chronological order from *Las Casas* up to Mr. Greswell's *History of the Dominion of Canada*. A list of early maps of America, some of which have been reproduced and some not, ends this part of the book, which we cannot but think the most useful. We must make special mention of the maps which are reproduced by Mr. Lucas from contemporary charts. They illustrate well the history of the war, and would alone be sufficient excuse for the publication of the *Appendiculæ Historicæ*. In fact throughout the whole book geography is most carefully and rightly made use of to explain the history of the time; and we do not think that Mr. Lucas will quarrel with us if we consider that his exposition of eighteenth century American geography forms the most valuable feature of his book, based as it is on careful knowledge of contemporary maps and treatises.

Forty Years in a Moorland Parish[1] is an excellent example of how much we owe to country clergymen who give their leisure time to the study of local customs and history. And at the present such books as this are of extreme value. The next generation will find that railways and the Education Department have done their work well, and have almost swept away all traces of dialect and local tradition. In the book before us are two good examples of this. Mr. Atkinson tells how, after thirty years' work in Cleveland, he puzzles the men and women of to-day by the use of words and phrases that were in regular use at the beginning of his life there. He also tells of the school inspector, who refuses to allow the northern accent of the Dales children. That both dialect and customs are dying out, there can be no doubt. We may lament the

[1] *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish.* By the Rev. T. C. Atkinson, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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fact, but we cannot help it; it is, therefore, now our duty to preserve what we can of both before they become entirely lost. This Mr. Atkinson has tried to do, and for doing it deserves our thanks. But there is yet a further reason why now is a suitable time to write of local antiquities. Local writers can make use of the works of men who have lately worked at this subject, before now so neglected. The consequence is that the investigations of those who follow in the steps of General Pitt Rivers and his fellow labourers are of greater value than they have previously been. Mr. Atkinson has already done good work in his *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, and we get the careful observation and independent judgment in this later book which enabled him to write the earlier.

The information now put before the reader is miscellaneous and full of interest. It deals with the parish of Danby in Cleveland in all its aspects. Folklore, antiquities, history, geology, all receive attention from its observant and sympathetic incumbent. Mr. Atkinson points out the extreme credulity that existed during his own time with regard to all kinds of spiritual manifestations, whether fairies or witches; concerning which, the latter especially, he tells many good tales. He has also preserved many of the sayings and proverbs of the district, many, or at least some, of which are common to other counties, as, for example, the description of an unmarried man, "his hat covers his household." A wholesome contempt for the local antiquarian led Mr. Atkinson to doubt the genuine nature of some British villages near Danby; and he has proved that the pits, which have been so called, are in reality merely half-filled mines, from which various minerals have been extracted. Similar attention has been bestowed on other remains; barrows and earthworks and such like, having been carefully examined, are now interpreted. We cannot in these matters, perhaps, always accept Mr. Atkinson's opinion, but we can give him credit for the most painstaking investigation and search, and we can trust his descriptions of what he saw and found, which is the most important point of all.

We can, then, confidently recommend the reading of this book: it (or at least a part of it) will interest every reader whatever subject may be his hobby. Moreover, it is pleasantly written; and, being based on personal observation, it is original. Mr. Atkinson has, in short, now done for the local history and antiquities of Cleveland what he before did for its dialect, and he has done it well.

Of the two books on our colonial history which we have noticed, Sir George Birdwood's Report will be most useful to real students of history, and the *Appendiculæ Historicæ* will probably appeal more to the general reader. The same division does not hold good with regard to two books dealing with portions of local history. Mr. Atkinson's work will interest the general reader, and also supply

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material for the student. It is possible that Mr. M'Kerlie's will interest the serious reader, but it will not most assuredly become popular with the general public.

Mr. M'Kerlie has to a certain extent disarmed criticism in his preface, where he tells us that history is often called dry and uninteresting, and that the style of his present book "may be considered dry," owing to the fact that "terseness was required, with the absence of interesting stories in flowery descriptive language." Hence we cannot reasonably complain if *Galloway, Ancient and Modern*,[1] strikes us as rather dry both in style and matter. But we might be allowed to point out that terseness cannot lawfully be gained by the omission of necessary words and the misuse of pronouns. Here, for example, is an awkward sentence: "We will not follow Du Chaillu . . . . as to their origin; for whether or not they came originally from the shores of the Black Sea, and many of their customs were like those of the ancient Greeks, is beyond our limit" (p. 106). Here again, on p. 18, "and about the end of the third century the practice (of painting the body) had greatly fallen off where the Romans ruled. This extended to the south of the Forth and Clyde, which undoubtedly was from Roman civilisation." Such careless and unintelligible English will not help to remove the too general distaste for history reading which Mr. M'Kerlie laments in his preface.

But our quarrel with *Galloway, Ancient and Modern*, does not end here. We cannot help wishing that its author had left aside the difficult questions with which he has struggled at such length in the early sections of this book. The subject of the early races of Britain is a difficult one, and does not gain in clearness when written of in Mr. M'Kerlie's terse style. Nor does his habit of not giving page references to books quoted incline one to follow his argument with any feeling of security. Again, why, in writing of Galloway, should it be necessary for our author to burden himself with discussions as to the ethnology of the whole of Britain.

Mr. M'Kerlie is of opinion that Severus built the wall usually ascribed to Hadrian; he also believes that the Picts in Galloway came from Ireland, and that the aborigines of Galloway were not Celtic. In his treatment of these early questions, especially in connection with Ireland, he is inclined to accept too easily what are purely mythical accounts.

Fergus became the first governor of Galloway, about 1139. Before that century no lords of Galloway existed. The mention of Fergus leads to endless discussions of genealogies, which confuse the most patient reader. More intelligible is Mr. M'Kerlie's theory that the lords of Galloway were either Norse or Norman, certainly English

[1] *Galloway in Ancient and Modern Times.* By P. H. M'Kerlie, F.S.A., Scot., &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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in sympathy, and generally, as in the troubles of Edward I.'s reign, acted in agreement with England. We are then plunged into a discussion on the question of Wallace's daughter, which is more minute than interesting. The later parts of the book deal with general description of Galloway—its antiquities, its natural history, its connection with Scott's novels. Here we must leave *Galloway*. Mr. M'Kerlie has studied his subject with care and interest, but he has not written a book that will attract many readers. He has even done his best to repel them by his extraordinary omission of dividing his book into chapters, which does not tend to increase the clearness of so confused a treatise. Lastly, there is no index, an unpardonable piece of carelessness on the part of the author of a book, large portions of which are little more than genealogical tables.

The *Memoir of Richard Redgrave*[1] is a book worthy of notice in many ways. Not only does it present the picture of a hardworking and genial artist who did much in the cause of national art education, but it brings before us generations now passed away and a life entirely changed. This biography is compiled by Miss Redgrave from her father's diary, and is singularly free from anything either uncharitable or painful; there is, perhaps, not a single word which had better have been left unsaid. And yet the book is not lacking in interest. As a prominent artist, Richard Redgrave saw much of society, and he wrote down anecdotes and tales which he heard from time to time, and which give us an insight into the characters of great men long since passed away. Here, for example, is a reply made by Constable to a landscape painter who boasted that he could readily sell all his pictures. "No," said Constable, "I don't sell any of my pictures, and I'll tell you why. When I paint a *bad* picture, I don't like to part with it, and when I paint a *good* one, I like to keep it." An amusing anecdote is told of Webster, who once in a country village allowed his feet to be put in the stocks by his brother. There he was obliged to remain for an hour and a half, jeered at by a crowd of village boys, till the constable who owned the key could be found, the stocks having closed themselves by a spring when the upper bar descended.

But many tales are told of persons almost better known than the brilliant circle of artists among whom Richard Redgrave lived. There are characteristic anecdotes of Wellington and Palmerston among others. But, although these stories will win many readers for this *Memoir*, there is behind them all the character of the hardworking artist, whose own life is kept slightly in the background, owing to the fact that his life was written by himself in his diary, and not, probably, intended for publication. But we

[1] *Richard Redgrave, C.B., R.A.* A Memoir compiled by F. M. Redgrave. London: Cassell & Company. 1891.

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learn enough of Richard Redgrave to admire his perseverance and industry and unfailing good humour. By his own labours he rose from a position of comparative poverty, when he was in the habit of walking fifteen miles a day to give lessons so that he might earn money enough to continue his art studies, to wealth and fame. Redgrave was born in 1804 in a London far different from that of to-day. His schooling was rough, like the times in which he lived. His artistic life began when as a lad he used to draw and paint with Japanese brushes, such as house-painters use. At the age of twenty-two he became a student at the Royal Academy. In 1831 his first picture appeared on the Academy walls; nine years later he became an Associate, and in ten years an R.A.

Redgrave held many official appointments during his life which brought him into close relations with the spread of art education in England, whether as Master of the School of Design, or as Art Superintendent of the Department of Art; and his name will be connected with South Kensington as long as the institution, which he did so much to establish, remains.

This *Memoir* has other information for the curious. There is an account of Turner's funeral, and the fasting mourners; of Wellington's funeral car; of the doings of the Academy, dinners, elections, passing of pictures, hanging, and such like. All have an interest to us, who but know by name those who reappear as living men in the diary of a humorous observer and a good man.

Although not in appearance a work of biography, the *Letters of John Keats*[1] form so much a part of the man himself, and are so needful to the right understanding of his character, that they may well be noticed in this section. They are edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, who has already shown himself qualified for the discharge of his present task by his life of the poet in the "English Men of Letters" series. Both publisher and editor deserve thanks for this present edition. Not only have they removed a reproach which has long weighed heavily on the literary world by giving us a separate edition of the letters of Keats, but they have done so in a convenient form of very moderate price. Of the value of these letters it is not needful to speak. They form the key to the character of their writer in a unique degree. Keats was peculiarly free and outspoken in his letters. His ingenuousness and extreme sensibility are shown in them even more than in his poems. Mr. Colvin contrasts his unreserved and impulsive style with the academic reserve of Gray, the reticence of Cowper, and the egoism of Byron, "the greatest attitudinist in literature." And the comparison will not be on the whole to Keats's disadvantage. His singular charm of style would alone give these letters a lasting place in English literature; as a

[1] *The Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends.* Edited by Sidney Colvin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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commentary on his life and work they will ever be valued by the lovers of his poetry.

As to the editing of this volume, we have nothing to say but what is good. Mr. Colvin has given a true text of the letters, and arranged them consecutively; but he confesses that the edition is not quite complete. He has omitted a "few passages of mere crudity, hardly more than two pages in all;" also the poet's love-letters to Fanny Brawne. This is as it should be. No one will wish to play what Mr. Colvin calls the part of an eavesdropper, or at least their wish should not be pandered to; and we are thankful that the editor has been sufficiently strong-minded to do what is now so seldom done. The omitted letters would ill become what is called literature; they would not help us further to understand the poet's life or character. "What is best in Keats is most real." Finally, the editor, in his preface, has told us the sources from which he obtained the letters, and the names of his chief correspondents, together with a few words about each, explaining their life, and relation to the poet. We may, in conclusion, express a hope that Mr. Colvin's wish will be realised, and that the present will become the standard edition of the letters of Keats. Certainly both editor and publisher have done their best to make it worthy of fulfilling such a position.

BELLES LETTRES.

Elsa[1] is the longest one-volume novel we ever happened to meet with; but we feel sure that no reader will think it too long, for the story is most interesting and admirably told, and yet the distinctive excellence of the work does not lie in the story, but rather in the masterly way in which the characters of the hero and heroine are gradually developed. Elsa herself is a beautiful creation—simple, natural, loving, unselfish and devoted, yet high-minded and steadfast. With great gifts, she has no ambition, and from first to last instinctively keeps herself "unspotted from the world." Few more charming heroines have been conceived. Edward Somerled, too, is a thoroughly satisfactory hero. He is an Englishman, and embodies some of the best and most characteristic English qualities of mind and body. The story opens in Venice, and afterwards the scene changes to Munich. In Italy and Germany the author is alike at home. The subsidiary characters are skilfully, and often humorously, drawn. Kramer, a German art student, is a very amusing personage; he is intensely comic—often, indeed, supremely ridiculous—and yet one likes and

[1] *Elsa.* A Novel. By E. McQueen Gray. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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even respects him, and parts from him with regret when the story ends. Altogether *Elsa* is an unusually good novel: it is quite unlike most novels of the present day, and has more resemblance to the charming Anglo-Continental tales of Julia Kavanagh and the Baroness Tautphœus; but it is more solid, and the interest it excites is of a graver sort.

My Official Wife[1] is the narrative of the embarrassments and mishaps that befall an American Colonel, who, leaving his wife in Paris, is travelling to St. Petersburg on family business, with his wife's name, as well as his own, inscribed on his passport. At the frontier station, he is accosted by a young lady, who seems in grievous distress. She is extremely beautiful, and in dress and manner has an air of supreme distinction. With most engaging diffidence and hesitation, she appeals to the Colonel, as a fellow-countryman, to help her in her bitter need. Her husband, she says—mentioning the name of an old comrade of the Colonel's—is lying ill at a town a little beyond the frontier; he has telegraphed for her, and, in her haste, she has come without a passport, and having accidentally caught sight of the Colonel's passport when he was exhibiting it, she entreats him to smuggle her in as his wife. He naturally hesitates, for the penalties of false passports are serious. But the lady is very touching, and, what is more, very beautiful, and the Colonel is even more susceptible than chivalrous; so in an evil hour he succumbs. It is an amusing tale; many of the situations are humorous, and some come within a hair's breadth of being tragic. But the style and the whole atmosphere of the book are somewhat vulgar, just as second-rate Americans are vulgar. The Colonel himself is unpleasantly amorous, for a middle-aged man with a wife and a married daughter, and he is, besides, rather boastful and swaggering. Still it must be borne in mind, in extenuation, that if he had been a different man, the adventures here related could never have befallen him.

The Governess[2] is an interesting novel, and well translated. The sentiment is distinctly German, but it is so sound and wholesome that one regrets that for anything resembling it in English fiction one must turn to old-fashioned works dating from the early years of the century, such as Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*, and others of the same class. In them, as in *The Governess*, the heroine was no doubt too perfect a character—a being of ineffable excellence, wisdom, and discretion—who soared on a plane of moral excellence high above all the men in the story, and sweetly yet firmly taught them their duty. Perhaps, after all, it was a good fault; the impeccable heroines were, on the whole, pleasanter, when well depicted, than the very

[1] *My Official Wife.* A Novel. By Colonel Richard Henry Savage. London Routledge & Sons. 1891.

[2] *The Governess; or, the Baroness in Disguise.* From the German of S. Melnec. Translated by H. A. M. H. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.

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fallible and often, as it seems to us, unattractive young women that reign in their stead. It is even conceivable that they were, *au fond*, truer to Nature—at any rate, to the ideal nature of woman.

Mr. Howard's little book[1]—for in bulk, if not in pretension, it comes under the category of "the infinitely little"—is quite beyond criticism. When an author talks of a "bon bouche," describes the Emperor Claudius as a "robustious old man," and makes his Minister and favourite admonish him that his demeanour is *infra dignum*, the office of the critic becomes superfluous.

The Footsteps of Fate[2] is one of Mr. W. Heinemann's "International Library" series, and is preceded by an Introductory Discourse, from Mr. Edmund Gosse, on the "The Dutch Sensitivists," as it seems that the young Dutch novelists have dubbed themselves. At the end of the volume we are once more presented with Mr. Gosse's well-worn dissertation on the hidden masterpieces of contemporary European fiction; and the series is once more described as consisting of "spiritual Baedekers and Murrays" which are to guide and enlighten our insular darkness. M. Couperus is, we suppose, one of the "Sensitivists." This story of his, which is now brought before English readers, opens well, and the translation is unusually free from the awkwardness of phrasing and construction which are the bane of translations. Surely, Dutch must be especially adapted to being rendered into English; for we can recall other Dutch novels that, when translated, read like original English works. But the plot of *The Footsteps of Fate* is too improbable. Such relations as are represented to have existed between Frank Westhove and Robert van Maeren are all but impossible, and are evidently only invented for the exigencies of the story. And then the story is so hideous that heaven knows it was little worth while to do such violence to probability in order to render it possible. And if the circumstances are unnatural, the characters are no less so. They, too, seem to have been invented expressly to make up a direful, disastrous story.

Mr. James Payn's *Sunny Stories*[3] are not, after all, so very "sunny." Their brightness is rather the cold glitter of snow than the genial glow of sunshine. One of them, "Aunt Sue's Panic," contains a *jeu d'esprit* which seems to us to be in the worst possible taste. It is the story of a great bank failure; and the author amuses himself by imagining a false report to the effect that the Queen was one of the sufferers, and goes on to enlarge on the burlesque effects of the disaster on Her Majesty and the Royal Family, as supposed to be detailed in the comic papers. Is Mr.

[1] *Rome's Great Mistress.* By John Howard. Stockport: The Western Publishing Company. 1891.

[2] *The Footsteps of Fate.* A Novel. By Louis Couperus. Translated from the Dutch by Clara Bell. London: Heinemann. 1891.

[3] *Sunny Stories and Some Shady Ones.* By James Payn. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

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Payn so hard up for jokes that he must needs set up the Royal Family to make sport of? The "Gleanings from Dark Annals," which constitute the second half of the volume, are at least true to title—they are dark enough in all conscience.

The Daughter of the Commandant[1] is the pleasantest story of Russian authorship that we have ever read—indeed the only really pleasant one—"ça sent le terroir"—it is thoroughly Russian in detail, incident, and character; but the actors in the drama are not, as in more recent Russian novels, incomprehensible beings whose acts can be ascribed to no conceivable motive; nor does the author seem to aspire to turning the world upside down, and remodelling human nature *de fond en comble*. It is a charming romance, and shows that Poushkin fully deserved the high admiration with which he is always mentioned by later Russian authors. Mrs. Milne Home, too, has executed her difficult task of translation admirably.

It Happened Yesterday[2] is a novel turning upon the distasteful subject of mesmeric, or magnetic, influence. A more unpleasant theme for fiction could hardly be conceived; but it must be allowed that it is skilfully and powerfully handled by Mr. Frederick Marshall. The heroine and "subject" is a German; all the other personages are French, with the exception of the unauthorised influencer, who is a Russian. Though the work is interlarded with very few foreign phrases, the author is evidently thoroughly conversant with both French and German life, habits, and modes of thinking. It is not our intention to reveal the plot; but, in order to give an idea of the author's view of the hideous subject of "suggestion"—a view which seems quite in accordance with the latest scientific investigations—it must be stated that the unhappy girl, whose will is completely subdued and extinguished—almost to the temporary loss of her own individuality—is described as exceptionally fair complexioned and colourless, with hair of the palest blonde, and eyes of a light porcelain-blue. She is not unhealthy, nor even delicate, but has the appearance of extreme fragility. Mentally, she is of an abnormally dreamy temperament, yet proud, and, on occasion, passionate. She lives in an ideal world. The hypnotiser is a man of unusually strong, determined, character—outwardly cold, but, *au fond*, rancorous, overbearing, violent, and unscrupulous. It is evidently Mr. Marshall's conviction that, for any luckless creature once subjugated and *accaparé* by this direful influence, the only hope of release lies in the death of the influencer. "Morte la bête, mort le venin." It is a powerful well-written book, but very painful to read.

[1] *The Daughter of the Commandant. A Russian Romance.* By Alexksander Poushkin. Translated by Mrs. Milne Home. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.

[2] *It Happened Yesterday.* A Novel. By Frederick Marshall. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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In *The Slave of his Will*[1] "suggestion" is once more the theme. Once more the victim is a beautiful fair girl, like a tall white lily; but, in this instance, she is anæmic. Strange to say, the operator, as we may call him, is again a Russian. But here the scene is laid in a great English country house, and all the personages, except the Russian, who has himself English blood in his veins, are thoroughly English. Candidly, it is a somewhat feeble production—especially when read immediately after Mr. Marshall's vigorous presentment of the same topic. The diction has a tendency to "slip-slop," and there is a sad confusion in the use of "would" and "should." In truth, it is more than confusion; the two words are systematically reversed, as by the drowning man in the old story, who cried out, "I *will* be drowned—nobody *shall* save me," and accordingly, *was* drowned. The "lily-maid," who is the unpremeditating but unresisting victim of hypnotic influence, is described as surpassingly lovely and attractive: "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes" wherever she appears; but, as so often happens, the author fails to convey the glamour of her heroine's charms to the reader. On the contrary, one wonders what people can see in the tall, pale, sickly, girl, who has evidently outgrown her strength, who is always tired, and has not a word to say for herself. It is but fair to say that there is another girl in the book who, though too sporting and lad-like, is so drawn as to make a favourable impression; for, under her silly little airs of manliness, she is a true woman with all a woman's tenderness and devotion.

Mr. Littlejohns tells us, in a preface, that the purpose of his novel, *The Flowing Tide*,[2] is to convey "his impressions respecting the attacks now being made on our country's religion by the Radical party," &c. We fear he will not convey his impressions to a very large number of his fellow-countrymen; for his book is absolutely unreadable. In the very first chapter we find a clergyman addressing a lad of fifteen as "my little man," "little boy," and similar impossibly inappropriate forms of speech. The boy, who is singing in the road and looking for employment, is, as we are told on the next page, the son of "the Honourable Lascelles Langton," who lives "at No 10, Glazebury Road, third flight of steps from the Church." No explanation is offered of this anomalous state of things; the author seems to think it all right. We read, too, of "a sleepy old river that had wended its way to the sea for a *thousand years and more*." The italics are ours. No doubt many novelists are neither very wise nor highly informed; but it is rare to meet with anything like this.

We beg to acknowledge the first volume of the translation of

[1] *The Slave of his Will.* A Novel. By Lady Fairlie Cunninghame. London: Spencer Blackett. 1891.

[2] *The Flowing Tide.* A Political Novel. By John Littlejohns. London: S. J. Killby. 1890.

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Heine's works[1] by Mr. C. G. Leland, which is being issued by Mr. Heinemann. The present volume contains *Florentine Nights*, *The Memoirs of Herr Schnabelewopski*, *The Rabbi of Bacharach*, and *Shakespeare's Maidens and Women*.

We have also received two more volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's cheap reprint of Charles Kingsley's works, *Two Years Ago* and *Hereward the Wake*.

We have received a new edition of *Léonard Aubrey*,[2] by M. Paul Meurice. The work first appeared in 1853, and we must say that, in many ways, it contrasts favourably with most similar compositions of to-day. The characters are more profoundly human, and the action is closer knit and more thoroughly consequent. But how poignantly tragic is the story! All the more so, because the principal actors in it are so very natural that they seem to be familiar friends, whose faults and misfortunes are a personal grief. Why is it that novelists delight in depicting such a gloomy world—a life so agonising that if real life, in any but exceptional instances, resembled it, this world would be a hell. Surely, the true office of fiction is to cheer and soothe—not to cast over us the gloom of an evil dream! In critically comparing M. Meurice's preface with the work which follows we find that his thesis, true no doubt in itself—that each generation has all but insuperable difficulty in comprehending the thought and sentiment of its fore-runners and successors—receives little exemplification in the story; what it really exemplifies is nothing more than the misery wrought by the excessive vanity and passionate weakness of one man (Natalis Aubrey) and by the malicious wickedness of another (Giboureau). Léonard Aubrey himself is undoubtedly a highly interesting character, but his death-bed avowal of his share in the death of Louis XVI., and his perfervid declaration that, if the deed were still to do, he would be ready to do it, fall very flat after the agonising domestic tragedy we have just witnessed. Under the circumstances, the old *Conventionnel's* profession of faith has about as much *actualité* and *à propos* as the proverbial announcement that "Queen Anne's dead."

[1] *The Works of Heinrich Heine.* Translated from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). Volume I. London: W. Heinemann. 1891.

[2] *Les Chevaliers de l'Esprit: Léonard Aubrey.* Par Paul Meurice. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891.

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THE ORDEAL OF TRADE UNIONISM.

VAUVENARGUES' maxim, "Il est plus aisé de dire des choses nouvelles que de concilier celles qui ont été dites," has recently, as it would seem, received striking illustration and confirmation in the speeches and votes of some trades union delegates to the Newcastle Congress. Most impartial observers of events and critics who are acquainted with the chequered history of the trade union movement in Britain will profoundly regret if charlatanry should be its last word, and an almost inhuman want of prudence and moderation should be able by producing schism and secession to check and even to render nugatory its constitutional development. For let the leaders and spokesmen of the labour movement use what pacific language they will, it is impossible to ignore the serious and threatening character of the dispute between the old unionism and the new.

Mr. Burt, M.P., in his very able and temperate inaugural address to the Congress at Newcastle, fell into the error, as it seems to me, of using misleading language with regard to the propriety or impropriety of theoretical discussion on trade unionism. He deprecated the interference of "theorists" in the great industrial problems now pressing for solution, and yet he was willing to maintain that the political economists had been converted to sound views on these subjects. If the conversion had been quite as complete and universal as is alleged, one would suppose that trade unionists ought to welcome these converts, instead of warning them off from the task of promulgating the true faith; but if these words were used to emphasise the folly of some economists or ex-economists who remain unregenerate, then that expedient is an ineffectual, an unworthy way of begging, not illuminating, the whole question in dispute. Trade unions have come into existence and flourished in spite of the opposition of some economists, and they have been, besides, so praiseworthy and beneficial as provident societies, that they are now easily able to endure with equanimity the most critical examination and minute scrutiny. And of all things, perhaps, outside criticism and contradiction have done the most to strengthen the cause of trade unions, public patronage and flattery the most to render them oppressive and unconstitutional.

Consistently, then, with necessary limits of space, it is proposed here to discuss some features of militant trade unionism as it exists

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at the present moment. One of the best arguments in favour of trade unions is that they are a great reality; they possess a kind of Medo-Persian irreversibility which no academic parading of first principles is ever likely to undermine.

In dealing with the complex phenomena of society, and in trying to disentangle confused trains of thought, it is well to keep in view some general limitations and conditions which the logic of consistency and of scientific inquiry may be said to impose. What is the notion of a trade union? "It is an association of workmen in the same trade," says Professor Marshall, proposing what is a perfectly adequate definition so long as we clearly distinguish it from some kindred notions. Thus, for example, individual trade unions may unite to form with the unions of other places or allied trades an Amalgamated Union or a Federation of Unions. Now the fact is that the policy of trade unions hardly admits of being discussed in reference to single, individual, isolated associations acting by themselves and without the support of other unions, so that the operation of this *esprit de corps* among all unionists must be presupposed in the discussion. *Esprit de corps* among trade unionists is one great secret of their power, and it is menaced by the rift between the old unionism and the new. The recent discussion and vote in the Congress upon the question of an Eight Hours Bill is an instance in point.

There is, however, a more important reservation to be made. Is it quite possible to trace the effects of a particular economic agent? Are there no obstacles to the verification of such a hypothesis as this—trade unions have improved the industry and enhanced the wages of the country? Are not the ordinary experimental methods frustrated in such a case by the principle of a plurality of causes or an intermixture of effects? May there not be more than one cause singly adequate to produce enhanced wages, may not several causes combine in the effect? The proof must at all events be weakened by such a contingency, and special care must be taken not to fall into every *non sequitur* and *post hoc* fallacy that offers.

Another point may also be noticed here. No doubt matters would be simplified if one might assume that men, whether workmen or masters, were always perfectly alive to their own best interests, were highly intelligent, and beyond the reach of non-rational motives. But this cannot be assumed. After all, we must take men here and now, not ideal men with all the virtues of Adam before the fall, but men as we know them, with numerous failings and imperfections both of head and heart. It will be our object to arrive at some residuum of practical truth about trade unions, not at truths conditioned by purely hypothetical premisses.

There is great difficulty and some danger in hazarding, amid a great conflict of competent opinion, any propositions regarding trade

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unions considered abstractly in their relation to labour and capital. But, in the first place, it does seem that combination is competent to affect the rate of wages; for combination may choose to swell or to diminish the volume of production, upon which the remuneration of labour depends. Secondly, in order to be thoroughly effective, trade unions should unite workmen everywhere, and not in one kingdom alone; otherwise, the mobility of labour and capital will render the effect nugatory. The industrial question of a legal eight hours' day touches the same point. If and when the movement in favour of this restriction can be called international, legislative action on that basis might be at least feasible. Again, inasmuch as a single labourer without resources is evidently at a disadvantage when he enters the market to sell his labour to the capitalist, unionism does a service to him and to sound economy when it enables him surely and swiftly to find his best market, and to refrain from selling his labour at a disadvantage. Not only so, but any constitutional means, any plan admissible by law of compelling the labourer to refrain from parting with his labour unprofitably, might justifiably be used by trade union organisations. "It is becoming more and more true," Professor Marshall remarks, "that the higgling of the market is not between individual man and employer, but between a group of employers and a group of men." The President of the Newcastle Congress insisted that trade unions "have yet to vindicate their right to demand of the capitalists, however powerful or proud they may be, to receive and to listen to their properly accredited representatives." A fourth observation is that strikes, the instrument of the unions, apart from their immediate or ulterior consequences, though they may be inevitable, are certainly destructive in tendency. Has arbitration, has co-operation been fairly tried in the balance and found wanting? One sometimes stands amazed at the hyperbolical eccentricities of praise which in these latter days, despite all the misery and loss which we see that a protracted strike entails, many field-officers of trade unions are wont to lavish on this remedy. Lastly, with regard to the question whether unionism does or does not destroy natural competition, the truth seems to be that its tendency does lie in that direction, but that this principle is counteracted and kept in check by the action of other than economical motives. It is a case of the old Greek apothegm, μηδὲν ἄγαν. Just as in the physical body an appropriate dose of opium dulls sensibility and deadens pain, but an excessive dose kills; so in the body politic trade unionist ideas, when acted upon with caution and moderation benefit industry, but so soon as they attempt to become despotic or tyrannical, straightway they become also demoralising and noxious.

It would be doing scant service to any cause to notice, even for purposes of refutation, any of those extreme theoretical positions

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which perfervid but unreflecting enthusiasts on either side often adopt. "Theorists" of this description are certainly "not wanted." The crucial test of belief is readiness to base action upon what is believed, and the only useful interposition at the present moment in the question of trade unionism seems to be that which takes note of the path of its deliberate and conscious energies. If we are not going to criticise trade unions as they make their influence felt in society, but only in respect of certain irresponsible, debating-society opinions that they may now adopt, and now renounce, we might with equal profit proceed to discuss the economic utility of Theosophy or Freemasonry.

One assertion that is commonly made against trade unionism is that it aims at dictating legislative measures upon the methods of industry. Persuaded that the emancipation of labour can never take place by any other means than legislative enactment, trade unionists do not scruple to invoke the strong arm of law in order to realise their own particular principles and aims. Class selfishness therefore, it is maintained, has led and is leading the labour party to demand of Parliament the destruction of all industrial freedom. And the evidence which is believed to substantiate this argument consists not so much in any overt act, or series of actions done in the name of unionism, not in any essential feature of the constitution of a trade union, but rather in the aspirations, methods, and ulterior objects which popular leaders of the movement persistently proclaim.

This argument perhaps deserves some examination and analysis. At the first blush it does appear unlikely that trade unionists should really hold such an opinion in regard to the State regulation of industry as is imputed to them. The earliest struggles of the unions were notoriously struggles of emancipation from State trammels and regulations: their cardinal doctrine had always been that workers should be free to combine for mutual protection and advancement. That doctrine triumphed in the repeal of the Combination Laws (5 Geo. IV. 95) in 1825. Trade union organisations, then for the first time made equal before the law, were considered perfectly adequate to the protection of the rights of labour.

When it is said that trade unionism seeks to dictate legislative measures, objection on the ground of ambiguity may very properly be urged to the term "dictate," taken by itself, but the meaning which anti-unionists attach to the word as used in this argument is plain enough. Advice and guidance in regard to labour legislation given to the Imperial Parliament by such a body as the Trade Union Congress, have been helpful and productive of sound measures in the past, and may continue so to be. The special function of the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress is to watch over the interests of labour in Parliament, and so long as moderation and

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good sense prevail in the Congress, the expression of the views of two millions of workmen ought to receive and will receive respectful consideration in Parliament, and may well continue to "dictate" salutary legislative measures in accordance with these views.

But those who maintain that the action of the unions in "dictating" legislation is fatuous and fatal to industrial freedom are thinking of something quite different from this healthy stimulation of public opinion. It appears to these persons undeniable that latter-day unionism, the unionism of the Congress, of the platform and of the press, involves a somewhat contemptuous renunciation of old leaders and old methods, a disposition to progress backwards in the direction of open-air demonstrations, or open violence and intimidation, and a panic-born anxiety to enforce certain crude and ill-considered theories by *compulsitor* of the State. What else, they say, is this but the destruction of industrial freedom? Most true; but then we must not too hastily assume that this new unionism, this selfish, law-invoking creed has obtained a permanent preponderance of support, or is indeed anything more than a temporary manifestation, a strong, energetic revival and reaction, following in the history of the labour movement upon a period of consolidation and rest-and-be-thankfulness. Fortunately there is some reason to look with good hope to the future. The Newcastle Congress has listened respectfully to some speakers who gave evidence of a capacity for pursuing their ends with moderation and reasonableness. These prudent men might have commended—if happily the recommendation would have had any weight—to those others who would thrust upon and through Parliament proposals of the most drastic and far-reaching operation, the precept attributed to Solon, that "laws were like spiders' webs; they would hold any small and light matter, but larger objects always broke through and escaped." Mr. Frederic Harrison forcibly remarks that the attempt to enforce economic truth by law is "as foolish as to enforce religious truth by law." It is indeed impossible that tyranny shall ever flourish among us. "Compulsion is tyranny," says Mr. George Howell, "cover it over by any high-sounding phrase you may." The tyranny that was formerly brought to bear against labour destroyed industrial freedom, so will that tyranny which acts in the supposed interests of labour. Two things remain incredible. It is incredible that tyranny shall ever permanently dwell with us, and it is equally incredible that the Legislature shall ever sanction schemes which are inimical to freedom and are the outcome of miserable class selfishness.

A few other contentions respecting trade unionism can be but briefly referred to in a more general way. Is it possible, men frequently ask, that there can be tolerated in Great Britain an *imperium in imperio* as oppressive to those it comprehends as any secret society on the Continent of Europe? Trade unions seek to

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protect the inferior workman from competition, and hence to apply to labour all the fallacies of the protective system. They seek to interrupt the freedom of contract, and to thwart all those laws which would interfere with the peculiar methods by which they are wont to enforce their demands. Many unionists recognise that it would be impossible to refute these allegations by denying that there is any truth at all in them. But they answer in a general way not without force, that the tacit convention among masters is equally prone to violate economic theory and the ordinary principles of morality. Labour is blind and cripple, and it is contended for the organisation of unionism that it provides a powerful crutch for the labourer. In the language of Professor Walker, "organised labour has most chance against organised capital." No reasonable person supposes that the Legislature could or would attempt to stamp out the organisation of trade unionism; on that score we are reminded by Professor Beesly that "the French Revolution would be a rose-water affair to the convulsion which would then shake England."

And in respect of the practice of coercing non-union workmen, though the law on that subject has been definitely enough laid down in recent years, it must be admitted that the resentment felt by union against non-union men is natural and to some extent pardonable, because, undoubtedly, non-unionists reap where they have not sown, and enjoy the protection of the union for their labour even while they do not support it. The real danger lies in moral suasion being permitted to degenerate into compulsion. It is, as it seems to me, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the new unionism that it not seldom endeavours to defy existing laws against personal compulsion, while at the same time it invokes new laws to make certain things compulsory.

There has always been much dispute over the questions whether trade unions in encouraging strikes do or do not hinder cheap production, raise the price of the article produced, and diminish capital. Unionists of course assert that production would be benefited in every way by allowing the men to share more reasonably in the profits of the master, and that this object is one strong reason for the existence of trade unionism. These are questions for economists to decide. One of the "converted," Professor Marshall, points out that personal capital is "a part of the wages fund as well as material capital"; and therefore, if the wage-earning class can be induced to save as large a part of their earnings as possible, and add it to personal capital, wages may be raised at the expense of profits without drawing off capital or diminishing its total sum.

From the flux of controversy, if it were possible, it would probably be useful to gather up and present in conclusion one or two more-

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general propositions, or by good adventure truths about the operation of trade unions in modern society.

In the first place, trade unions must, I believe, become more conciliatory in tone and less despotic in action. It seems well established that they do in fact seek to intermeddle and dictate the methods and courses of industry. But these are phenomena which are not legitimately subject to the superintendence of any association of men: they are not so much fortuitous or voluntarily determinable as determined by past history and present environment. Secondly, it cannot be denied that unionism is a conspicuous fact in modern industrial development. Mr. Marshall asserts that the unions now "contain more than one-half of the most skilful and intelligent and steady workers in almost every skilled trade." As long ago as in 1859 there were in this country two thousand trade unions with six hundred thousand members, and funds amounting to three hundred thousand pounds. The figures have increased very largely since that time. Another point which ought to be borne in mind is in reference to the claims made for trade unions as solving the perennial problem of the relation of labour to capital. Mr. Howell in his recent work on "Trade Unionism, New and Old," draws this useful distinction. He says: "It is not contended that trade unions are capable of solving the great industrial questions which agitate the public mind. Their work is at best only a temporary expedient for dealing with labour questions as they arise. The problem in economics is to place production on a level with capital: trade unions must seek to utilise their own capital for purposes of production." Lastly, while every material point examined leads to the conviction that unionism is fundamentally a salutary economic agent, the truth is also suggested that it is a system which demands enlightened management, temper, and moderation. It is a dictum laid down by a very high authority—Mr. John Stuart Mill—that "except on matters of mere detail there are, perhaps, no practical questions, even among those which approach nearest to the character of pure economic questions, which admit of being decided on economic premisses alone." It will be fatal to unionism and to national prosperity if men lose sight of the necessity for the constant application of other than economical motives to determine their action in society. That the present development of trade unionism is not in any sense a final and complete one, but only a tentative step in the direction of more vigorous self-help and more extended combination, is a proposition which, as I apprehend, is supported by the facts of reason and of experience.

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HISTORY AND RADICALISM.

HISTORY is past politics and politics present history. We should therefore expect those who have closely studied the history of the past to be infallible judges of the political questions of the day; or, at any rate, that the party claiming the majority of such in its ranks must on the whole be right and its opponents wrong.

Which party, then, has the greatest following of members well versed in history? It must at once be admitted that of our distinguished living historians the majority are not Radicals. But further, if at one of the recent bye-elections, instead of deciding the issue by household suffrage, we had held a pass examination in history, and permitted only the successful competitors to vote, there is little doubt that the Tory and not the Radical candidate would have triumphed.

This raises two interesting questions. Does the evidence of history justify the propaganda of the Tories or of the Radicals; and if of the latter, how comes it that the proficients in historical study are mostly in the Tory camp?

The distinction between the two great parties in the State has, according to Macaulay, "its origin in diversities of temper, of understanding, and of interest, which are found in all societies, and which will be found till the human mind ceases to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and by the charm of novelty." There is a well-defined path of progress which leads in the direction of perfection. Along this it is admitted the world should move with all possible haste. But in doing so she is interfered with by the domination of two parties: the Radicals, whose eagerness to urge haste may cause her a serious fall; and the Tories, whose desire for caution, if it does not bring her to a dead stop, may at least unduly delay her progress. Which of these parties, then, has oftener fallen into its besetting sin? Has the charm of novelty or of habit been the prevailing delusion of mankind? This is the point on which we ask the verdict of history.

The line of cleavage which divides Tory from Radical, as Macaulay has pointed out, does not end with politics. It runs through all human affairs and has left its mark on everything around us. It will therefore be easier to investigate the point at issue, if we commence with uncontroversial matters; and, as straws show best which way

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the wind blows, we will begin with trifling and work up to serious subjects.

If there is any department of human affairs where the charm of novelty is supposed to reign undisputed, it is dress. The caprices of fashion are proverbial. Yet a closer study of the history of dress brings out how very slowly any great change is effected. Fashion is ever moving, but its orbit after all is a narrow one. Its variations, if rapid, are slight, and are as often marked by unreasonable conservatism as unreasonable change. Look, for instance, at the dress-coat, that garment that levels to a democratic uniformity waiter and duke. In vain has the standard of revolt been repeatedly raised against it. Notwithstanding its ugliness, it still holds the field and has done so for nearly a century. Its strange shape is the result of no caprice, but a relic of the good old times when railways were not and riding was the only means of locomotion; hence its cut-away tails and the two buttons to fasten them up. These have long ceased to be useful; we do not pretend they are ornamental, but we continue to wear them in deference to our natural conservatism.

We boast of the vast progress the world has made in mechanical invention; but the most casual inspection of the implements of antiquity, such as those collected from Pompeii, or the interesting discoveries of Mr. Flinders Petrie in Egypt, will convince any one how slowly and how little we have advanced after all. The cisterns, pans, jewels of two thousand years ago might have been turned out of Birmingham or Bond Street. The distaffs used in Egypt five thousand years ago are identical with those still used in many parts of Europe. The tops boys whip to-day differ in no way from those whipped by boys sixteen hundred years before Moses. Human inventiveness advances but one short step at a time, and hesitates often for centuries before taking another. We begin with what Nature has invented ready to our hand, and improve on it by degrees. There is no such thing as a completely new invention. Even the recent applications of electricity have been slowly fashioned stage by stage from the days of Thales in the womb of the laboratory, before being born into public notice in a practical shape. When called on for something absolutely new, we can at best offer but a modification of the old. The inauguration of railways necessitated a new sort of carriage; but the utmost flight of human inventiveness resulted only in joining three of the old stage coaches together. So slight was the modification, even in details, that for long the luggage was carried on the top; and the two perches for driver and guard were retained, till the number of heads knocked off by the bridges suggested their abandonment.

Yet at every stage of invention it was believed that perfection had been attained, and the possibility of further progress was scouted. "As for those persons," says the writer of a moderate and cautious article in the *Quarterly Review* of 1823, "who speculate on making

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railways general throughout the kingdom and superseding all the canals, all the waggons, mail and stage coaches . . . . *we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice.*" In 1837 it was demonstrated to the Irish Railway Commissioners, with all the certainty of mathematics, that no steamer could cross the Atlantic. In 1838 the *Great Western* made the voyage, "leaving," says Carlyle, "our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at leisure."

If the friction of engrained habit has hindered our progress in mechanical invention, far greater has been its resistance to the removal of antiquated beliefs and decayed institutions. A mechanical improvement harms no one. If we do not approve of it we can leave it alone and stick to the more obsolete machinery it has superseded. But the man who is bold enough to attack any of our cherished beliefs or institutions has our bitter resentment to reckon with. Galileo declared that the accepted theory of the sun moving round the earth was false, and that, on the contrary, the earth moved round the sun. He was immediately committed to prison as an enemy of orthodox religion. To prove the soundness of a new theory only renders it the more obnoxious. "No, I do not believe it," protested the old lady who was asked her opinion on the Darwinian theory, "and if it were true it should be hushed up." Thus the most mischievous errors have been allowed to attain a peaceful and grey-headed old age. Up to the last century, any old woman who was blear-eyed and ugly might be taken before the magistrates, charged with participation in the most impossible supernatural orgies which could suggest themselves to the imagination of the ignorant, and, after subjection to barbarous tortures, burned to death as a witch. Yet belief in witchcraft was not the cherished delusion of the ignorant mob. These persecutions were conducted by the magistrates and clergy, and approved by the greatest intellects of the times. The keen logic of Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne and the acumen of Blackstone were alike turned aside by this gross and cruel superstition, which had nothing to recommend it save its long and undisputed existence. Beliefs and institutions of long standing grow into the fibre of our intellectual being, and to eradicate them causes us acute suffering. It is like the extraction of a tooth. In vain does the dentist demonstrate that it is wholly decayed, and descant on the pain it has caused and will cause us. No argument will mitigate the wrench of extraction nor fill the aching void it leaves behind. Not till long after we have parted company with it do we begin to wonder how we could ever have tolerated it in our head.

Even in modern times, political reforms have been so long postponed after they were thoroughly ripe for execution, that the historian of the future will be puzzled to account for the delay. In 1838, Brougham was assured that vote by ballot would be carried

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within five years. In point of fact, it was thirty-four. "I am quite certain," Macaulay wrote to Ellis in 1839, "that in a few years the House of Lords must go after Old Sarum and Gatton." In 1833, the Duke of Bedford wrote his son, Lord John Russell, "You may rest assured that public opinion is decidedly in favour of shortening the duration of Parliament, and you must make up your mind to see the question carried in another year." More than half a century has already gone, and who will say how much more must yet go before the belated fulfilment of these last two predictions?

It is remarkable that political progress has always met with the greatest amount of resistance, not from the least intelligent members of society, but the most. "In the breaking up of old beliefs," as J. S. Mill has said, "the most strong-minded and discerning, next to those who head the movement, are generally those who bring up the rear." Seventy years ago it was a capital offence to steal five shillings from a shop, to break machinery, to steal a horse or sheep. When it was proposed to transmute the punishment for the least of these offences into transportation for life, "the twelve judges stepped down from their pedestals" and, through the Chief Justice, solemnly protested against such an innovation as an end of all law and order. Yet Lord Ellenborough and his fellow-judges were not inferior in intellect to their contemporaries, or even to the Conservative statesmen of our time. The wild predictions of immediate national catastrophe in which the opponents of the Reform Bill indulged in 1832 would form a literature by themselves, to which Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, J. W. Croker, and Sir Robert Inglis would be eminent contributors.

To sum up, then, if we take any period in the world's history, we find that there was a party of progress advocating the reform of established abuses; that if that party had been listened to, and these reforms effected there and then, so far from doing mischief, a vast benefit would have ensued; but that there existed another party, consisting largely of the most intelligent and influential men, who from timidity or self-interest offered so strenuous an opposition to all proposals of progress, that the most mischievous institutions were maintained for years, or even centuries, after they were ripe for reform. Now, if this be true of any period in the past, must it not be equally true of the present? There is in our day a party of progress which advocates the abolition of such abuses as Coercion in Ireland, an hereditary Upper Chamber, an Established Church. There is also a party strenuously resisting all these reforms. Unless our age is unlike everything that has gone before it, the party of progress is right and the opposing party wrong.

So obvious is this great induction of history that the opponents of progress try to evade it by desperately clutching at the alternative of an exception. "No doubt," they argue, "the party of progress

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has been right in the past, and we heartily approve all it advocated, but we think it has gone far enough. A certain amount of reform was needed, but one must draw the line somewhere. We admit that the penal code applied in Ireland last century, and so graphically described by Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, was barbarous, but that is a very different thing from the mild and necessary coercion of Mr. Balfour. The divine right of kings was an absurd doctrine, but we see nothing ridiculous in an hereditary chamber. Capital punishment for trifling offences was wrong, but we draw the line at murder." This delusion has been an invariable accompaniment of the phenomena we have been describing. At every stage of the world's progress the Tories of the day have heartily approved the reforms of the past, and as heartily resisted those of the present. We found this even in the history of mechanical improvements, it is still more remarkable in politics. "Few," says Burke, "are the partisans of departed tyranny. Many a stern republican after . . . . discharging all the splendid bile of his virtuous indignation on King John and King James, sits down perfectly satisfied to the coarsest work and homeliest job of the day he lives in." The House of Commons to whom Macaulay appealed in 1830, fully agreed with him that the Middle Age practice of extorting money from the Jews by drawing their teeth was barbarous and unjust; but it regarded the proposal to allow Jews to become members of Parliament as both unjust and revolutionary. Every doctrine with which time and habit have familiarised us was once new and startling. Saint Simon was struck with the daring novelty of the opinion that kings existed for the good of their peoples, and not, as hitherto believed, the peoples for the good of their kings; and he was as careful not to moot this subversive doctrine in the Court of Louis as we might be to avoid the subject of Land Nationalisation in a company of landlords, or the Eight Hours Bill in the presence of extensive capitalists. Yet every doctrine which is new and startling to-day will be old and familiar to posterity. Each generation, like the goats in Robinson Crusoe's island, can see all that is below, but not what is approaching them from above. We regard with wondering pity the blindness of the generation behind us in resisting the obvious reforms which it was asked to approve; but we cannot realise that a generation will follow us which will regard as obvious reforms what we consider subversive proposals, and will marvel at the possibility of our having offered any resistance to them.

The error of failing to recognise the completeness of the analogy between past and present is one into which historical students are even more apt to fall than other persons. "History," says Fuller, "maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs, priviledging him with the experience of age without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof." But every old man, with all his

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experience, clings tenaciously to the delusion that the present age and the actors in it are inferior to the Titans of his youthful days. The Count in *Gil Blas* believed the peaches were puny things compared to those that grew when he was a boy. Now this is the error to which historical study makes us specially prone. Our admiration for the reformers of the past blinds us to the merits of those of the present. We refuse to believe that the modern agitator with his commonplace programme is in any way comparable to the heroes of our history. Mr. Lecky is enthusiastic in his admiration of Grattan or Wolf Tone, and as bitter in his condemnation of William O'Brien or John Dillon. The mere suggestion of an analogy between them rouses his indignation. It is almost an aspersion upon the picture he has drawn of these heroes of the past. A prophet has no honour in his own land or in his own time. The world is ever ready to stone him; and the erudite who best appreciates the greatness of the prophets of old, will heave a stone with all the more zest at his contemporary fellow-mortal who dares to claim any of their divine afflation.

History is theory and politics practice. In history the salient facts are ready culled to our hand, and the petty accidentals that once were entwined with them have long since faded and crumbled away; but in politics we have to pick out our facts for ourselves from a rank jungle of obscuring weeds, where the permanent and essential grow alongside of the evanescent and accidental, so that the one can hardly be distinguished from the other. It is easy to judge the rights and wrongs of a revolution when the smoke has blown away, and the scene can be surveyed with the leisure and safety of historic distance; but a revolution at our own door, with the guillotine dripping with warm blood before our very eyes, may paralyse the judgment even of a Burke.

But when all has been said, the main reason why our historical students are so often ranged against the party of progress is not so much that the historical telescope is a sorry instrument when focussed on near objects, as that they put it, like Nelson, to their blind eye. In exchanging history for politics they have left the region of disinterested scientific abstraction for that of personal interest and passion. It was easy for them to approve John Hampden in his refusal to pay ship-money. That affected King Charles. But to sympathise with yonder vulgar agitator, who is stirring up quiet people against paying the rents due to themselves or their friends, is more than even historically trained flesh and blood is capable of. Yet the same selfish considerations which mislead our cultured historian and make him the laughing-stock of posterity, infallibly guide his unlettered neighbour to the more enlightened side. The modern victim of sweating may never have heard of Lord Shaftesbury, and is certain never to have read in *Hansard* the debates on past factory

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legislation, and recognised in the arguments then used the very objections with which proposals to lighten the conditions of toil are met to-day. But he needs no history to tell him that he is suffering, or to teach him to agitate for relief. It is to the natural aspirations of the suffering masses of mankind far more than the wisdom and condition of the fortunate that we owe the political progress of the past; and it is to the former rather than the latter that we must look for the signs of the future. What is hid from the wise and prudent is revealed to babes.

J. W. CROMBIE.

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FREE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

JUST as the development of government has been diametrically opposite in England and the United States, so has the progress of education in the two countries been in strong contrast. In the past England has had an all-powerful central government, and is only now beginning to build up local authority; while in America, from the first, there was strong local government, and central power was developed by the voluntary delegation, on the part of the units, of prerogatives to the federal State. The centralisation of England shows itself in an education law uniform for all parts of the country, and in a fixed scheme of study set forth in an Education Code. In contrast, nowhere is better illustrated the extent of "home rule" in the States than in the matter of public education.

The nation, as a whole, has no power over the free school system, but yet has done for it an immense work. As early as 1785 Congress passed a law which declared that a great part of the public land should be held in trust for educational purposes, and in 1848 the amount was doubled. In this way the central government has disposed of an area larger than great Britain and Ireland. Again, in 1836, a surplus in the treasury of thirty million dollars was divided among the twenty-six States then forming the Union. Eight of these States gave their entire share to education, and eight others devoted the major part of the money to this object. Another most important aid to the development of the public schools, on the part of the National Government, was the establishment in 1867 of the Bureau of Education. This government department, which is presided over by a Commissioner, collects, from the different sections of the country and from foreign nations, statistics and information bearing on education, and prints the whole in book or pamphlet form. Then the publications are sent to the education departments in the separate States, and also to any one interested in the subject. These reports are found by all who consult them to contain the fullest and most valuable information for the periods they cover of any educational publication. This, then, is the extent of the work done by the Federal Government; for Congress has absolutely no part in the management of the schools, each State

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being a law unto itself. Consequently no one need look for uniformity in the educational system of America: for the school laws are as diverse as the characters of the people in the different sections, and are in as great contrast as the conditions of the separate States.

For instance, in the Southern States free elementary education has existed only since the close of the Civil War. When it was desired to keep a large population in slavery, public schools were out of the question. The need of education for the poor whites was partly met by classes in the houses of rich planters, but attendance was fitful, and even the holding of the school irregular. The words of one of the Colonial Governors of Virginia that, "Thank God, there are no free schools in the colony, for learning has brought heresy, disobedience, and sects into the world," expressed the feeling of the Slave States. But we must not conclude that education was wholly unappreciated south of Mason and Dixon's line. Thomas Jefferson tried to engraft public education on the laws of Virginia; but the general sentiment of the State was that elementary and high school training should be left to private endeavour. Jefferson battled against these prevailing ideas for years, and finally, in 1796, persuaded the legislature to adopt his theories; but in the end a clause was added to his Bill which completely defeated its object. The social condition of the South since, as well as before, the Rebellion, has tended to make individual initiative imperative. When the immense population was freed and enfranchised, its education became suddenly necessary; but the Southern States were too poor to make adequate provision for the new demand. So various religious bodies in the North quickly established schools, and philanthropists, such as Peabody and Slater, devoted munificent gifts to the education of the freedmen. In this way a strong voluntary system was fostered, which, together with the fact that the South pursues the expensive method of trying to educate the whites and blacks separately, greatly retards the development of an efficient public organisation. I presume it is no exaggeration to say that, though the South is nobly struggling with its difficulties, and is actually spending on education, in proportion to its wealth, more than any other section of the country, yet in educational ideas, and in the efficiency of its schools, it is at least fifty years behind the North.

In most striking antithesis to the backward South stand the Western States. They began their existence after educational ideas had ripened in America, after the experimental stage was past, and so have profited by the experience of the older parts of the country. It may be interesting to note just what the system of school management is in its latest development in America. In the Western States the township, in contradistinction to the county, is made the unit in local government. The State of Illinois is a good example of this system as far as school government is concerned, so I will

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take it to illustrate the general type of the new states. In Illinois the counties are divided up into townships just six miles square, and the school area corresponds exactly with this division. Each township elects, at town-meeting, three school trustees, who hold office three years. The small number of persons on this governing body, and the size of the township, do away with that danger of inefficiency which threatens, where, as in England, a separate board is elected to control each school. Satisfactory management is further ensured by the fact that in the rural districts, the community being quite innocent of such persons as sanitary and police officials, no energy is diverted from educational questions to the usual matters of local government. The three school trustees, elected in each township, choose a fourth person for secretary and treasurer. The trustees usually divide the township into nine districts two miles square, and build a school-house at the centre of each small division. So there is a school within a mile of every family. Three school directors, elected in each division of the township, manage the school in their district. They must see to it that a free school is kept open not less than five months nor more than nine in the year, and they have the power to erect school buildings, engage teachers, and determine the course of study. These directors lay a statement of the amount of money they require before the trustees, and it is the duty of the treasurer to collect the sum. The required funds come from three sources. First, there is the interest from the lands granted by the United States; second, the State levies for education a tax of one-fifth of one per cent. on all property, which is divided among the townships in proportion to the school population; third, a tax is levied in each school district. It is a matter for remark that most of the cost of education comes from local taxation. The United States' Commissioner's report for 1886–7 shows that while the States and territories expended over one hundred and fifteen million dollars for education, only six millions came from permanent funds. For instance, New York gets about one hundred and eighty-three thousand dollars from invested funds, but spends annually more than thirteen millions on its schools. Boston spends at least £6 16*s.* a head on each school child, and some Western cities even more. So the schools are supported by money which is taken direct from the citizen's pocket, and yet it is the most willingly borne of any tax in America.

The system I have described of township and district management would lack all the good effects of centralisation, were it not that in each county there is a superintendent, who oversees all educational matters, and in his turn reports to the State superintendent. Most of the States, about 1850, built up a system of county supervision of schools, because the district system was found to lack coherence. In thirteen of the States, the county superintendent is

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elected by popular vote, in the others appointed to his office by the Governor of the State or by the Education Board. The usual duty of this official is to visit schools and examine and license teachers. All the States except Delaware have, beside the county, State superintendents. These officials hold their positions about three years, and are usually members of the Board of Education. In many States these boards are made up of professional educators, but in some the thoroughly bad plan of having the State officers form a board to manage education is still adhered to. The duties of these boards differ in the various sections of the county: in some places, beside the control of the permanent school funds, the board has merely advisory powers; in others, it examines teachers and grants certificates; while in others it adds to these duties the choosing and even compilation of text-books.

The history of the development of public education in the United States is not only interesting in itself, but suggests, perhaps, solutions of some of the problems perplexing English statesmen. It is a mere figure of speech to say that America has had free secular education from colonial times, for the early "district" schools were under church management. But the people have passed no uncertain verdict upon denominationalism; seventeen of the newer States have put a clause in their Constitutions saying: "No religious sect shall ever control any part of the common school and university fund."

The building up of free primary schools has been a matter of slow growth. It was secondary education which first received public grants for its support; the idea being prevalent, no doubt, that it did not much matter how or where little children learned to take their first steps in knowledge. In early colonial times, not only was primary education neglected, but the secondary schools which were started were free only for the necessitous poor. With the exception of Massachusetts and Connecticut, the idea was universal in the colonies that free schools were "charity schools." As late as 1821, in passing an otherwise very liberal school law, the Ohio legislature tacked on a charity clause. And it was not till 1851 that education was made absolutely free in the State of New York. So all through the colonial and early constitutional periods the duty of the State to establish a system of education for the whole people, free to rich and poor, was but dimly seen. But Massachusetts and Connecticut in most things formed a happy contrast to the other colonies, and, undoubtedly, the ideas prevailing there have been the leaven which has leavened the whole lump. Before 1647 Massachusetts only gave education free to the very poor, but in that year a law was passed which laid the foundation of the Common School System. Every village of fifty families was compelled to employ a teacher at public expense, and when the number reached one hundred householders a grammar school was

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to be "set up, the master thereof being able to instruct youths so far as they may be fitted for the University." By 1665 every town in the colony had a free school.

But it was not till near the middle of this century that the public school developed into a centralised State organisation. Nothing furthered the development of State control more than the devotion of certain cultured young men to the cause of education. To such men as Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, and Harris, the present United States Commissioner of Education, is largely due the efficiency of the common schools to-day. When Horace Mann first proposed a State Board of Education for Massachusetts and a president of the board with large powers of control, he was severely criticised as subverting all individual liberty and initiative. But his theories at last carried the day, and, in 1837, the old Bay State created an Education Board, and elected Horace Mann its president. At the very beginning of his administration Mr. Mann got the system of normal schools adopted by the State, the annual school grant doubled, and the first compulsory law passed. Henry Barnard did similar work in Connecticut. The labour of such educational enthusiasts led to the development of the school system on another side. In 1840 teachers' "Institutes" were first held. These meetings of teachers were in the beginning inaugurated and supported by private effort; but now they are not only regularly held in most States, but in many attendance is compulsory, and in about one-half the expenses of the Institute are defrayed by an appropriation of public money. The meetings are called at convenient centres in each State, and are usually in session two weeks in the summer season. They are found important aids in spreading ideas on methods of education, and sources of inspiration to the individual teacher, for the lowliest person from a little district school is brought in contact with some of the ablest minds in the country.

These steps in the elevation of the teaching profession are in great contrast with the condition of the pedagogue in early times. In colonial days we find that in the Dutch settlement of New York the schoolmaster added to his duties as teacher those of grave-digger, precentor, and bell-ringer, and even in New England he was expected to visit the sick, lead the choir, and serve summonses. There is a tradition that one poor man had to take in washing to eke out his living. But as it is equally true that a large proportion of the New England school teachers before the Revolution were graduates of Harvard, it must not be inferred that the performing of menial duties was owing to any general depreciation of the profession of teacher. Life was a severe struggle in the pioneer days; no one was rich, and all were expected to do with all their might whatever the hand found to do.

It certainly calls for explanation that the American people, a-

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people ultra-individualistic, should have made, early in their history, a demand for education to be regulated and supported by the State. Undoubtedly the American is a born individualist, and yet he has elaborated a school system more socialistic than any history can show. Having found the germ he early planted sound and full of promise, he has with hard-headed Yankee common sense nourished it, until we get to-day an organisation of State schools in full fruitage. The nation now supports not only primary schools, free to all, but secondary and normal schools, and universities. And in every department the children of all mingle together; there is no discrimination as to sex, no distinction as to class. Perhaps the explanation of this socialistic side of American life is merely the working out of that first law of nature—self-preservation. Convince the most logical of individualists that such and such a line of action is absolutely necessary for the continuance of his existence, and he will appeal to the strong arm of the law for protection. The American believes in the absolute necessity of the citizen being educated if the Republic is to continue; and so he determines that the State must take this vital matter in hand. The sentiment expressed by old Chancellor Kent, that "the parent who sends his son into the world uneducated defrauds the community of a youthful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance," is a widespread sentiment in the United States. It is this belief in the value of education which differentiates the American from the English attitude on school questions. Although it is not correct to say that America has had free schools from colonial times, it is true that it has inherited from the Pilgrim Fathers a deep, almost religious, conviction of the necessity of school training. This respect for education was indeed an essential element of Puritanism; for the Puritans were disciples of Luther, and the great Protestant, let us not forget, counsels parents that if they must choose between sending their children to church or school, to neglect the kirk and patronise the school-house. That education was part of the religion of colonial days, we see by the quaint preamble to the first law passed in Massachusetts on the subject, in which statute schooling is said to be advisable "in order to defeat the chief project of that old deluder, Satan." It is an indication of their sincere earnestness that the colonies were so early ready to expend large sums on education. Only six years after the first settlement of Boston, £400 was appropriated to found a college. This amount was more than the entire sum received from taxes in the colony. And after the Revolution and the War of 1812, although the States were bankrupt, yet to the question, "What can be done to strengthen the Republic?" came the unhesitating reply on all sides, "Give the citizens intelligence," and so the legislatures hopefully went to work to ensure an educated population.

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And the people feel that the schools belong to them, that every class, rich or poor, aids in their support, and that in no sense is public education a free gift from the well-to-do to the needy. The system has not demoralised the American people; in fact, nowhere among the poor will be found more independence and self-respect. The wage-labourer knows that indirectly, if not directly, he contributes in taxes a large share towards the support of the public school, so that his children are beholden to no one for their opportunities. That this is a very real and general feeling was clearly proved in the case of the "Society of Ethical Culture," which has founded a free Kindergarten and primary school in the city of New York. When visiting this school a year ago, I suggested to Dr. Ward, the manager, that probably the remarkable results attained in the classes were not wholly due to improved methods in teaching, but in part to the fact that the pupils were from the best class among the poor. "Quite the contrary," he said, "our school is looked down upon as a 'charity,' since it is free and yet not supported by the State. So we do not get as scholars the best type of the poor in the neighbourhood."

The growth of State regulation in school matters has been steadily progressive. At first compulsion went only so far as to force communities to supply schools, and did not touch the duty of the parents to send the child to be taught. While compulsion in Great Britain has preceded, by some years, the freeing of the schools, in America, for many generations, the schools have been free, but even yet compulsory attendance has not been adequately dealt with. The laws in the different States are widely divergent. In many States there is no compulsory law; in seventeen there is such statutory provision, but in many of these no penalty attaches to the breaking of the law, and in the few where means for enforcing statutes are provided, there is but feeble execution of legal powers. Indeed, public opinion does not uphold the idea of compulsory attendance. No doubt the attitude of the States on this point is largely an outgrowth of conditions which no longer exist. In early days, when the bulk of the population was native born, the good old New England love of education prevailed, and was in itself sufficient incentive to parents, but with an ever-increasing foreign population there has come a need of compulsory law to protect the defenceless children. This need is beginning to force itself upon the attention of the public, and, no doubt, will soon be more widely and efficiently dealt with.

But on the side of the development of the school system itself, of the furnishing of education to those who want it, the advance has been uninterrupted. In 1821 New York State made an annual grant to academies which prepared teachers for the common schools, and in 1838 Massachusetts passed its Normal School Act. Of the

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hundred and sixty-eight institutions for training teachers in the United States, a hundred and nineteen are public, and of the sixty schools for deaf mutes, one-half are public and most of the others receive State aid. Against this extension of the powers of the State there have been a few grumblers. It was the opinion of some that the free school was a charity, and so that nothing beyond the rudiments of learning ought to be taught; and others held, that since secondary education was not originally a part of the public school system, to include it was unconstitutional. It was also quite truly pointed out that the larger proportion of the pupils found in the higher grade schools were children of well-to-do parents, and that the poor were being taxed to educate the rich. The objectors forgot that the "charity" idea died long since in America, that the schools are free for all, the whole people supporting them for rich and poor. The general aim is, as Charles Dudley Warner says, to "make them cheap enough for the poorest and good enough for the richest." And the cases which have been brought before the Courts have all been decided in favour of interpreting the law so as to force every town to support, at public expense, schools which will ensure, in the future, an intelligent population. In 1817, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts brought a suit against the town of Dedham, because it did not maintain a "grammar school master, of good morals and well instructed in the Latin, Greek, and English languages, to instruct children and youth in such languages." The case having been decided in favour of the Commonwealth, the town appealed to the Supreme Court, which in its turn declared that "every inhabitant had the right to participate in both descriptions (lower and higher) of schools." In Michigan, in 1874, some ratepayers brought a suit to restrain the collection in their district of the portion of the school tax levied for the support of a high school. But the decision of the highest Court, as of the lower Courts, was that "neither in our State policy, in our Constitution, nor in our laws do we find primary school districts restricted in the branches of knowledge which the officers may cause to be taught, or the grade of instruction that may be given, if the voters consent, in regular form, to bear the expenses and raise taxes for the purpose."

But this concentration of power in the hands of the public does not in any way stifle private endeavour. Nowhere more than in the United States do individuals strike out new lines in educational matters, and make elaborate experiments in system and method. In almost every city there are enthusiasts devoting their time and money to testing some new theory, and if the experiment is proved good the idea will be adopted into the State system. For instance, the free Kindergartens which were founded and carried on for years by Miss Blow in St. Louis, and Mrs. Quincey Shaw in Boston, have now been taken over by these cities and form part of the primary

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schools. The experience of the United States in educational matters shows that socialism does not annihilate originality.

One of the first things which strikes a foreigner who visits an American public school is the perfect order which reigns without apparently any severe discipline. This appearance is not superficial. "Young America" is a model pupil when treated like a reasoning human being. The dictatorial, aggressive tone universally used when teachers address the children in English and German schools is seldom heard in America. I have been told by teachers in Europe that it is impossible to leave a class without a monitor even for a moment; that the children seem to be absolutely without any sense of honour. I believe the better conduct of American children is due mainly to two causes: the education of boys and girls together, and the wider influence which is accorded to women. As to what the discipline was in the "good old days" I am not exactly certain, but I imagine it was pretty severe. In colonial and revolutionary times the masculine idea probably predominated in America as well as in Europe. Compayre tells of a schoolmaster who left a record at his death of the following achievements in the way of corporal punishment:—1,115,800 thumps on head; 911,527 canings; 124,010 whippings. Evidently this pedagogue believed in the *à posteriori* method of acquiring knowledge. It was just about this time, in 1789, that the legal restriction upon women teaching in America was removed. And from that day discipline in the American schools began to improve. The success of the better era was ensured when, about the middle of this century, girls, who had through the colonial and revolutionary period been either excluded entirely from the schools, or kept in separate classes, were admitted without restriction and joined with boys in all their intellectual work. The two sexes have had a restraining effect upon each other, and the universal verdict of the teachers is that the mixed class is more easily managed. Add to this the fact that more than two-thirds of the teachers in the free schools are women, and it is not difficult to see why the discipline has become milder, and, at the same time, the order of the school has not suffered.

With the steady increase of the proportion of women to men teachers there is one point which must, in the near future, demand serious thought. Is it safe to leave in the hands of a disfranchised class the entire formative period of the future citizen? Can a person who has never enjoyed the rights of citizenship, or felt its responsibilities, instil in the mind of the rising generation that love of liberty and equality which are essential if the Republic is to continue? Is it not the plainest wisdom that those who mould the thought of a nation, should themselves form part of the body politic of their country?

HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH.

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CHARLES BRADLAUGH:

AN APPEAL.

In view of the exertions that are now being made on behalf of the late Charles Bradlaugh's estate, which has been left encumbered with debt resulting from unjust litigation, a few details as to the circumstances of the debt, together with a brief sketch of one whom many at the time of his death loved and respected, even while they differed from him, may be acceptable to the readers of this Review.

Charles Bradlaugh was born on the 26th September 1833, and was the son of a solicitor's clerk. His father, though very poor, possessed sufficient literary tastes and education to enable him to become a contributor of articles and sketches to the *London Mirror*. His little son Charles was seven years old before he was sent to a National school in Abbey Street, Bethnal Green, and he only remained there four years. At twelve he obtained employment as errand-boy in the office where his father worked as clerk, which occupation he changed at the end of two years for that of cashier and wharf-clerk to a firm of coal merchants.

Strange as it may seem to those who are not familiar with the fact that great heretics are generally made from those who have by nature fervent religious emotions, Charles Bradlaugh at this early period of his life was an unusually religious child. He had been educated in strict Church of England views, and his boyish piety so attracted his pastor that he made him a Sunday-school teacher. At fifteen, when preparing for confirmation, the boy was told to study the Gospels and the Thirty-nine Articles. Even at this early age he had within him what his biographer says afterwards became his "master quality," viz., a "fiery rectitude."[1] His study of the Gospels and Articles led him to perceive contradictions hitherto unnoticed by him. In all honesty he went to his clergyman for a solution of his difficulties, and in reply received suspension from his office of Sunday-school teacher for three months, and the information that a severe letter would be sent to his father.

As yet young Bradlaugh could scarcely be called a doubter, for

[1] See Preface to Bradlaugh's *Labor and Law*, p. xviii.

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though conscious of religious difficulties, he had a sort of boyish simple faith that they must be capable of solution, could he only find the right person to whom he might apply. Failing this, he set to work to study still more deeply for himself. Perhaps the very difficulties that were fast growing upon him may have made him cling with a certain generosity of defence to the religion in which he had been educated, for at the age of sixteen we find him embracing the part of defender in a public discussion with a Free-thinker on the "Inspiration of the Bible." In the contest his opponent came out conqueror; and it was characteristic of the "fiery rectitude" inseparable from his character that, being conquered, he should at once come forward and acknowledge his defeat.

The next stage in his career, occurring very nearly at the same period of his life, was the advocacy of the then unpopular cause of teetotalism. Boy as he was, he had seen enough of life to convince him that much of the vice and misery of the poor could be traced to drunkenness. With a certain simple trustfulness that his former pastor might be willing to weigh impartially the arguments for and against teetotalism, he besought him to read Robert Taylor's *Diegesis*. On receiving the request the clergyman immediately consulted, not only with the boy's father, but with his employer; the result being that young Bradlaugh found himself advised to change his opinions within three days, or he would lose his situation. Unable to alter his opinions at command, he left both home and situation on the third day; and after a year of struggles and vicissitudes, during which time he lodged with the widow of Richard Carlile and managed to study Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and French, he enlisted for the army, where he remained till he was past twenty. A legacy that came to him on the death of an aunt enabled him to buy himself out. On once more reaching London, he found that during his absence his father had died, and his mother in need of his assistance. The only occupation that offered itself—notwithstanding his strong physique and six feet of height, notwithstanding, too, his knowledge of languages and more than average ability—was a post as errand-boy in a lawyer's office at ten shillings a week. Happily, his master was a liberal-minded man who soon perceived the "errand-boy's" intelligence. Young Bradlaugh gradually rose to be managing clerk in the office, and probably here laid the groundwork of the great knowledge of the law that he afterwards exhibited, while under the pseudonym of "Iconoclast" he still continued his Free-thought propaganda.

Very gradually, thinking persons have learnt to recognise that a man, so long as he has devoted careful study in his search for truth, is not responsible for the conclusions to which that search has led him. But the assertion is still frequently made, "If a man cannot think on vital subjects as others think, at least he can keep his

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thoughts to himself." And such as these affirm that they quarrel with Bradlaugh, not for holding, but for divulging his opinions. As well might they quarrel with Latimer, or Knox, or Luther for not keeping their opinions to themselves! In every age, amid a large majority who do not think at all, amid a large minority who, though they dissent from the current creed, will not avow their unbelief, there is always a sprinkling of earnest men, filled with fervour, enthusiasm, faith, who feel impelled through evil or good report to bring home to men the higher rule of life they believe themselves to have found. It may seem strange to associate that word "faith" with a man like Bradlaugh. But the association is his own, not mine. Though rejecting the current creed, he had much faith; "faith," as he expresses it, "more than many." He had faith in the improvement of humanity, faith in the search for truth, faith, above all, in the good that must result from leading the absolutely honest life—honest, not as the world counts honesty, but honesty of thought and purpose as well as of word and deed. It was not enough, for instance, for a man to refrain from professing an opinion he did not hold; he is not justified even in holding it till he has assured himself by every possible investigation of its truth. Then, and not till then, should it be accepted by him, much less preached. The current idea that Bradlaugh waged war against religion is, I think, a mistake. He only warred with religious bigotry. He would have no religious sect forcibly put down. He only desired that side by side with the Jew, Quaker, and Catholic, his own sect should have fair-play, and the disabilities of secularism removed. Through his courage and pertinacity, his cause has been won, though at the cost of much persecution during his life and impoverishment of his estate after his death from the litigation forced upon him; but I think it due largely to his exertions that freedom of thought is comparatively so unfettered now. How far he did both himself and his cause injustice by the employment of the word *atheistic* as the denomination of his sect is, I think, a question that may fairly be asked.[1] For his intellect was surely too penetrating for him not to be able to see that for a finite being, a speck in the ocean of space and time, dogmatically to deny an Infinite Power, is as arrogant as it is unphilosophical. But he was, in the fullest sense of the word, a secularist. He did not believe in special providences or miraculous interpositions; neither did he believe in future rewards or punishments, save those brought about as the consequences of human action and endeavour. The Fatherhood of God—the favourite doctrine of the Theist—he absolutely

[1] That Mr. Bradlaugh's standpoint more nearly approached Agnosticism than Atheism may, I think, be fairly inferred from the following passage: "We stand by the great ocean of the unknown, each mental eye seeing different shades of colour on its waves, each thought-diver gathering from its depths truth-corals and pearls, that others missed to grasp or cannot reach."—*Collected Speeches*, p. 186.

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denied; and "Fatherhood" being a concrete, human quality, perfectly comprehensible to all who use it, there is no arrogance in such denial. It is a question to be dealt with, like other questions, upon the facts. In the cruel diseases that assail infants and animals in common with human adults who may perhaps have deserved them or know how to profit by them, in the famines and earthquakes in which the innocent perish with the guilty, in the brutalities of war which from the dawn of history the weak have fallen a prey to the strong, however piteous their appeal for aid from above, are hardly to be seen the signs of a human father's love towards his children, still less of the superhuman pity of a Divine and Omnipotent Father towards them. With such facts before him, Bradlaugh gradually drew the conclusion that man must work out his salvation for himself; that the means to this end lay, not in propitiation or sacrifice or prayer to any supernatural power, but in self-reliance, self-control, studious investigation of the laws of his own being and his own environment. The making of this world better and happier, therefore, was the goal to be attained, and to which our highest virtue should be directed, not from the hope or dread of future reward or punishment, but as an end in itself. This is secularism, it is true; yet I think it is a doctrine that may be accepted by and prove beneficial to many who dissent from Mr. Bradlaugh's other conclusions. For, whether with him we reject the possibility of personal immortality altogether, or whether with the Agnostic we refuse to give an opinion upon what seems like insufficient data, or whether with Eastern religionists we believe in a succession of worlds, it is only of this world we have any personal knowledge. Whether we are finite or infinite beings (to the present writer it seems that that which is incapable of corruption cannot be capable of generation, and that therefore we must be one or the other), we have no remembrance of any past life, nor—granting that we had a past life—any knowledge of its duties. In like manner, supposing there to be a future world in store for us, we are in absolute ignorance of its duties and even of its whereabouts. Of this world we know much, and may in time know greatly more. Of other worlds we know nothing; and at present there does not seem any likelihood that we shall ever know anything of them. This "higher secularism" is, I think, a gospel that may be well preached to persons of every nation and of all creeds. If this life is the only one, all the greater reason that we should live it nobly and well. If, on the other hand, another is in store for us, there is time enough for us to think of those future duties when we know what they are. We shall perform them, presumably, none the less well because we have lived our highest life in the present world.

Mr. Bradlaugh was frequently reproached with being a destroyer rather than a builder up, and the reproach sometimes pained him.

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Perhaps his pseudonym of "Iconoclast" in his youthful days may have lent colour to the accusation. He was a destroyer, it is true, but he always averred that destruction was a means, not an end. He wished to make men follow substance rather than shadows, and he could not do this without first breaking down the barrier of superstition that lay in his way. Yet the only weapons he ever used were those of fair discussion. He did not like the word *toleration*, for toleration, he said, implied superiority. A Jew should no more tolerate a Christian than a Christian a Jew; but while each should hold manfully to what he believes to be the truth, each should work for the common good side by side with the other. Where there are many minds there will be many opinions; but though absolute truth may be unattainable, relative truth will certainly be furthered by freedom of discussion by persons of all forms of belief or unbelief.

Closely allied to his religious convictions were his political. He desired justice and fair-play for all classes; or, to use his own words, he worked "for good, for liberty, for redemption, for all without distinction of colour, of skin, of race, or type, but for our common humanity." This strong spirit of justice rendered him entirely above that common fault of men of the so-called revolutionary type—hatred of the class above their own. All class hatred was equally pernicious in his eyes, whether the hatred of the rich for the poor, or the poor for the rich. He worked chiefly for the people, it is true, because they were most in need of his help; but that the motor power within him was keen sense of justice and not class feeling, may be seen by the way he pleaded for a fair trial to the Maharaja of Kashmir only last year.

It was this same sense of justice within him that made Mr. Bradlaugh an anti-State Socialist. His individualism in politics he carried almost as far as Herbert Spencer did. Human nature, he perceived, to be very much the same beneath all accidents of class. As in the days when parliamentary power was almost exclusively in the hands of the wealthy and landed classes, history had shown that there resulted a system of monopolies, perpetual pensions, laws solely protective of the landed classes; so personal experience was showing him that now, when democracy is in the ascendant, a like spirit is beginning to exhibit itself. For what is the meaning of monopolies, of State patronage or sinecures, save a wish on the part of the idle and extravagant to live upon the earnings of the industrious and thrifty? And what is the meaning of the State Socialistic propaganda—of free dinners, of free education, of free libraries, but that the idle and incapable and thriftless shall sponge upon the earnings of the provident, the intelligent, and industrious? And dangerous to the well-being of a community as is an idle and extravagant aristocracy, Mr. Bradlaugh had studied history far too

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deeply not to be convinced that an idle and improvident democracy is even more dangerous, because of the superiority of its numbers.

When Charles Bradlaugh braved stoning, mobbing, hooting; when he submitted to exile from his father's house in the cause of secularism, he showed himself a courageous man; but it required a higher, subtler kind of courage, when, after having lived down obloquy, and gaining the respect of both sides of the House, over whom alike the Socialistic wave was spreading, he could sit down and deliberately resolve to write the book, which, alas! he did not live to see through the press—*Labor and Law*. To be an Ishmael, with one's hand against every one because every one's hand is against oneself, requires chiefly physical courage; but to be a writer of a book that will probably offend, not only the supporters of his own class, but the members of the House who were gradually beginning to avow their belief in the nobility of one formerly exciting their hatred, was an act of high moral courage, and could only have arisen from strong conviction of the necessity for so writing. His study of history had convinced him that, with few exceptions, the State's prohibitive interference had exerted a pernicious influence on the welfare of the people; but seldom had any of the actions of the State seemed to him so likely to be fraught with danger as would be that of saying to the industrious man, anxious to work for his children and his own old age, "Eight hours shalt thou work and no longer." Not that Mr. Bradlaugh held money-making to be the aim and end of existence. On the contrary, he expresses himself "in favour of the shortest possible hours of labour being worked in each industry. But," he adds, "*the measure of possibility is the profitable conduct of the industry*. The shortest number of hours possible in any industry ought to be known to, and in any case should be easily ascertainable by, the employers and employed engaged in such industry." It is almost impossible for the State to arrive at the necessary knowledge; yet, even waiving this difficulty, "Parliament ought not to legislate on matters on which the people are, or reasonably ought to be, able to protect themselves"; for it "should do nothing to lessen that spirit of self-reliance which makes society progressive wherever it prevails." The function of the Legislature, in his opinion, should be the preservation of internal peace, the removal of all legal restrictions which hinder equality of opportunity, the protection of each individual against the criminal acts of other individuals, and the protection of all citizens against foreign enemies. It should encourage and, where possible, facilitate individual activity and initiation."[1] When the State does more than this it generally does harm; for, to use his own terse aphorism, "the swimmer needs clear stream, not weedy trammel."

[1] *Labor and Law*, p. 1.

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His opinions on the question of wages were very much the same as upon the hours of labour. While he desired the shortest number of hours possible, maintaining that leisure, in excess of mere sleep, rest, and nourishment periods, is necessary for the physical and mental well-being of the worker, yet fully perceiving that the "measure of possibility could only be the profitable conduct of the industry," so with wages. He was an advocate for the highest possible wage; but here, too, the only measure of possibility is the profitable conduct of the industry, and this could best be known to the employers and employed engaged in each particular industry.

Few thoughtful persons will arise from a careful perusal of *Labor and Law* without being impressed with the consciousness of the great loss the English nation has sustained in the comparatively early death of its writer—of the grave mistake the House of Commons committed in allowing so many sessions to pass before it would accept the services of one so able and willing to work for it. When sufficient time shall have elapsed for the nineteenth century to be viewed in due perspective, there will be few of its actions, I believe, more reprehended by posterity than its behaviour to one whose only offence lay in that, having long and earnestly sought for some moral solution of the vice and misery of the world, he honestly avowed the failure of his search.

I know no speeches of modern days more dignified and pathetic than the four speeches of Charles Bradlaugh pleading at the bar of the House of Commons for permission to do the work so necessary to be done, and which he felt within him—as has been amply proved by the result—he could do so well. In the efficacy of Parliament he had, I think, a stronger faith than the majority of his fellow-individualists. To use his own words, he "had always taught, preached, and believed in the supremacy of Parliament." This being so, it was characteristic that he would accept no defeat, cease from no exertions, till he had obtained entrance into that House which he believed he could find best opportunity for doing the work he had set himself to do.

He stood before the bar of the House of Commons the chosen of a constituency; no petition against his return; no impeachment of that return. "No more ashamed of my own opinions," he informed the members, "which I did not choose, opinions into which I have grown, than any member of this House is ashamed of his; and, much as I value the right to sit here, and much as I believe that the justice of this House will accord it me before the struggle is finished, I would rather relinquish it for ever than it should be thought that by any shadow of hypocrisy I had tried to gain a feigned entrance by pretending to be what I am not." On finding that he had no legal right to affirm, he became willing to take the

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oath; its implied obligations being as sacred to his honour and conscience as affirmation. It would have been impossible to him to go through any form unless it were fully binding upon him as to what it expressed or promised.

When no well-founded charges could be directed against him, accusations as reckless as they were unjust were brought. He was denounced as a Socialist: Socialism was less fashionable then than now. He replied, "I happen to think that Socialists are the most unwise and illogical people you can happen to meet." He was represented as holding opinions upon marriage that were abhorrent to him. No accusation of immorality could be sustained against himself; and though he advocated freedom of discussion upon marriage, as upon all subjects, in his own opinions upon it he was conservative. Lastly, he was accused of parading his religious views before the House. To this as to the other charges he could give a flat denial: "Under great temptation I have refrained from saying a word which could wound the feelings of the most religious." And to this principle he remained always staunch. The House of Commons he regarded as "a political assembly met to decide on the policy of the nation, and not on the religious opinions of the citizens." While he carried on consistently his Free-thought propaganda beyond the walls of the House of Commons, within them—however great his provocation—he confined himself exclusively to political work. Like all strong souls, he was not without the generosity of strength, and knew how to forbear.

Time has so far dealt kindly to Charles Bradlaugh that he lived long enough to see much of the obloquy he had incurred passing away. Slowly but surely members of both sides of the House began to perceive that his conduct had been actuated by some nobler motive than vulgar love of notoriety. And their tardy appreciation and kindness during his illness touched him deeply. But the effects of their former injustice could not so easily pass away. Nature works out her laws too inexorably for that! When fourteen men set upon one man, and erysipelas in the arm results, the constitution will equally suffer whether the assault be just or unjust. If continuous litigation be forced upon one without private means, impoverishment of his estate must ensue, however hard he work, or however small his personal expenditure. When Charles Bradlaugh died—honest and honourable though he was—he left his estate burdened with a debt of six thousand pounds, and this notwithstanding that his only surviving daughter had sacrificed on her father's behalf the life policy he had assigned her. The creditors have generously consented to accept half that amount; yet certain among them are very poor people, who have invested their all in the debenture bonds upon which it was found necessary to raise capital, and these Mr. Bradlaugh's daughter is most anxious should be fully paid off.

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Even as I write I feel that there is a certain irony of fate in the association of Charles Bradlaugh's name with public subscription for clearance of debt. So fiery was his spirit of independence that when, just after his expulsion from his father's house, and he in sore poverty, a subscription from a few sympathisers was offered, he enlisted in the army rather than accept it. But there was a spirit within him even stronger than his love of independence—viz., his sense of justice; and to the latter we may feel sure he would have sacrificed the former. These poor folks who had trusted him, as indeed they had every reason—for had they not seen him, while earning a thousand a year by his lectures, content to live in three-and-sixpenny lodgings in the East End in order to save enough to pay his debts—should not be allowed to suffer because bigotry and malice have prevented him living long enough to clear off what from no fault of his own he incurred. His daughter, who seems to have inherited much of her father's strict sense of rectitude, is leaving no stone unturned that may enable her to fulfil what she rightly looks upon as a high obligation. Acting under competent advice, she has decided even to part with her father's library—the one luxury he allowed himself. She has issued a complete and priced catalogue of the books, some of which are exceedingly rare, and in order to facilitate immediate sale, marked at low prices. The library consists of over 7000 volumes. The cost of the catalogue is one shilling, or one shilling and threepence with postage, and may be obtained by application to

Mrs. H. Bradlaugh Bonner,
20 Circus Road,
St. John's Wood,
London.

The catalogue in itself forms an admirable memento of Mr. Bradlaugh, consisting of the books that were one and all so dear to him. Twice within recent years he thought he should be obliged to sell them to meet legal expenses; the first time it was to pay Government costs during his Parliamentary struggle, the second occasion was after the Peters and Kelly case. Each time the sale was happily averted, but the "anticipation of the possibility," his daughter tells us, "brought extra lines to his face and bitterness to his heart." On the front cover of the catalogue is a facsimile of his autograph, and on the back a reduced reproduction of one of two very fine photographs of the study taken last May by Messrs. Dixon of Albany Street.

In addition to the circular recently sent out by Mr. Burt to members of the House of Commons, there are two funds now started; one subscribed to mainly by Freethinkers in but very small sums,

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rarely amounting to a sovereign, though one gentleman has sent a hundred pounds; the other fund was started by an appeal from Edna Lyall (who herself gave a generous donation), and its contributors are mainly, though by no means necessarily, Christians. It is requested that subscriptions to this fund be sent to

George Anderson, Esq.,
35 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.

After all, in the life of Charles Bradlaugh history is but repeating itself. In every age and every nation the seeker after truth, the man who has the courage of his convictions, who is willing to suffer in his own person for beliefs that posterity will afterwards inherit free from all penalty, has been misunderstood by his own generation. He has been stoned or crucified or starved; afterwards, when reparation is too late to be of avail to himself, or to those dear to him, he is transformed into a deity, or saint, or hero, according as the spirit of the age shall dictate. The appreciation, when it is too late to be of good, grows to be as unlimited as the execration—when, alas! it could do much ill—was unbounded. Let us learn by the lesson of history, and not defer our reparation till it is too late to be of good. It is not necessary to share all Charles Bradlaugh's opinions in order to be convinced of the injustice with which he was treated. The number of clergymen who attended his funeral (thus showing themselves worthy sons of that Protestantism for which their fathers fought and bled—for what is Protestantism but the assertion of the right of private judgment?) attest this. Creeds are many, varying with race and nation, limited to place and time, differing slightly even with each generation. But the absolutely honest man, the man whose sense of integrity is stronger than his fear of persecution or desire for worldly success, is limited to no age or country, but is recognised as the noblest product of humanity—whose example, if it is not given to us all to imitate, such among us as have the love of truth within ourselves will always admire. As says the poet whose loss we have had recently to deplore:

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dusk of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these our brothers fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

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They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find—
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful with danger's sweetness round her.
Where Faith, made whole with deed,
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death." [1]

If we cannot undo the past, let us at least make what reparation we can: let us free Mr. Bradlaugh's estate from the burden of debt so unjustly brought upon it; let us, above all, see that his daughter shall not suffer through her own and her father's honesty.

C. E. PLUMPTRE.

[1] From J. R. Lowell's *Ode at Harvard Commemoration.*

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ERNEST RENAN.

"It is easy to criticise an author," says the French philosopher Vanvergues, "but hard to estimate him;" and the literary critics of all ages bear witness to the shrewdness of this dictum. It is this shirking of the most important and most difficult part of a critic's work which induced the late Matthew Arnold to raise his voice in condemnation of the spirit of literary criticism of the day, and he was not far wrong when he declared that the chief need of our time, and especially of our own country, was that of a truer and more enlightened criticism. Nearly a generation has passed away since this distinguished son of literature first threw down the gauge of battle to Philistia, yet who will venture to say that we are not almost as much in need to-day as ever of a fresh current of ideas about life in its various phases. But the new era for which the apostle of culture and lucidity sighed is now close upon us. We are already beginning to recognise that quality, rare and precious above all others, the respect of opinions, the right of other men to think differently from ourselves. In an age of unrest such as ours, when natural evolution marches with such haste as sometimes almost to take step with revolution, it is not to be expected that in all things we shall find all men thinking as we do, and it is indeed but a narrow eclecticism that will deny honour to all talent which is not of our way of thinking. But what a desert of insular narrowness, of provinciality of thought, of British inaccessibility to ideas, of Philistine prejudice yet lies before us, ere we can hope to attain the true critical balance, the real critical disinterestedness. Nevertheless, we who call ourselves "Eclectic" cannot but remember that in the toilsome process by which distinction is attained—the more toilsome when, as in the case before us, unaided—there must be displayed, besides a cultivated intelligence, discipline, devotion, tenacity of purpose, those evidences of force and individuality which, as by a sort of natural selection, mark out the successful men as the strong spirits destined to take the lead among their fellow men. In studying the comedy of human life, what we want is to see men as they are, not as they appear to be; not so much to busy ourselves with what they do as with the thought which inspires them; in a word, to penetrate into their minds quite as much, if not more, than to observe their actions and their attitudes—even should we sometimes

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be forced to acknowledge that all great men are not heroes any more than are all beautiful women angels—not to allow ourselves to be led away by that old toothless gossip which sullies the men the most worthy of respect, and finds evil in the most laudable actions; but rather to remember that those who live by thought, so to speak, will always be and remain the *élite* of a nation; for the spiritual and intellectual ideals of a day are always functions of the actual conditions of life; and life is not all composed of paltry ambitions, rivalries, malice, and spite.

Amongst the planets which have adorned the intellectual firmament of the nineteenth century, few names are more familiar than that of Ernest Renan, yet there probably have lived few writers who have been more misunderstood, few whose works have been assailed with more unwavering British prejudice, than the author of the *Vie de Jésus*—a prejudice, I think we may safely say, arising rather from ignorance than a too intimate knowledge of either the man, his life, or his works.

To most of us Renan is but a very shadowy substance. We know him mainly by reputation as "the great destructive critic," the man who has devoted his life and his wonderful talents to the overthrow of the one hope which alone supports many and many a weary mortal through a loveless and colourless life in which all is darkness, misery, and suffering—a hope and aspiration certainly the most important factors which the history of civilisation has bequeathed to our meditations, and upon which human society must rest if it is not to crumble into chaos and barbaric night. He is pointed out as the man who, with an unwonted eloquence, preaches doctrines entirely subversive of moral obligations, and, recognising no higher standard than human inclinations, seeks to destroy society and to lead men backwards instead of forwards in the path of progress, bidding them be content with a coarse and vulgar earth to earth philosophy and live on the swinish husks which alone Materialism and Sensualism have to offer. But no one acquainted with the true Renan or his writings could long hold to this prejudiced view. One cannot fail to feel, on coming in contact with the real man, the almost primitive sincerity which, as with Newman, pervades his every action; to appreciate in his works the evidently real searchings of heart and probings to the quick of those actual feelings the critical mind alone can fully realise which meet us at every turn, and cause us to ponder with sympathetic interest over the strong intellect and sensitive heart gone astray in the all-absorbing and inspiring task of uniting a universe of matter and a world of mind. We see before us a man believing by instinct and doubting by reason, for the faith of his childhood still dwells with Renan as a sentiment and as such is distinctly traceable throughout his writings. Its poetry survives side by side with the criticism which

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has been fatal to it as a creed, and from his works could be culled a portly volume of passages breathing the purest spirit of piety and pervaded throughout with that abnegation, that idealism, that elevation of sentiment which are the essence of the truest religion. And as one becomes better acquainted with this man, and follows him in his never-wearying search after the ideal, a search which transfigures his very scepticism and renders even his dilettantism noble, one cannot help feeling that away down in the depths of that poetic soul there may still be found a distant echo of the words of Brücker: "I have traversed every sect; I have travelled well, I have sought hard; but I have been able to find nothing better than the Faith of Christ."

A recent writer has said that the two greatest intellectual forces in France at this moment are M. Renan and M. Taine, but I think that the influence of both, and especially of the former, reaches far beyond the confines of their native land. As a potent factor in the intellectual and spiritual history of the nineteenth century, Ernest Renan at least cannot be ignored. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any living man of letters whose influence in the civilised world is more diffused, more penetrating, and more effective. It is now nearly twenty-eight years since Ernest Renan attained at one bound a world-wide reputation by the publication of his *Vie de Jésus*. The magic melody of his incomparable style enlisted in the service of ideas which cause the inmost fibres of the conscience of mankind to vibrate took the world by storm. The delightful phrases, the flowing and harmonious periods, and artistic perfection of its word-painting, added to the exquisite grace of its perfect dilletantism and the seductive sweetness of its sceptical piety, appealed to even the most indifferent. None could help being touched by the tinge of sadness and melancholy, of mingled veneration and analytical criticism, which flowed from the author's pen as he followed the Crucified One through his pilgrimages and sufferings to death. One almost fancies one catches him weeping himself at his unbelief in the divinity of the noblest victim who ever shed his blood in the vindication of a cause. There was here none of the polished but mocking cynicism of Voltaire, or the coarse infidelity of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and the reader found himself unwittingly taken captive by the breadth of erudition and the abundance of ideas as well as by the charm of style.

A book reprobated by one-half of the community will of a surety for that very reason be carefully read by the other half. Since the date of the publication of the *Vie de Jésus*, 300,000 copies of the work have been sold in France alone, that country which has always loved great enthusiasms and great glories, while so furious was the tempest of polemics which its appearance aroused that no less than 1500 books or pamphlets relating to it were published within twelve

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months of its issue. "The authors who have influence," says Joubert, "are merely those who express perfectly what other men are thinking; who reveal in people's minds ideas or sentiments which were tending to the birth." And herein lies to a great extent the secret of Renan's success. He has used his incomparable literary skill and indefatigable powers of research to interpret the mind of a goodly portion of his generation to itself. He has above all addressed himself to that large class of readers who belong neither to the classes nor to the masses; the people to whom the problems of life are everything, and who are drawn to him by his erudition and penetrating power in handling these problems. There are hundreds who brood over the mysteries Renan brooded over, and it was a surprise to them to find that here was one who dared say in print and without reserve what they hardly dare think in the secrecy of their closets, whilst the evident sincerity—that feature which gives to such men as Newman their greatest power—which pervaded all his writings, lent them an additional charm and influence. I have spoken of the author of the *History of the Origins of Christianity* and the English Cardinal as being both actuated by the same spirit of sincerity of purpose, but the mental resemblance between these two goes much farther than that. One cannot help but notice the same frankness, the same self-sacrifice, the same devotion to the ideal which distinguishes them both. It is simply a case of the one having left off where the other began. The Epicurean turned Stoic, and the Stoic turned Epicurean. Had Renan but received Newman's early training, I doubt if the world had ever seen the *Vie de Jésus*.

There are three principal influences which go to shape human character: that of heredity, that of locality, and that of every-day associations. It would take more time than the limits of this paper would allow minutely to trace the progress of Ernest Renan along the pathway of life, but a general glance at the influences which have moulded his career cannot fail to be of interest to every one of us to whom the problems of life in any way appeal.

The town of Tréguier, on the sombre Brittany coast, is famous for nothing if not for its monastic appearance and surroundings, and which, despite numerous social upheavals, have never deserted it since it was first founded by St. Tudwal in the later years of the fifth century. The first care of the ancient pioneers of Christianity on arriving on a hospitable shore was, with a keen eye to their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare, to build a monastery and take possession of the land for a considerable distance around. In no way had they departed from their usual custom on arriving at Téguier and by degrees a small town had as usual sprung up around their monastic abode; but the monastery being the only *raison d'être* of the lay town, the latter did not develop very fast. As the population slowly increased the number of convents and monasteries

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increased likewise, and by the end of the thirteenth century a fine cathedral also adorned the place. Thus, even though Tréguier grew, it still remained purely an ecclesiastical town, a stranger to all commerce and trade, a vast monastery where no noise from the outside world penetrated, where other men's pursuits were called vanity, and what laymen call illusion passed for the only reality, whilst a general tranquillity pervaded all. Here it was that, in 1821, Ernest Renan was born, and his childhood was passed; and the local influence of those early days has never been effaced from his mind—the broadest scientific and modern education has not been able to more than modify it. Even now, when he refers to sombre old Tréguier—whose very beauty is of the grave and sad order—it is in a tone of reverent affection, and with a sparkle in his blue Celtic eyes difficult for a stranger to appreciate who knows only the melancholic solitude of Brittany without being acquainted with that fidelity which is the ground motive of the Breton character, or knowing anything of the lively imagination and strong feeling concealed under that dull and indifferent exterior, that tenacity with which the Breton clings to the habits and beliefs of his forefathers. The grey, pensive old churches and convents, with their own characteristic beauties and local peculiarities, their faded mural paintings and ancient tombs, have ever been for him a centre of practical affection. Those stately Romanesque edifices, which one sees scattered in so many strongly characterised varieties over the face of France, awakened echoes in his poetic mind which nothing has ever been able completely to silence.

But Renan is not wholly a Breton. In his veins runs both Celtic and Latin blood. Breton by his father and Gascon by his mother, he attributes to this complexity of origin the apparent contradictions in which his life and works abound. In fact, while recognising the truth of Challemel-Lacour's observation that "he thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child," he describes himself as "a tissue of contradictions, the one-half engaged in demolishing the other half like the fabulous beast of Ctesias who ate his paws without knowing it." "I am by nature double," he says, "sometimes one part of me laughs whilst the other weeps. So as there are two men in one, there is always one who has reason to be satisfied." And it is this half Breton and half Gascon nature together with the fact, as Amiel says, that "the Frenchman's centre of gravity is always outside himself, so that he is always thinking of others, always playing to the gallery," which perhaps best explains the various mental phases we meet with in Renan. At one moment cold and disdainful in negation or indifference, then dallying with materialism, and next fondly embracing the ideal, and that, not like the poet Gray's, but in its highest and noblest conception, as though he fully appreciated the fact that despite the

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scientific tendency of the modern mind some transcendental ideal is in the long run necessary to humanity to satisfy the cravings of man's spirit for nobler nourishment than any materialism has to offer. Philologist, historian, theologian—to explain his own apostasy—and philosopher, this unique and versatile artist appeals to every variety of intellect. He has been in politics, teaching, literature of all sorts—books, essays, and plays. But although an artist, for he makes us feel there is a beauty in words as well as in things, and a perfect master of his native tongue, one cannot but be struck by the antique candour which pervades his entire works and fascinates the reader. One cannot help but recognise the absence of any attempt at artistic insincerity, or fail to be struck with the frankness and evident sincerity with which he delineates his own portrait in his *Souvenirs*, so unlike the spirit of Rousseau's *Confessions*, so like that of Newman's *Apologia*, for we feel that we have indeed before us a real revelation. How can we dispute his word when he tells us he was born a priest, and remains a priest at heart? We cannot! We feel it ourselves. His Gascon blood and priestly education give us the key to his whole character. They explain the mixture of sincerity and irony, the alliance of scepticism and dogmatism, the expressions of universal doubt clothed in religious language which make his originality.[1] We find no shirking of life's duties or pretended disgust with the battles of life. Obedience to duty, perseverance, the never-faltering search after the noble and the beautiful, are the rules of conduct which seem to him to be the sole road to happiness. He is grateful that he has lived, but he is not afraid to die. When the end does come, however, he wishes it to be noble and grand. In fact, the nobility of his inspiration is ever patent to us. "If I have at times wished to be a senator," he says, "it is only because at that trade one has a chance of being assassinated or shot." He evidently feels, with Voltaire, that nothing is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged.

In his eloquent prayer at the Acropolis at Athens, Renan tells us that not only was he the son of a sailor, but that for generations his ancestors had been toilers on the deep. His father dying when he was still very young, the family were left in such straitened circumstances that it was all they could do to keep the wolf from the door. Finally his sister Henrietta—to whom he says he owes more than he was ever able to repay—commenced a school, whilst his elder brother obtained a position in a local bank. The author of the *Vie de Jésus*, a delicate, fragile child, hardly fit to battle with the world, was then enabled to commence his studies at the little seminary of Tréguier.

We have seen the religious sentiment which pervaded the very air

[1] Perhaps like the Père Hodouin, of whom he speaks, he feels he has not got up at four o'clock in the morning for forty years in order to think like everybody else.

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of the little town, and the local influence which this exerted over the impressionable mind of the child; and now in the little seminary of Tréguier, subjected to the active sympathy of the good and worthy priests faithful to the best traditions of the country clergy, begins the second influence which led his mind to the contemplation of the ethics of life. "These worthy priests," he tells us in his *Souvenirs*, "were my first spiritual preceptors, and I owe to them all the good I have in me. I had so much respect for them that no doubt of what they told me ever entered my mind until at the age of sixteen I came to Paris. I have had many wiser and more brilliant masters. I have never had any more worthy of veneration. It had been my privilege to know absolute virtue, to know what true faith is, and, although later I may have recognised that a large amount of irony has been hidden by the supreme seducer in our holiest illusions, I have retained precious memories of those days. At bottom I feel that my life is always governed by a Faith I no longer possess, for faith has this peculiarity, that although disappeared it still makes itself felt. It still lives by habit and sentiment. One continues to do mechanically what one formerly did in spirit and in truth, even as the lute of Orpheus, after his master had lost his ideal and been dragged back into Hades by the nymphs of Bacchus, was capable of producing no other sound than Eurydice, Eurydice!" "They taught us Latin," he says; "but above all they sought to teach us to be honest, upright men." His tutors' lessons in this respect, supported by their own irreproachable conduct, made a profound impression on Renan's mind, and no man can say that he has ever been heard to speak with anything but the deepest respect of those serious, upright, and disinterested clerics who were the preceptors of his youth. "I passed thirteen years of my life," says he, "amongst priests; I never saw the shadow of a scandal, and I never came across any priests who were not good men. They were the type of my life, and my only wish in life was to become like them, a professor of the college of Tréguier, poor, exempt from all material cares, esteemed, respected as they were." The influence these good men had on his after life was enormous, for they not only taught him that the search after the ideal was the only pursuit worthy of a man, but they also taught him that Christianity was the *résumé* of every ideal. And no one who has read many of this "destructive critic's" works can fail to recognise the ineradicable trace of his religious education. "I learnt later," he tells us, "things which made me renounce Christian beliefs; but one must be profoundly ignorant of history and of human nature not to be aware what an ineffaceable effect these simple, powerful, and honest teachings have on the best minds." Hostile critics have not hesitated to reproach Renan with this fact, but without it, most people will agree, his works would lose half their beauty, half their charm. One is too apt to forget in

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addressing such a reproach to a religious historian that the great divining power is sympathy, and that to penetrate into the consciences of the believers of ancient times one must oneself be possessed of some sort of faith, or at least by some influences of it. In the words of Paul Bourget: "When a man wishes to paint the inner thoughts of the souls of persons for whom the great Beyond is the great, the unique preoccupation, it is necessary that he should himself have experienced to the full, at some period of his life, those profound heart-wringings and heart-searchings which wait on that great problem of death and destiny." And here perhaps, more than anywhere else, we see the great contrast between Renan and Voltaire. The two men have often been compared; but I think erroneously. Renan is a better Voltaire, and, unlike him, does at least recognise what an immense value the religious sentiment has been to humanity, what it has done for art, and the share it has had in progress.

But to return: the days passed by, Ernest Renan had reached his fifteenth year, and everything pointed to the youth's career being that of a peaceful and humble country *curé*. But fate had decreed otherwise. Monsignor Dupanloup, then a simple Abbé, afterwards Bishop of Orleans, and famous as the man who shook the dust of the Académie Française off his feet on the day of Littré's admission to the ranks of the Immortal Forty, was at that time principal of the seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnat at Paris. This zealous and active priest, consumed with the ardent fire of the most intense religious fervour, had devoted his life and his energies to the gathering together from all parts of the country of promising pupils of whom he might one day make eminent priests. A friend of the Abbé passing through Tréguier happened by chance to come across the prize-list of the local college, and his interest was awakened by seeing the name of Ernest Renan so far in advance of his fellow-pupils, more especially in the department of mathematics, for, his mind having always been peculiarly attracted by the abstract, he had developed a passionate liking for the study of that branch of science. The Abbé's friend quickly brought his discovery to the notice of M. Dupanloup, and on the 3rd of September 1836 a bursary was offered to the young student by the Principal of St. Nicolas du Chardonnat. Needless to say, his family accepted this unlooked-for offer with the greatest enthusiasm, for it gave to the youth the chance of an exceptional education.

"We had no time for reflection," says M. Renan. "I was spending the holidays with a friend at a village close to Tréguier. On the afternoon of the 4th September a messenger came for me. Even now that return home comes back to me as though it were only yesterday. I had about a league to go on foot across the open country. The bell for vespers echoing from steeple to steeple was

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just being rung, filling the air with a sense of calm, of repose, and of melancholy serenity, an apt image of the life I was about to quit for ever."

Three days later the little Breton entered the great house of religious instruction which the Abbé Dupanloup had made the training ground of the future combatants in the great fight. To Renan the change from dreamy, unpractical Brittany to vivacious, restless Paris, from his quiet, gentle, old preceptors at Tréguier to the enthusiastic, indefatigable superior of St. Nicolas du Chardonnat, was tremendous. It seemed to him to be no longer the same life he lived, no longer the same religion he practised. Possessed, however, of that contented mind which surpasseth all riches and gifted by nature, or St. Yves de la Vérité, with a never-failing fund of good-humour, he soon became accustomed to the changed order of things, and threw himself with the greatest ardour into his new studies. For M. Dupanloup had his own ideas on education, quite unlike those of the peaceful Breton priests, and in which the enthusiastic cultivation of literature and the fine arts walked hand in hand with the keenest religious training. Ever on the look-out for talent, the Abbé obtained and exercised over the minds of his pupils an immense influence. Alternating literature with dogma, this incomparable preceptor lived solely for and with his pupils, carefully watching over and cultivating the gradual awakening, expansion, and ripening of their intellects, until, as Renan himself says, "he was for me what he was for all of us, a principle of life, a sort of god."

"There is a great resemblance," says M. Bourget, "between this prelate of the nineteenth century inebriated with enthusiasm for Virgil, for Homer, for Titus-Levy, for noble prose and harmonious verse, and those cardinals of the Renaissance who translated in Ciceronian periods their moral reflections and theological ideas."

For three years Ernest Renan lived in this intellectual nursery, until the simple Breton peasant had become the priestly scholar, the excellent humanist, the admirer as well as the disciple of the great writers and thinkers of the century. Chateaubriand was now something more to him than a mere name. The verses of Lamartine and Victor Hugo were no longer closed books to the student, whilst the Revolution and Napoleon were discovered to be facts which could not be got rid of by a simple look of holy horror or a mere pious and deprecatory shake of the head. He had begun to know the world and to understand the meaning of fame. Hitherto, during the golden days of his early youth,

> "He had slept and dreamed that life was beauty;"

now, like all strong men for whom great work is waiting,

> "He woke and found that life was duty."

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Hitherto the student's thoughts had been essentially disinterested and centred wholly in the career for which he was preparing, now he began to look outward instead of only inward, though still his heart was wholly in his work, and the priesthood as yet his one end and aim. But whilst his intellectual training was being thus well attended to it must not for a moment be imagined that his moral training, so important to the vocation for which he was destined, was being forgotten. "My masters taught me besides," he says, "something worth infinitely more than a critical mind or philosophic wisdom; they taught me the love of truth, respect for the right, and the seriousness of life." Such an impression did these lessons make on his mind that he at last came to look upon a spiritual life as the only really noble one; every lucrative profession appeared to him servile and unworthy of a true man; and despite the mental transformation he has undergone he has always insisted, and still insists, that existence apart from a heroic conception of duty is the most frivolous thing imaginable, whilst the sole aim of a noble life should be the disinterested pursuit of the ideal. The lives of the leaders of men alone interested him, whilst his books were his only attraction; but the literary instinct had always been strong within him, and he could not fail naturally to take a keen interest in every intellectual movement. "And what will you be when you are a man?" asked a young playmate of him when he had reached the advanced age of six. "Me!" he replied; "I shall make books." "Oh, you want to be a librarian?" "Dear me, no! I want to make them myself. To write them!" said the little lad.

From the seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnat Ernest Renan proceeded to Issy, a dependency of St. Sulpice, in the environs of Paris, to enter upon his last course before finally entering the priesthood. Here for two more years the study of theology and the Bible absorbed his whole attention, and here it was that his first doubts of the divine inspiration of that book revealed themselves. But it was during his last two years at St. Sulpice itself, which for more than two centuries had served as the last stepping-stone between lay life and the priesthood, that the student came really face to face with the Bible and the sources of Christianity, resulting in the overthrow of the very foundations of his life as he had hitherto conceived it. Here that long and silent inward struggle between revealed religion and scientific theology took place, in which, after devoting the entire energies of his ardent mind to the study of the original Hebrew, the Semitic languages, and the works of the celebrated German philologist Gesenius, and the even more scholarly Ewald, the hypercritical mind of Renan found itself unable to apply to the Old and New Testaments the grammatical interpretation which one applies to every other ancient book without meeting at

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every step characters incompatible with the notion of their supernatural origin, and often finding between them contradictions which the artifices of commentators only made more manifest. He had now begun to appreciate the shrewdness of observation which led M. Gottefroy, one of his masters at Issy, to say to him on one occasion, when reproaching him for his devotion to study: "You are no Christian!" And as all through that night there had sounded in his ears like thunder those, to him, awful words, so now all through the busy day and the restless night there kept whispering to his mind with an invincible persistence the thought: "It is not true!" For a long time he repulsed this idea as a diabolic madness, but continued research only tended to augment his disagreement with the orthodox Biblical interpretations, until, finally, he found himself face to face with the terrible conclusion: If the holy Books are not exempt from error they are not divinely inspired, and if the inspiration disappears one of the fundamental dogmas vanishes, and with this dogma the infallibility of the Church. Under these circumstances, after having preserved his faith up to an age of ripe reflection, and carried his piety to a degree of supreme self-sacrifice, the student found himself compelled to acknowledge that his faith was at any rate not sufficiently large to allow of his becoming a sincere priest, and, with more character than Lamennais, courageously recognising that one's outward life should be in accord with one's inward thoughts, and one's actions with one's ideas, he preferred rather to renounce the career in preparation for which the best years of his life had been spent than convert the most revered beliefs into an odious comedy.

For a man who is a sceptic simply because it best suits his personal convenience, or best serves his own purposes, society can but feel the bitterest contempt; but what *can* one say to men who have commenced by faith, whose piety, fervour, and self-sacrifice have, from constant exercise, become as part of themselves; who have sunk their souls, so to speak, in their belief, consecrated their lives to what they hold to be absolute truth, and who one day find that faith begin to crumble beneath the exigencies of a too critical mind, until it finally slips away altogether, launching him into the dark gulf of universal uncertainty, into the glacial depth of infinite space.

Ernest Renan left St. Sulpice with the dreary prospect before him of an existence to be remade from beginning to end, under conditions both depressing and redoubtable, while his state of mind is best described in the melancholy words of Euripides:

> "Oft is my heart of bitter doubt the prey,
> If God, or chance, or mortal lot holds sway."

The reasons which led him to take this vital step were, he tells

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us, entirely of a philological and critical order, and in no sense of a metaphysical, political, or moral nature.

When, on the 6th of October 1845, he descended the steps of St. Sulpice and made his way to the little hotel across the square, where he had engaged a room, he thought he had only broken with a profession. He found later that he had broken with Christianity itself. "But," as M. Scherer says, "can one leave Christianity as one leaves a Church? Can one be said to have broken with it because one wishes to catch its true character in its origin, to have preserved for it through all a tender interest, and to feel oneself continually led back to it, as to the most fecund subject of research and thought?" Even to-day we cannot fail to observe the traces of the influence of the seminary on his mind and on his studies. To my mind it is not so much the Plato one recognises in him as the St. Thomas.

Life at this time was by no means of a rose-coloured hue to this seeker after truth, but perhaps his greatest trouble was the grief with which his mother—to whom, like all Frenchmen, he was passionately devoted—received the news of his change of views. Her pitiable letters wrung his heart. A dozen times a day as a child he would run to her and say: "Mother, are you satisfied with me?" and now he felt for the first time she would be compelled to answer No! But if his views on religion had changed his disposition remained unaltered, and when she found that the same loving considerateness which had always characterised him was still there, as in all things the wound healed little by little, until at last she was fain to confess that the only visible change in her son was his dress.

On leaving the seminary Renan's first care was to find some occupation, for he could not afford to remain idle. Thrown on the world, which, deprived of the magic warmth hitherto given to it by his religious fervour, now appeared dreary, cold, and devoid of all interest; practically without resources, he was glad to accept from his sister Henrietta—to whom he afterwards dedicated his *Vie de Jésus*—a loan of £50, the sum total of her savings, and this was sufficient to supply his present wants. Thanks to the kindness of the professors of St. Sulpice he soon obtained employment in a small school, and without loss of time commenced his studies for his degree at the University. This, for an intellect trained as his had been, proved to be mere child's play. Exactly three years after quitting St. Sulpice he obtained a first in philosophy, and secured the Volney prize from the Institute of France for an essay on the Semitic Languages. From that day, absorbed in his work, and spending most of his time amongst his papers in his study, and still under the shadow of St. Sulpice, Ernest Renan—as a vigorous writer and original thinker—has progressed steadily along the road of prosperity, fame, and honour; Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris,

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that school which from the thirteenth century has attracted the learned men of all nations, Rector of the College of France, and elected in 1878, in succession to Claude Bernard, one of the Immortal Forty; but, alas! still measuring the universe by the measure of his own mind, and allowing nothing but hollow space without. His illusions gone, his principles kept, but still not one whit nearer the solution of the great problem of the origin of things and the destinies of humanity.

It is not astonishing that, to a philosopher of Renan's temperament and versatile powers, that passionate devotion to a hope which characterises the generality of mankind should have proved the most tempting subject for his intellect to engage upon when brought into contact with the outer world. Surely none knew better than he the history of that Church without the pale of which he now stood, and which, according to things natural, had little by little developed in such an extraordinary manner until it had attained to the very highest summit of power. None knew better than he the many crises through which it had passed, and the terrible blows which the Greek schism, the Lutheran schism, and the French Revolution of '89 had dealt it. But he must go further back than that. It was not the development of that Church which tempted him, but the origin of its faith and the origin of Christianity—the origin of a faith with which, like Leibnitz and Malebranche, he still struggled, and which offers such a vast field to critical curiosity and erudition. To a historian and philosopher like Renan the great question of Nature's object proved an irresistible attraction. The Why of the world, and the world has it a Why? To us the term "the world" has but one signification: mankind and mankind's responsibility. As Scherer says: "Let the Trinity, life to come, heaven, hell, cease to be dogmas and spiritual realities; let the letter and the forms disappear, the human question must still remain. How is man led to be truly a man? When we contemplate this material existence, the ideas which irresistibly rise in our minds must inevitably be: What is the end and the aim of all this?" To obtain a reply it is not necessary to indulge in any speculative theories, for the conscience of every man gives him the solution; and when you ask whence comes that law of conscience which none are able to ignore, whence comes that judge enthroned within a man who is never tired of sitting in judgment on his most insignificant action and thought, one's mind is carried irresistibly onward beyond the power of conception, until at last we are glad to find a resting-place behind a Power so much greater and so much more wonderful than ourselves that we are unable to realise it in material form.

"Life," says the Cardinal to John Inglesant, "is the sole study worthy of man;" and John Inglesant found it infinitely more interesting than opinions and theories. Since 1863, when the *Vie*

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de Jésus first appeared, Renan has been trying to solve the great problems of life. Like the Cardinal in *John Inglesant*, his interest is all with humanity and its hopes, endeavouring to fathom it rather than to reform it! Treating it in a totally different manner to Lamartine, who saw everywhere only evil where good could easily be, but at the same time finding nowhere any more heroic notions of life than that supplied by Christianity, and never getting any nearer that ideal of which he is always in search than Jesus of Nazareth. Full of enthusiasm for the purity of the Jewish Messiah and the heroism of the Martyrs, and finding no more glorious names on the roll of mankind than those of St. Paul, St. Francis d'Assisi (whom Dean Milman describes as the most gentle and blameless of the saints), and St. Augustin, it is not surprising that in that vast field of thought and conjecture Renan should have found sufficient material to occupy another fifteen years of his life. In his works on this subject, he more than ever proves himself a writer. History is supplemented by his vivacity of imagination, and nothing could be finer than the exquisite simplicity of his style, his felicity of expression, and the clearness and profusion of his ideas. "He charms," as Scherer says, "because he thinks and makes you think." Here and there one may come across an affectation of frivolity, but it is forgotten in the many noble lessons, the fruit of his wide experience, which fall from his lips. For though he has produced a prodigious variety of works, such as the *History of the Semitic Languages* and the translations from the original Hebrew of the Books of Job, Ecclesiastes, and the Psalms, it is by the seven volumes composing the *History of the Origins of Christianity—The Life of Jesus*, *The Apostles*, *St. Paul*, *Antichrist*, *The Evangelists and the Second Christian Generation*, *The Christian Church*, and *Marcus Aurelius and the end of the Ancient World*—that he is best known to fame. The general title of this series of works is, however, somewhat misleading, for "History" conveys the idea of a series of sufficiently numerous and reliable facts leading us on, like the links of a chain, from one point to another. In the *History of Christianity*, however, this connectedness is entirely wanting, and this it is more than anything else which gives to Christianity its extraordinary character. Could anything be more marvellous in the usual course of events than that the religion of an obscure and despised people, inhabiting a small portion of Asia Minor, should have given birth to beliefs which constitute to-day the foundations of the moral life of the civilised world, and that the ignominious execution which seemed to consummate its defeat should have become the gauge of its victory? The information we possess of the life of the Founder of Christianity is of the very scantiest description. His very name is ignored by the Roman historians of his time, whilst of the Apostles we know even less. Our knowledge of how and where

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they lived and of how and where they died is founded solely on the vaguest tradition. The only one of them whose character and actions have been preserved to us by authentic records is St. Paul, who, in the strictest sense of the word, was not an Apostle at all. From his time to the end of the second or the beginning of the third century, we have no historic data of the progress of Christianity, of how and by what means the new religion was spread from end to end of the known world, of who for over a hundred years carried it there, of how a few poor Jews were able to overthrow the philosophies and mythologies of the Pagan world. When one comes to face these questions, he finds himself reduced to very vague indications and uncertain conjectures. The visible results are there, but the causes which brought them about remain in impenetrable obscurity. It was this most important feature which the history of civilisation presents to us that Renan undertook to recount, but we cannot help seeing to what an extent his history must, at the most critical period, have depended on his own poetic and vivacious imagination, and taking Jesus Christ, as he does, as a type simply of the greatest human excellence, he only succeeds in making us feel what an unsolvable enigma Christianity and its effects upon the world remains with his theory. For my own part, I cannot even agree with his picture of the Messiah, for I cannot imagine gaiety and wit and joyousness in connection with that prophet carrying on his shoulders the heavy burden of the destinies of his people and of mankind.

To me, Renan, with his wonderful powers of delineation, is continually being thus led away by his strong feelings and poetic images. Everywhere dominated by his ideal as Hegel is with his Idea, Schopenhauer with his Will, and Hartmann with his Instinct, he appears to ignore the fact that we cannot conceive God as personal or impersonal any more than we can conceive the universe as finite or infinite, or space as either void or full, and that we have difficulty in allowing a first cause which may not itself be an effect, or anything which shall not itself have been created. In questions where analogies are absent comparisons fail, and the consequent contradictions into which the mind must inevitably fall in dealing with such matters are apparent. We cannot call anything a certainty, and outside the Supreme Being we have only philosophical speculations of the most varied kind, and the tendency of mankind to judge everything by his own inward perceptions. If the universe is explained by the Creator, then where, asks the analytical philosopher exultingly, is the explanation of the Creator, or why is he inexplicable? But what does he offer you in exchange? A theory of spontaneous creation and automatic development a thousand times more wonderful than that of a Supreme Being. In the words of Dr. Blowitz: "A substitution of gravitation for the laws of God, and

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an explanation of the everlasting harmony of Nature by successive aggregations arising out of chaos, in fulfilment of an unconscious and sublime ordonnance." "Beyond the universe," says Scherer, "neither the philosopher nor the naturalist can go without passing from the domain of pure science to that of theological hypothesis. We talk of the Universe, Humanity, the Ideal, the Absolute; but can we endow with reality these figures of speech? The Infinite is simply the Indefinable, the Absolute the absence of all limits which constitute the Relative."

From this point of view we cannot consider Renan's works to possess much scientific value, but I do think an enormous signification is to be attached to them in the history of Ideas, for a solitary education appears to open eyes which in the midst of companions and engagements are too apt to remain closed. His portrait of St. Paul in *The Apostles* is both original and realistic, whilst few things could be finer than his picture of the Emperor Nero in *Antichrist*. But of all the products of his fecund pen that which appears to me to possess pre-eminently the greatest interest and charm is his *Souvenirs*. It abounds in those original colourings, those peculiarities of mental refraction, those varieties of style, and that beauty, majesty and simplicity of phraseology which render the perfections of Renan's works no merely negative qualities. Here we see the man as he really is, and, despite the prevalent pessimism of the present day, we find that there still exist magnificent ideals and noble thoughts, pure souls and heroic hearts. There are times in life when one looks back into the past more willingly than into the future, and when, like the pedestrian wearied with the distance travelled, one finds a melancholy joy in turning to look once more at the road over which he has passed; so there is a softer touch in this philosopher's *Souvenirs* as he lifts the veil of the past than in any of his other works. Behind him he sees a tangible reality, before him nothing but an infinitude of time and an infinitude of space. Starting in life he was governed at the outset by immutable dogmas, inflexible rules, universal truths; then comes the contact with life, the study of history, the habit of analysing, until he ends up like Benjamin Constant by imagining no proposition is true and doubting everything. Finding in all dogmas and in all theories something which attracts himself, he is now as a spiritualist against the materialist, and anon a materialist fighting the spiritualist.

Such is the story of Ernest Renan's life, and even this hasty and superficial glimpse at the nature of the trials through which he has passed should at least help us to appreciate the vast difference existing between him and the Rousseau school. His works have at least not been written simply to satisfy his pride in defying the judgment of God and man. No; rather let us think of him as Thales, who looked so long upwards to the stars, heedless of the earth on

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which he walked, that he at last fell into the water. It was afterwards said that had he looked into the water he *might* have seen the stars, but looking to the stars he *could* not see the water.

Whatever critics may think and say of Renan and his conclusions, his works have at least been produced in sincerity of purpose and faithfulness of heart. No doubt they will find in them much to condemn on the ground of erring judgment, but they must allow that he has by his labours well earned his position in the front rank of that galaxy of elegant essayists, brilliant critics, and profound thinkers who have helped to make the century renowned. One of those intellectual giants of earth who still live to excite our wonder and arouse our admiration. Others there are—lesser lights, famous in their degree—by whom the world has been enlightened and refined; but Ernest Renan stands forth conspicuous among them as one of the loftier spirits of our time, one of those who must leave indelible traces on the page of history, and a distinctive mark on the age in which we live. And if he has unfortunately devoted a great portion of his life and his consummate intellect to endeavouring to pierce the shadows and darkness which overwhelm that unbounded prospect of eternity lying before us—to trying to solve in his own way some of the great mysteries which surround us, forgetful that science demonstrates that the progress of the world has not been achieved by men refusing to believe or submit to that which they did not understand, but the reverse—let us try to remember that many weaknesses, even many errors and faults, have their own peculiar beauty, and that matters human inspire but two thoughts in well-balanced hearts: admiration and pity. Renan—that St. Thomas of to-day—deserves both!

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

W. H. Gleadell.

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GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.[1]

THERE is no better indication of the healthy nature of modern art study than the interest which has been developed in recent years in mediæval art. Comparatively speaking, it was but a few years ago that all things Gothic or Mediæval were looked upon with horror by the artistic world, as relics of barbarism that were almost devoid of archæological interest. At the present time, if the application of Gothic art to modern life is not at its height, it is at least far enough advanced to make us familiar with its beauties, its originality, its truth, its merit, its utility. There is still much to be learned in the employment of Gothic forms. Recent years have seen many notable erections in various phases of the Gothic style that have afterwards been found to be deficient in utility and suitability to modern needs. It is, however, very far from certain that these defects are organic with the architecture. Gothic art included so many applications of certain forms to different purposes that it is a needless limitation to maintain that it is unsuited to modern necessities. The error is apt to rest more upon an imperfect insight into the real meaning and expression of Gothic art, to a reproduction of forms without regard to their proper place and use, than to an inherent deficiency in the art itself.

The important part Gothic art occupies in illustrating the history of ideas is now so generally recognised, that, whatever may be the caprices of architectural taste, its history and development are likely to hold the attention of scholars for many years to come. Though its period of culmination extended through but a few years, almost the entire time from the decline of the Roman Empire to the thirteenth century was occupied by artistic movements that found their final expression in the Gothic. Its period of decline occupied some two centuries more, so that if, somewhat arbitrarily, we assume the beginnings of the mediæval period to be in the eighth or ninth centuries, we have a period of 700 years, whose history has been written in its monuments with tolerable fulness. Notwithstanding that this period should, from its very length, and the important events that transpired in it, have long since received the attention of the scholastic world, its systematic examination is exclusively modern. Even now, the true method of Gothic study

[1] *L'Art Gothique.* Par Louis Gonse. Paris.

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is just becoming visible, and the historians of art are throwing off their prejudices, both national and personal, and looking at the subject in a calmly critical historical spirit.

It is somewhat significant that those writers who confess to an unappreciation of Gothic forms should often claim their native country as its birthplace. Where Gothic architecture originated is an interesting, but not especially fruitful, speculation. As a matter of fact, Gothic architecture, as represented by the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, the cathedrals, of Amiens, of Salisbury, or of Cologne, did not originate anywhere, but is a natural growth, the product of a natural evolution, the outcome of the intelligent application of certain methods and forms of building to natural requirements. Neither Gothic nor any other architecture sprang, like Athene, full-grown and perfect from one source. The history of art is not one connected story, it is not full and uninterrupted from the beginning to the end, but at no time was any one style or form of art invented and given to the world complete without blemish. Thus, even were the particular spot on the earth in which primitive Gothic principles were first made manifest in an intelligent manner to be known, it would throw little light upon the nature of the art. Its later modifications were so numerous, its evolution so marked and varied, that its earliest condition would bear but a slight relation to its later form. No great importance is, therefore, to be attached to the claims of different writers as to the nationality of Gothic art, though it is always to be regretted when a writer's prejudices carry him away from the path of truth and blind him to facts of an indisputable nature.

In no country, probably, has Gothic art been more misunderstood and misrepresented than in England. Numbering among her monuments many rich and beautiful examples of this style of architecture that have inspired her artists and writers to noble work, the very men who have laboured to popularise the merits of Gothic have seriously injured their cause by refusing to recognise the real rank of English art in the mediæval school, and have given their own buildings an importance they are not entitled to as works of art. More unfortunate in their influence than these is another class of writers, who undertake to chronicle the history of mediæval art, while admitting their lack of sympathy with it. Mr. Fergusson is an excellent illustration of the latter, and it is an additional misfortune that his *History of Architecture*, being the most extensive popular book of the kind, as well as the most accessible, should have gained a popularity and support for which, in point of actual merit, it has not the smallest claim. Though many English scholars have adopted Mr. Fergusson's architectural utterances as truths which it would be the height of heresy and unpatriotism to dispute, the day has happily passed when his verdicts can pass unchallenged. Within

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the last few years a number of books have been printed in which the true aspect of Gothic architecture, apart from any special English consideration, has been presented, and the continuance of inquiry in this line cannot but be fruitful of profitable results. American and French writers throw fresh light on the mysteries of Gothic art, and are more trustworthy guides than English scholarship has yet produced.

In *The Character and Development of Gothic Architecture*, Mr. Charles H. Moore, an instructor in Harvard University, has prepared a book which, while not free from historical errors and the personal theories of the writer, marks an epoch in the study of mediæval art by English-speaking scholars. Mr. Moore endeavours to limit the application of the phrase "Gothic architecture" to the perfected Gothic of the Ile de France, and with this end in view undertakes to measure the true value of all the Gothic national schools. His thesis is not of the first importance, and relates more to the establishment of a certain nomenclature than to the setting forth of facts, but on this basis he has grouped a mass of material in a scholarly and interesting manner that merits the warmest praise. As an indication of the throwing-off of the old traditions of English historians the book is highly significant. Very different from Mr. Moore's book is that of M. Gonse, *L'Art Gothique*. M. Gonse has made a reputation as a student of Japanese art, and ordinarily such a training would not be supposed to be a desirable introduction to the understanding of Gothic art movements. Yet it may be seriously questioned if one who has permeated his mind with the beauties of Japanese art is not well adapted to grasp the meaning of Gothic. The forms are very different, historically there is no connection between them, on the surface as well as structurally they are as unlike as two things well can be, yet the principle underlying both is the same. Japanese art, as Gothic, is a study of nature. Both aim to represent natural forms with that degree of conventionalism that will render them proper material for the artist. It is this fundamental principle that makes the two arts akin. It is this which would make a comparative study of their development a subject of the greatest interest.

M. Gonse makes no such comparison in his book on Gothic art, but gives himself up to the enthusiasm it stirs within him. In point of mechanical make up and illustration his book is the most important contribution yet made to the popularisation of the study of mediæval art. A superb folio, adorned with numerous wood-cuts of the highest excellence, with coloured plates, etchings, and other costly illustrations, it is a magnificent example of modern printing and of the wonderful beauties of mediæval art, which have seldom been so admirably illustrated in any publication. The text is, perhaps, too enthusiastic. It is wholly French, and the author, in

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the intoxication of national pride he feels in the glorious monuments of his country, somewhat overlooks the claims of other forms of Gothic art.

"And what more unspotted artistic glory could the French nation desire? What people can adorn themselves with one richer or more splendid? What other country, since the birth of Christ, can offer a continuity of more than five centuries of original invention, of production without reproduction, extending through the Renaissance, in spite of the influence of Italy, and still throwing vigorous shoots into the sterile and depressed conventionalities of the classic revival?"

He is right. The story of French mediæval architecture is a wonderful one, and it is difficult for the unprejudiced student to stand unmoved before its great monuments: to a Frenchman it would be absolutely impossible. The less easily moved Englishman may well pardon the glowing diction of his Gallic brother; had the Englishman's nature been more readily affected by sentiment and art forms his own Gothic would have had that freedom and fidelity to nature that characterises the French.

Gothic architecture at its best is not English; it reached its fullest development in the Ile de France, and if it did not actually originate there, it nowhere else underwent such a splendid evolution. The story of its origin, as has been intimated, is well nigh lost in the depths of time, and may be passed over as beyond the scope of this article; its extension throughout Europe, and the manifestation of national and local characteristics, can alone be touched upon. And first of all, it should be pointed out that Gothic architecture is not simply the application of the pointed arch, the flying buttress, the pinnacle and other so-called Gothic features, to building. Like all sound architecture, the Gothic represents a principle, and it is in the application of special forms to this principle that it obtains its most perfect shape.

The builders of the Middle Ages consumed several hundred years in solving the great problem they set before themselves, namely, the building of a vault over an elevated space at a height sufficient to permit the introduction of windows underneath it. It was in seeking a solution to this question that Gothic architecture was developed, and around it the entire constructive thought of the time was concentrated. A long series of experiments pointed to the concentration of thrusts, whereby weights were carried to certain points, and not distributed over the walls, as the probable, as it was, in fact, the only, answer. The Gothic vault, though the legitimate successor of the Roman, was much more complex than its predecessor, and, from a constructive standpoint, far in advance of it. It is the keynote of the Gothic system, and it is interesting to note how this fundamental element arose, not through taste or caprice,

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not through individual ideas, not from copying the forest trees, but was the outcome of natural conditions, the result of natural causes, the expedient suggested by constructive necessities. And were it not that the subject would lead us too far afield from the special topic at hand, it would be easy to adduce further illustrations of the same origin in necessity for the constructive elements which give an æsthetic value to Gothic art.

It is this quality which renders it not altogether wise to discuss the question of the place of origin of Gothic art. Its later developed forms were the outgrowth of earlier ones: the earlier ones were not the simpler forms of later developments. The primitive Gothic architect could not foresee the final shape the art in which he was experimenting was to assume. He could not see the lofty clustered columns, the complex vaults, the richly traceried windows, the elaborate and delicate carvings of the Ile de France. The genius of later times was to bring these about. The earlier architects experimented: they did not, could not, know where their steps would lead them. Each successor made a further advance until the climax was reached. The pointed arch, though a characteristic Gothic form, does not represent a Gothic principle: it is simply a means to an end. It was employed in the mosques of Egypt, whence it was carried to Pisa and the south of France before the Gothic became a style, and was used in a way that does not in the least suggest its after development.

Early mediæval art is characterised by a great variety of individual schools, each practising its own form of architecture, each using characteristic mouldings and ornament, each having certain well-marked features that render them unmistakable. This phenomenon is observed not only in the earliest Gothic schools of France, but is noted also in Italy immediately succeeding the collapse of the Western Empire. In these early days means of intercommunication between different cities were few and dangerous. People were loth to leave one town for another unless there were great advantages to be gained by the removal. Probably at no time in the history of civilisation were towns so isolated as in Europe when it was suffering from the effects of the invasions of the Barbarians. Under these circumstances, it was natural that the art and architecture of important cities should be peculiar to their respective localities. There were no means of conveying ideas from one place to another, and each set of artisans was forced to depend on its own ideas, and on those gathered from the study of monuments in its immediate vicinity. Few great works were erected in this time, but the innumerable smaller churches that were built under these conditions have a wonderful variety and individuality that they do not often possess in later forms of Gothic, when the art was more complete, the workmanship more skilled, the result more

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splendid. That is to say, there is a sameness in the great cathedrals built when Gothic architecture was at its utmost point of development which is not visible in the smaller churches of the earlier time.

The architectural history of the whole mediæval period is concerned with the making of a uniform art throughout Europe. Germany stands somewhat apart from this movement, because the Germans carried the Romanesque, or round-arched architecture, to a relatively high degree of development. Many large and splendid churches were erected in this style before Gothic had been developed in France. Germany possesses, it is true, many beautiful examples of Gothic art, but it has also more Romanesque structures than any other part of Europe save Italy. This circumstance is important as explaining in a measure the slight extension of Gothic art in Germany, for very many of the larger cities were already provided with ample churches in the Romanesque style. There was not the necessity for the erection of Gothic churches as in France, where the architectural spirit was not developed until the Gothic period.

Though its forms are different from Gothic the Romanesque is its immediate predecessor, and contains the germs of many elements which afterwards received their perfect form in the Gothic. It is no detraction from the merits of the Romanesque to maintain that it was fortunate that it did not dominate mediæval art as the Gothic did. As a matter of fact it could not; it was largely an undeveloped form of the architecture called Gothic, and passed into it through the operation of the law of progress. With this transformation, which was chiefly brought about through experimenting with the thrusts of the vault, we are not concerned; but it is interesting to note that the early forms of German Romanesque exhibit that irregularity of development and individual character which has already been mentioned as an element of early Italian and French art.

The development of the State, the increased firmness and power of the government, the centralisation of administration were the first steps that brought about the uniformity of mediæval art. The genius of the mightiest architect could not have produced a monumental design in unsettled Europe immediately after the decline of the Western Empire, nor could the funds have been found in any quarter with which to build it. The relations of architecture to civilisation are close and intimate, and are seldom better illustrated than in the Middle Ages. As European governments became firmer and more stable the means of communication became safer. Men could pass from one city to another without interruption. News travelled faster than before; Europe was awakening from the sleep of the dark ages. In Italy the lead in the new movement was taken by the maritime cities. Their familiarity with foreign parts, the spoils foreign conquest brought to their very gates, gave them

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valuable insights into the art of other people. Venice, the bond of union between Europe and the East, had in her St. Mark's, whose erection was spread over the eleventh and twelfth centuries—if, indeed, the present building does not include some fragments of an earlier edifice—a structure which was an epitome of both European and Eastern ideas. The Oriental connections of the city were so intimate that they predominated in this almost unique edifice; but it is a remarkable indication of the influence of commerce and geography upon architecture. In any other part of Europe, among a people of less restricted commercial connections, such a building would have been impossible. The church of St. Front at Périgueux is obviously modelled upon St. Mark's, but it falls far behind its gorgeous prototype.

The cities of the western coast of Italy produced a more original, lasting, and valuable form of architecture than those on the eastern. The maritime cities of Tuscany led the van of the movement, but none produced more important monuments, nor exercised a greater influence on her neighbours, than Pisa. The cathedral of Pisa was begun as early as A.D. 1005 or 1006; but, notwithstanding the wealth of the city and her dependencies, it was not until after the plundering of Palermo in A.D. 1063 that means were obtained that permitted it to be completed in its present magnificent state. The style of the Pisan Cathedral quickly extended by means of the close commercial and political relations between it and the other cities of Tuscany to neighbouring districts.

The spread of Gothic architecture in Italy was largely due to commercial intercourse. In the Italian States architecture was a means for the expression of civic pride and national feeling. Merchants travelling from one city to another saw how the architecture expressed the wealth and power of neighbouring States, and were filled with a desire to emulate their rivals in similar works. This civic feeling was characteristic of the Italian mediæval period, and found expression, not alone in buildings relating to the State, but in the cathedrals as well, which were frequently erected under municipal direction and were the object of municipal expenditure and regulation. Quite a different state of affairs is to be seen in France. Here a lay element in architecture is also to be noted, but before it came into operation the monastic orders had exercised an influence on the art and thought and life of the time in general that was one of the most distinguishing features of the age.

From the establishment of the monastic system in the West by Benedict, the monks had been a powerful factor in the civilisation of Europe. They had been active in carrying Christianity to the most distant parts, and carried the wisdom of civilisation with them. The creation of a monastery, the formation of a church or a religious community, were necessarily followed by the erection of buildings both

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for the monks and for religious services. Hence architecture in one form or another occupied a prominent part in the work of every monastic community. And as the brethren carried with them ideas and modes of life and thought to which they had been accustomed at home, they naturally took also architectural ideas with which they had long been familiar. The remains of the monastic erections of the early period, as well as much later work, have long since disappeared, and it is impossible to tell at this late day to how great an extent, if at all, they were influenced by such rude architectural methods as may have been in vogue in the places of the adoption. It is probable that they neglected the native forms in preference to their own, with which they were familiar. At all events, with the rise of the Cistercian order in the eleventh century, the spread of certain forms under new conditions is readily traced to the monks. The Cistercians were the greatest of all monastic builders, and are justly entitled to rank with the greatest builders the world has seen. The order was founded shortly after the people of Europe had recovered from the gloom into which they were plunged at the approach of the year A.D. 1000, when it was confidently expected the world would come to an end. Another source of architectural increase is found in the greater stability which governments assumed at this time, so that the Cistercians originated at a period that was ripe for architectural work.

The Cistercians were the first of a succession of reformed Benedictines who spread with great rapidity all over Europe. The orders were beneficial in many ways. They established schools and hospitals, built churches, kept up constant means of communication with distant fraternities, and were the solitary repositories of culture and humanity at a time when there was pressing need for them. Their influence upon architecture was dependent not only upon the building genius which seems to have been one of their characteristics, but to the missions and branches they established throughout Europe, and the constant communication which they maintained between the mother and subordinate establishments. In this way any advance in work or design was at once communicated to other localities, and to this circumstance is very largely due the predominance of Gothic forms throughout Europe in the Middle Ages.

The monks were not the only agents whereby architectural ideas were distributed at this time. The increase of the monastic orders in wealth and power was looked upon with jealous eyes by the secular clergy, than whom none were more active in opposing them than the Bishops of France. These prelates saw with alarm the wealth of the people pouring into the coffers of the monks, and they set about devising ways and means whereby the vast sums that annually formed the monastic revenues could be diverted to themselves. Whether it is to this are due the great cathedrals of

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central France or not, it was an important element in their erection. These great works were the product, not alone of the active energy of an intelligent body of prelates, but of the architectural spirit of the times. It is impossible to read of the enthusiasm of the populace for church buildings displayed in the erection of some of the French cathedrals, as at Chartres or Laon for example, without recognising the wonderful architectural enthusiasm which pervaded all classes, and which was manifested in a more remarkable manner than in any other period of history.

The Middle Age was in truth an architectural era without a parallel. Not only were splendid monuments of architecture erected in the churches, but many minor forms of art adopted architectural features. The furniture of the cathedrals, the screens and altars, the stalls and thrones, the articles of the altars, the candlesticks, tables, credences, and the innumerable smaller objects which are required in the elaborate ritual of a cathedral all had architectural form or were modelled on architectural lines. The building instinct never had freer, fuller expression than at this time, and it seemed the only way in which the people could give vent to ideas, could express their enthusiasm in matters of religious and secular life. Art was the chief means of general instruction, and the wonderful development of architecture at this time was doubtless due, not alone to religious feeling, but to the natural tendency of man to give expression to his ideas in the easiest manner. A man of to-day will in most cases write should he be moved by any special intellectual feelings; in the Middle Ages the same condition brought about the creation of works of art. As building is an art that precedes sculpture and painting, so architecture was more highly developed than the other two great arts, because every one was affected by it. Man requires shelter before he seeks to make ornament or decorates a piece of wall with bits of colour.

It was under such conditions that the great French Bishops set about building cathedrals for their dioceses, and which it was hoped, in the interest that would be created in the work, would attract people to them, as opposed to the monks. In this they were not mistaken. Notwithstanding the earnestness of the founders of the various monastic orders, no one of them long survived the debilitating effect of riches and power. The monks were useful in preserving culture, in maintaining schools and hospitals, and in diffusing ideas throughout Europe; but these were things that could be accomplished by other agencies once the way to do them had been shown. Before the monastic system declined there were in France bands of lay builders who carried with them secrets of workmanship that were of the greatest value, not only to distant builders, but to the maintenance of correct architectural traditions. It is by no means certain who these lay workers were or where they originated,

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but whatever their origin they took an active part in the development of Gothic architecture. Their whole energy was devoted to the study of construction, and they were thus enabled to make better progress in this art than the monks, who were concerned with a variety of occupations. To them we owe the cathedrals of Gothic Europe, and the development of Gothic principles and forms was largely carried out by them. Both masons and monks were powerful agencies in the production of a uniform architecture, or one that was approximately so. It might be an exaggeration to say that between them they produced all the Gothic architecture of central Europe; but they are clearly responsible for a large part of it. When the architecture of an extensive stretch of country was thus in the hands of one or two corporations, each having their own secrets and methods, which were practised irrespective of the locality in which they were working, it naturally followed that there was a breaking down of the barriers which had led to the production of individual styles, and which had given each district, if not each town, an architecture of its own.

But whatever was lost through this leavening operation was more than made up by the splendid results obtained through long practice in one form. The small pre-Gothic churches of Italy, for example, may have an individual character which even the greatest of French cathedrals lacks, but the grandeur of the latter monuments more than compensates for the loss of the specific features of the former. It is this uniformity which furnished the material for Gothic advancement. It is this which permitted its rapid development and brought about its unsurpassed beauty. Each architect began where his predecessor left off, and the progress made in one structure became, through the legitimate communication maintained by the master builders and artisans, common property and available by all the members of the association. It is fortunate that under these circumstances a form of art was employed that was capable of almost infinite development, and which had sufficient inherent beauty to permit its indefinite reproduction without exhausting its artistic capacity.

Intercourse, even in the restricted and unsatisfactory manner of the Middle Ages, is the great diffuser of human ideas. The rapid means of intercommunication at the present day is the chief source of modern strength, and is the most progressive element in civilisation. Its influence was not less potent when human ideas moved less rapidly, and when human society was in a more chaotic condition. Its effect on the architecture of the Middle Ages was very clear, for, while the early schools of France and Italy were not all widely separated or marked by especially strong characteristics, they were definite enough to be evident. Intercourse and the commingling of people, rather than a structural evolution, were the

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causes that destroyed them, and gave the Gothic art of all Europe a character which, though not uniform, was very similar.

In England, not less than on the Continent, the beneficial results of intercourse and the interchange of ideas is to be noted. It is difficult to imagine what would have been the history of English art, or indeed of the English people, had it not been for the Norman Conquest, and the subsequent transfusion of continental ideas with the rude materials which at this time passed as the substance of English architecture. Unfortunately the tendency of the English to exclusiveness was manifested in their art at an early time, and it soon fell behind the progress that was being made on the Continent. English Gothic architecture stands somewhat apart from all other forms of Gothic art, and, notwithstanding its really genuine merits, it never equalled the superb art of France. In some respects, as for example the vaulting, it surpassed its continental rivals, but England stood outside the direct line of continental progress. It was more difficult of access to workmen and foreign ideas were less readily absorbed than at home. Two of the grandest churches of England, the Cathedral of Canterbury and Westminster Abbey, are really French in design as they are French in plan, and a comparison between them and those churches in which there is little or no foreign influence shows very clearly how much has been lost by the insulating of English art.

It would be a pleasing task, did space permit, briefly to recapitulate some of the great glories of French Gothic art. The French churches can never have the sentimental interest to Englishmen their own cathedrals have, which are a part of their national life and history. But if Englishmen were to study French Gothic as they study the art of ancient Greece or the painting of the Italian Renaissance, they could no longer blind themselves to its excellences nor deny its superior merits. Paris, Chartres, Bourges, Reims, Tours, Amiens, Sens, Beauvais, Senlis, Laon, Soisson, Noyon, Rouen, Coutance, Bayeux, Evreux, Sées, are towns that contain cathedrals of surpassing grandeur, but which are almost unknown outside technical books, and are seldom visited by the English tourist in search of the rare and the beautiful. These are landmarks in the history of art which cannot be overlooked by the impartial historian, and a broader acquaintance with them would materially add to the modern appreciation of Gothic art and its monuments. Those who have studied these cathedrals can well share the enthusiasm of M. Gonse in describing Notre Dame at Paris:

"What memories animate these vaults, what memorable and extraordinary events have they seen, from the coronation of Henry VI., King of England, to that of Napoleon I.! What voices have resounded through them, from the sermons of St. Dominic to the inflaming predictions of Père Lacordaire. It is the monument *par excellence* of the

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people, the national monument which belongs to all, the centre from which throb the arteries of the great city's life. After seven centuries of vicissitudes and trouble, it seems that the old basilica is younger, more awake than ever. Every one can find there, as of old, the comfort and peace of the soul, the splendour of art and mystic revery. It is necessary to see Notre Dame on a *fête* day, vibrating with the rush of crowds, when the galleries are jammed with spectators, when the organ thunders, the bells strike the air with their deep notes, or at evening when the church is empty, and mysterious shadows fill the nave, when the glimmering twilight throws a last ray on the glass. It is then that one will be impressed by the poetry of this grand art product of the Middle Ages and by its intimate union with the secular thoughts and sentiments of our race."

More important, perhaps, than a study of Gothic churches would be an analysis of Gothic construction. It would be quite beyond the scope of a single article to even touch on this aspect of the subject. In the Gothic style construction was reduced to the most refined scientific basis. It was not an art that was alone æsthetically beautiful, but it was scientifically correct and accurate. It might be going too far to maintain that in a perfect Gothic edifice no element was employed that was not structurally necessary, but the truth would not be far from it. Gothic architecture thus appeals to the modern student as an illustration of refined artistic ideas manifested in a scientific form. This quality alone is quite sufficient to give it a high rank in the various styles of architecture, and it is amazing that with so well-developed an architecture before them the builders of the early Renaissance should have departed totally from its lessons, and the critics of later times so misunderstood its mission.

One other phase of Gothic art should be referred to: its completeness. Though architecture was the predominating art in the Gothic period, it gave the amplest opportunities for the display of sculpture, of wall painting, and of painted glass. The latter art was, in fact, Gothic in principle and origin, and some of the most splendid results of the time were achieved in the windows of painted glass. Outside of Italy wall painting was practised to a limited extent only: the painted glass took its place and its absence was not felt. Sculpture occupied a much more prominent position, especially in the French cathedrals, where it frequently excelled that of Italy of the same time in truthfulness of purpose and fidelity to nature. This form of art was but slightly employed in England, and in this respect English Gothic is far behind that of France. Although these minor arts were used with the greatest freedom in the cathedrals there is no overcrowding, no use of ornament for ornament's sake. Everything is in due order, and the ornament instead of overburdening the construction helps it and fills its natural place as

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an accessory. In the Gothic decadence this happy combination was destroyed, but this phase of Gothic art is worthy of attentive consideration.

Gothic architecture is an epitome of the culture of the Middle Ages. The life of the time centred in the churches, which were not only the most important buildings in their respective cities, but active symbols of the power which bound men's hearts and minds together. Apart from its artistic interest the Gothic has an historical value of the utmost importance. In this paper some of these questions have been briefly treated, because it is this aspect which is of especially great value to students of human thought. No material for such a study is of more value, with the possible exception of language, than art and architecture. The wonderfully rich remains of the Gothic period should cause it to receive the attention which all ample examples of human workmanship should obtain. It is the crowning glory of Gothic architecture that it is of the greatest interest both structurally and as a part of the intellectual heritage of the race.

BARR FERREE.

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INDEPENDENT SECTION.

[*Under the above title a limited portion of* THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely, on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.*]

THE NEW EMPIRE.[1]

BY "The New Empire" Mr. Howland means the old British Empire since 1783. It was then acknowledged by treaty that the English race had been divided into two nations or groups of nations. The success of the revolution of the thirteen American Colonies meant, not only the creation of a new English State, but, indirectly, the infusion of so much of the modern spirit into the old English State, that it, too, may thenceforth be considered new. In its subsequent development at home, and in its subsequent colonial policy, it acted on new principles, which yet were old—older far than the assertions of Royal prerogative on which so many English Kings had acted, or tried to act, down to 1783. Hence Mr. Howland calls it "The New Empire." He fully appreciates the significance of the Revolution as an assertion of that right to self-government which our forefathers always claimed to take with them whithersoever they went—a right which is inherent in the Constitution of England, and which was successfully vindicated by the men who resisted George III. no more than by the men who resisted Charles I. The Revolution was thus the most epoch-making event in the history of the English race. "We are contending for a principle," said Washington. "As Englishmen," he wrote in 1774, "we could not be deprived of an essential part of our Constitution." He stood, in the eighteenth century, on the same ground that Hampden had taken in the seventeenth. "The framers of the Declaration of Rights were only asking, in their time, for a logical application of the principles of

[1] *The New Empire.* Reflections upon its Origin and Constitution, and its Relation to the Great Republic. By O. A. Howland, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law. Toronto: Hart & Co. 1891.

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English liberty to a novel situation. . . . . Nothing could be more temperate or more loyal, and yet nothing could be clearer or more resolute than the formal expression of the claims to an Imperial citizenship by that first Colonial General Congress of 1774."

Mr. Howland's reflections upon the origin and constitution of the New Empire, and its relation to the great Republic, are suggestive, and sometimes extremely valuable. They are based on a knowledge of historical facts and Constitutional principles too often ignored in an age when every one who "wishes to read wishes also to run," and strangely overlooked by men who are dealing with the great political problems of our time. The value of the book would be much increased by an index, and more detailed tables of contents. Had the author compiled these he would have discovered that, probably from the necessity of publishing the book this year, he had allowed himself a diffuse style of treatment that is to be regretted, because sure to repel general readers. Englishmen, and Canadians still more, will find the second chapter by far the most interesting. It deals with the Treaty of Partition, as the settlement of 1783 is called by him. We venture to assert that the facts it presents will come as a revelation to ninety-nine out of every hundred English-speaking men, although the sources are Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Shelburne*, *The Narrative and Critical History of America*, edited by Justin Winsor, the Librarian of Harvard University, and other equally well-known American or Canadian authorities. Most of the facts, however, have been given to the public only recently. They certainly throw a flood of light on the Treaty of 1783, the attitude of France and Spain towards the United States at the time, the extraordinary concessions granted by Britain to America, the spirit in which and the reasons for which these were made by Lord Shelburne, and received by Franklin, Jay and Adams, the Commissioners of Congress. Mr. Howland's book has a map of North America, which shows the boundaries of the United States, Canada, and the Spanish possessions, according to the proposals of the Court of France in 1782. As the American Commissioners would have been forced to accept these proposals had the British Government not intervened in the unexpected *rôle* of deliverer, we would suggest that a copy of the map should be included among those hung up in the school-rooms of America. A look at it would be sufficient to illustrate impressively the lessons taught there to this day respecting Britain's hatred of America, the jealousy with which we anticipated its development, and our selfish and grasping spirit generally.

While the Americans rested on their Declaration of Rights of 1774 they were on impregnable constitutional ground, and they had the sympathy of the whole Liberal party in England, and of almost every freeman in the Colonies. But by the Declaration of Independence in 1776 they alienated many of their friends

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in England and so many of their own fellow-citizens, that the struggle thereafter became as much a civil as an international war. None the less the second step had to be taken. Their was no other way of securing European alliances, without which final success was apparently impossible. But the formation of those alliances involved them "in the meshes and mazes of European diplomacy." "The Commission of Congress to its plenipotentiaries was suffered to be all but dictated by the French representative at Philadelphia. Franklin and his associates (in Paris) were peremptorily instructed to undertake nothing in regard to the negotiations for peace or truce without the knowledge and the concurrence of the Ministers of 'our generous ally the French king.'" The Commission added, "you are ultimately to govern yourselves by their advices and opinion" (pp. 187, 188). What the intentions of their generous ally were, we now know accurately on the evidence of the French and English archives, and of the secret journals of the old Congress. Spain had joined France in the war, not for any love to rebellious colonists, whose example could be so easily imitated by her own, but for definite objects. She had been promised the restoration of Gibraltar and of Jamaica, and her claims in North America were also to be made good. The results of the war showed that neither the first nor the second promise could be kept, in spite of all that Holland, France and Spain could do, with the United States assisting on one side, and Sweden, Denmark and Russia in armed neutrality on the other. Eliot held Gibraltar against a three years' siege. Rodney triumphed in the West Indies. But Britain was even more interested than France in the third promise to Spain being kept. What it amounted to the map to which we have referred shows at a glance. The thirteen Colonies occupied a comparatively narrow strip between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies. All the rest of the continent, so far as it was known, was part of Canada, or Spanish possessions, or Indian territory under Spanish protection. From Cuba, Spain reached across to Florida. From there the country round the mouths of the Mississippi, subsequently ceded to France, and sold by Napoleon to the United States, and the Mississippi on both sides up to where it is joined by the Ohio, was also claimed by her; while all the country along the line of the Ohio west of the Mississippi, including the mighty States that now pour their ample tribute into the lap of Chicago, and other cities almost equally great, was, according to the Imperial Act of 1774, part of Canada. "The boundaries of Canada declared in the Quebec Act (1774), reaching south to the Ohio and west to the Mississippi, were unquestioningly followed by the maps of the period, both of English and foreign cartographers. . . . . After the peace of 1783, Congress . . . . approved of the principle of the Quebec Act. The Ohio territory was carved into new States,

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and the Imperial delimitations of 1774 were adopted. This division of the continent between Spain, Britain, and the United States was accepted by France. M. Vergennes, the accomplished chief of the French Foreign Office, "to all appearance had the power in his own hands," and at an early stage of the peace negotiations M. Rayneval was clandestinely despatched by him, in concert with the Spanish Government, to England, to disclose his views with regard to the boundaries of the States on the west, and with regard to the fisheries on the eastern coasts. He repudiated the idea that the insurgents should be allowed to practically monopolise the continent, or allowed access to fisheries on coasts that remained English. These views could not be otherwise than agreeable, one would suppose, to any British Minister; but instead of allowing his action to be guided by Rayneval to the slightest extent, Lord Shelburne privately conceded to the American Commissioners everything that they asked with regard to both the boundaries and the fisheries. To use the language of the Hon. John Jay, a descendant of the American negotiator and author of the chapter on this subject in the series entitled *The Narrative and Critical History of America*, Lord Shelburne "endowed" the United States with the great west at the expense of Canada, and admitted them to our fisheries as freely as if they were still English Colonies. Shelburne was, perhaps, the one public man in England who would have made such a treaty. By an extraordinary combination of circumstances, he happened to be Premier for a short time at the very moment when he was needed by the good genius of the young Republic. What induced him to agree to this absolute surrender, in opposition to every motive that usually influences men, and to all the principles of eighteenth century statecraft? The explanation is well worth reading. "'Not peace alone, but reconciliation,' was the substance of the message of Lord Shelburne, on behalf of the Parliament of England, to Franklin, the envoy of the United Colonies. 'Reconciliation!' the American envoy replied, 'it is a sweet word.'"

These opening letters and other memoranda of the proceedings provide a commentary, without which the bare letter of the treaty, as it has come down to us, cannot be rightly read. Lord Shelburne did not negotiate with the Commissioners of the United States as he would have negotiated with the Ministers of France or Spain. He looked upon the treaty as a settlement with those whom he still considered a branch of his own people; not as a bargain with an inveterately hostile or even foreign nation, in which it was his business to gain as much and give as little as determined opposition and crafty diplomacy could effect.

In a reported expression of Jay to the English Commissioner at one of the earliest conferences, we discern the true spirit that presided over the negotiation, and that chiefly led to its unexpectedly

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successful conclusion. He hoped that the English Cabinet would not let this opportunity slip to wind up the long dispute, "so that we might *become again as one people.*" "This was frankly adopted on the English side, at least, as the keynote of the whole negotiation. . . . . The turning-point was at that critical moment, when the American Commissioners at Paris, learning of Rayneval's clandestine commission to London bearing the crafty suggestions of the French Minister, correctly suspected its object. Instantly resolving to set aside the instructions of Congress, they despatched a confidential envoy on their own part to the English Minister. This agent, Benjamin Vaughan (himself an Englishman), in a lengthened private audience with Shelburne, earnestly unfolded the views and arguments in which he had been elaborately instructed by Jay" (pp. 216–219). These views were substantially to the effect that blood was thicker than water; that it would be wisdom for Great Britain to turn the people of the United States into friends; that the interest of the two peoples was in reality one and the same; that the treaty should be what Mr. Bancroft, in his *History of America*, declares that it was: "a free and perfect and perpetual settlement," and that absolute freedom of trade between Britain and America would be secured if the concessions asked for were granted. To the one statesman of the day who understood and accepted the teachings of Adam Smith this last offer was irresistible. "The destruction of monopoly in commerce was an object which formed part of his political views. 'I regard monopoly,' he said to the French Ambassador, 'as odious, though the English nation, more than any other, is tainted with it.' 'A peace is good,' he declared, 'in the exact proportion that it recognises that principle'" (pp. 220–221). Lord Shelburne, at any rate, was completely captured. The argument that made him willing to endow the Republic with the great west was also successfully urged in favour of giving to it the most complete fishery privileges. "Franklin, when the first English draft of the Treaty was presented to him, observed that it contained a concession in regard to catching fish limited to the Banks of Newfoundland. 'Why not,' he wrote to Lord Shelburne, 'all other places, and among others, the Gulf of St. Lawrence? *You know that we shall bring the greater part of the fish to Great Britain to pay for your manufactures.*' The full enlargement asked by Dr. Franklin followed. It was upon his representation that the treaty privileges were extended to the Nova Scotian coasts and to the St. Lawrence waters" (p. 231). It is not wonderful that when this extraordinary treaty became known in Paris, Vergeunes' anger, great as it was, at what he denounced as the duplicity of the American Commissioners in entering on and completing separate negotiations, was not so great as his surprise at the inexplicable liberality of the English Ministers. "It

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seemed to him a kind of surrender. What could have been their motive he wished Rayneval to discover, as he was in better position to do so. Reyneval replied that the treaty seemed to him a dream" (p. 206). Nor is it wonderful that Franklin felt that he might even go so far as suggest to a man like Lord Shelburne that Great Britain should voluntarily throw all Canada into the bargain about to be made, as that would be the best way of avoiding the risk of future quarrels between American and Canadian borderers that might involve in war two countries desirous of perpetual peace. Authorities like Senator Sherman and Dr. Goldwin Smith have recently revived this suggestion, but without the excuse that Franklin had.

In 1783 Canada, minus the great west, consisted of little more than the port of Halifax, the "arpents of snow" along the St. Lawrence that Louis XV. had ceded with a light heart, and the unbroken inhospitable forest to the west. Why should the man who had given the feast hesitate about the crumbs? Shelburne, however, knew where to draw the line. England, if there were no other reason, could not desert the French Canadian *habitans*, who had remained loyal, nor the Indian tribes, who had fought in her quarrel, nor the American Loyalists who had lost their all during the bitter contest. Accordingly, he answered briefly, "Let us hope that a more friendly means will be found."

Franklin probably felt that a more favourable response would have led Congress into difficulties that could hardly be contemplated without dismay. At any rate, his suggestion "was withdrawn without trace of any further argument." If Shelburne's reasons for promptly declining were purely "sentimental," another leaf must be added to his chaplet of honour in connection with the great settlement.

Nothing pays practically like honour in the long run. Canada, north of the Great Lakes, then seemed of little account. Now Mr. Howland calls it the keystone of the New Empire.

What was that "more friendly means" than the proposed cession of all Canada, by which Lord Shelburne thought that perpetual peace between mother and daughter might be preserved? We know from his private correspondence that he hoped for a federal union between the two in the future. The time was not ripe; but he wrote "means must be left to advance it." Mr. Howland asks: "Is it difficult to believe that he had in view the establishment of something resembling a permanent international or quasi-federal court, to adjudicate all future differences between the two countries; countries which, though independent, were to be as nearly as possible one." And he suggests that such a court might very easily be created now "by the appointment of a standing quorum, selected with joint assent—on one side from that most distinguished body, the United States Supreme Court, and from the Judicial Committee

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of Her Majesty's Privy Council, which is the Federal Supreme Court of our Empire, on the other" (pp. 305–308).

But it is time to ask why it was, when Great Britain paid the stipulated price so handsomely, that the United States never delivered the goods? Franklin, Jay and Adams were not to blame. At Paris, Jay, it seemed to the English Commissioner, pleaded in favour of the future commerce of England "as if he had been of her Council." "The understanding of all parties was that reciprocal articles respecting perpetual freedom of commerce should form part of the treaty of 1783. . . . . But as a kind of detail, following the principles agreed upon, the subject was left to be dealt with by a subsequent commission. . . . . An English Commissioner was appointed to treat with the American negotiators, with full power 'for the perfecting and establishing the peace, friendship and good understanding, so happily commenced by the provisional articles, and for opening, promoting and rendering perpetual the mutual intercourse of trade and commerce between our kingdoms and the dominions of the United States.' . . . . But fatal obstacles arose in the course of the negotiations. The Americans presented unexpected stipulations. . . . . Hence there still remains unfulfilled an intention which governed the making of the great agreement of 1783" (pp. 221–237). It is unnecessary to discuss the fatal obstacles that were in the way then, or to assign the blame to one party rather than to the other, for not executing the spirit of a treaty in which such extraordinary concessions had been made on well-understood conditions. It is of more consequence to point out that the responsibility remains to execute supplemental articles that would, in the language of the preamble of the treaty of 1783, have "established such a beneficial and satisfactory intercourse between the two countries, upon the ground of reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience, as may promote and secure to both perpetual peace and harmony." That this moral responsibility rests on the United States must surely be evident. It is in enjoyment of the great price that was paid, and, in addition, it is in the enjoyment of almost as complete freedom of imports into Great Britain as if the latter country were a colony held for its special commercial benefit. It may be said that since the war of 1812–15 it has not had all the fishery privileges that were conceded in 1783. It is quite true that by the treaty of 1818 it renounced a small portion of the concessions of 1783. But while it then "yielded back to Great Britain the privilege of fishing on coasts, and in bays on the St. Lawrence and Acadian shores, there was a corresponding surrender by Great Britain of her rights of navigation on the Mississippi, which had been one of the terms in her favour in the original treaty of 1783" (p. 246). Besides, what was surrendered in 1818 was regranted by the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and since the abrogation by the States of that treaty. "The

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people of Canada have kept on record in the form of an Act of Parliament, the fact that they have been always willing to revive it, and thus to restore the use of the fisheries to the footing of the treaty of 1783, simply upon the mutual terms and conditions originally contemplated by the authors of that settlement" (p. 288). Valuable, however, as was the concession of fishery rights to New England in 1783, history has proved that it was a mere *bagatelle* in importance compared to the other great concession. It must not be forgotten for a moment that "neither the war of 1812, nor the treaty of 1818 following upon it, dissolved the reciprocal understanding which formed the basis of the agreement for the transfer of the great west. While the United States, by the later treaty, deliberately and for consideration, waived part of the original fishery concessions, they continued to retain the whole of the great west. The chief 'consideration' was preserved, and the obligations morally annexed to it, by the antecedent understanding of the parties, continued to attach" (pp. 249–50.) This seems indisputable, if there is such a thing as national morality, or if the national conscience can be touched. It need hardly be said, however, that no moral responsibility in the matter has ever been recognised by the people of the United States. They have given as little credit to Great Britain for rising superior to the greatest conceivable temptations in 1783, as they give to her for refusing to yield to the temptations of Louis Napoleon during their late civil war, although the breaking of the blockade of the southern ports would have meant instant employment and food to the suffering millions of Lancashire. On the contrary, ten thousand orators annually hold Great Britain up to public execration on every returning Fourth of July, and twisting the lion's tail is not considered inconsistent with the dignity of the Senate. There is scarcely a leading newspaper which can be trusted to write fairly on any issue in which the conduct or interest of the mother country is concerned, and a journal like the *North American Review* is not ashamed to inform its readers that "England is the natural enemy of America." Instead of freedom of trade commercial war has been proclaimed, and the President is armed with all the powers of Congress to secure preferential trade with countries that now take British manufactures largely, but which, under the new conditions, must trade almost entirely with the States. Possibly Great Britain can afford to be indifferent to all this, or may think it wise to take no defensive action. In dealing with countries like Japan it may be proper to forbid them to make their own tariff, though certainly, so far as Japan is concerned, no consideration was ever given to it for its low scale of duties, while it would be unwise, or even unrighteous, to attempt to induce the Great Republic to act towards its neighbours in accordance with the golden rule. The chief reason urged in favour of a do-nothing

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policy in the latter case is that it is believed that expostulation would only cause Americans to harden their hearts, and that it is better to wait for the awakening of the national reason and conscience, as such awakening is sure to come sooner or later. It may be so; but when people have slept continuously for more than a hundred years, a loud call in their ears may surely be excused, or even considered a friendly act. It is also necessary to point out that the present position of things presses with exceptional severity on that part of the Empire which is contiguous to the United States, and that Britain must consider the case of every country covered by her flag, unless she is prepared to descend from the imperial position which she has hitherto occupied. Let it be clearly understood that Canada has only two markets worth speaking of. One of these she now shares equally with every foreign nation, and from the other she is debarred as long as she is connected with Britain. The one would be as open to her as it is now were she to unite commercially with the Republic and against Britain; and, were she to do so, she would then at once get the other market also. In other words, the United States is using the tremendous leverage that vast numbers, wealth, and contiguity to us along a border line of four thousand miles give, to break up the British Empire, so far, at any rate, as the separation of Canada from the Empire is concerned. In the face of such a condition of things, is it quite clear that a do-nothing policy on the part of Britain is right or even creditable? It does not matter whether the McKinley Bill was or was not intended to bring about the separation of Canada from Britain. Its prohibitory tariff on the products of Canada may have had in view only "the protection" of American farmers, fishermen, and miners. There it is, any way, and it is not likely to get better. The Republican party will stick to its guns, and the Farmers' Alliance is too strong a wing of the Democratic party to permit it to propose the repeal of duties on Canadian products. We have to face not a theory but a fact. The fact means, on the part of the United States, commercial war; and while Canada, by its geographical position, has to bear the brunt of the war, the Mother Country considers that the sacred laws of free trade forbid any action being taken. The severity of the pressure on Canada may be estimated by the sign that the Liberal party, at the general election held in March last, declared in favour of the policy of absolute free trade with the States, even at the price of the thorough discrimination against Britain that the McKinley Bill demands. This significant action shows that we are at the parting of the ways, and that it is necessary for statesmen to make up their minds with regard to the immediate future of "The New Empire."

There was something like a similar crisis in 1846, when Britain suddenly pulled down the fabric of colonial commerce that she had slowly built up, with the results—so far as Canada was concerned—

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that property in the towns fell 50 per cent. in value, three-fourths of the commercial men were bankrupt, flourishing industries were prostrated, and the majority of the merchants almost everywhere became openly or at heart Annexationists. British statesmen felt then that something had to be done to relieve the stress, and instructions were accordingly give to Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of British North America. That able and very genial man was appointed the diplomatic plenipotentiary of the Empire to the United States. He went in person to Washington to negotiate, and by extraordinary personal exertions, the details of which may come to light next century, he succeeded in inducing the Senate to agree to the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. That treaty I was told by a high authority cost Canada £50,000 in cash. How much it cost the Mother Country we shall probably never know.

The day for that kind of action is past. Mr. Howland indeed calls attention to the fact that no contradiction was ever given to those respectable members of the American press who declared that the extension of the monopoly of the Alaska Company, which for years threatened to embroil Britain and the States in war, was exacted as the price of contributions to party campaign funds; and there is one province at least in Canada where, according to revelations made recently at Ottawa, it seems to be an acknowledged principle that public contractors should pay liberally either for the election expenses or the private debts of the politicians to whom they owe the getting of the contracts. But even if the Senators of the United States were not too rich now for any one to dream of buying them, public opinion has become more sensitive and more intolerant of all transactions of that kind. A different line of action from that pursued by Lord Elgin is required by the necessity of the case as well as by public decency. No treaty for improved commercial relations can be made between the United States on the one hand and the New Empire on the other, that is not demanded by the popular voice.

Canada by herself is too weak, and what she has to give is of too little consequence to excite general attention. The question, therefore, is, Can any commercial agreement be effected between her and the Mother Country so that they may speak with united voice? Certainly the required popular demand for better trade relations will never be heard in the United States until something is done to inspire its people with the conviction that their interests will be promoted thereby. In dealing with them it is necessary to look at the subject from their standpoint, and that is the one universally acted on in politics as well as in commerce—*do ut des*. Therefore it is that, in the opinion of a large and increasing number of Canadians, preferential international trade within the Empire is the first step that must be taken before the United

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States will dream of making a reasonable commercial treaty with either Britain or Canada. At present Britain has "nothing to give." She admits American products "because she cannot help herself." As for Canada, "she cannot be Canadian and American at the same time." As long as she flies the British flag "she cannot have the cash value of our markets." These are the only arguments to which the average American mind—from Secretary Blaine upward or downward—is open. So all-important, on the other hand, is the British market to the United States voter that the mere prospect of a preference being given in it to his rivals would be sufficient to bring him to a business frame of mind. He thoroughly believes in the "cash value of his markets" and would be ready to give, for what he believes to be a sufficient consideration, that value which he will never dream of giving for nothing. He is wedded to this principle of Free Trade within the Union and Protection against all the outside world—save in so far as it is made worth his while to modify the protection by treaties of reciprocity. The United States would never have become a Union but for that principle. A century ago some of the old thirteen were unwilling to give up their autonomy, but the denial of Free Trade with the general body to all who remained out brought them in. Their flag, they saw, would represent to them not only sentiment but practical advantage. Are we not forced by what Lord Salisbury called "the madness of other nations" to take, to a certain extent, the same position? The principle of preferential trade within the bounds of the same Empire is surely not unreasonable in itself, and, in present circumstances, is it not forced upon us in the interest of Free Trade itself? It may be said that this is a proposal to re-enact the old Corn Laws. Not at all. The Corn Laws had only one object, to make corn dear and, by means of a sliding scale of duties, keep it dear, and this too in the interest of only one class. The proposal of a slight fixed duty is different in itself and in its object, and unless it was accepted by the people of Great Britain generally it could not of course be carried. If the British voter prefers to do nothing while his markets are cut off in detail, and while under the stress of unscrupulous commercial war, the self-governing Colonies are forced one by one to discriminate against him and to take the first step towards the disintegration of the Empire which his and our father built up, so be it. But it is only just that he should know the facts of the case and know the outlook before he finally makes up his mind. It will do no good to misrepresent those who now argue in favour of preferential trade within the Empire. They are not in favour of "the small loaf." They think that human beings should have something more than a loaf to live on, small or big, and that the British Empire is rich and wide enough to make provision for every worthy citizen of the commonwealth getting something more. They think, too, that it must

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be very much the same to the mechanic or labourer whether he pays his just share to the revenue of the country on his loaf or beef, or on his tea, coffee, or beer; that the sacred principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market may very properly give way for a time to the necessities of national unity or the defence of outlying portions of the Empire, were it only that the less sacred principle itself may thereby be preserved; and that to link the different members of the British commonwealth in closer relations may prove to be the best way of ensuring the final triumph of enlightened commercial principles throughout the world.

Mr. Howland's book is not responsible for these remarks. He points out again and again that the United States has not kept the bond that its representatives made in 1783; and he feels keenly the special injustice with which Canada has been treated more than once, even since 1866, by a powerful neighbour from whom more generous treatment towards a young and aspiring nationality might have been expected; but all his hopes are for the reunion of the race, and he declines to discuss either details of tariff changes that may be needed from time to time so as to make the least possible industrial disturbance, or the merits and demerits of the protective policy which America considers required in order to better the wages of its working-classes as compared with their rivals in Europe. His Canadian point of view is seen in the warm language in which he declaims against the protection that is directed against natural productions, on the ground that it has not even the poor argument in its favour that it is a defence of the American working-man from competition under unequal conditions. "It becomes," he says, "a war with the beneficence of Nature, a rejection of her treasures of soil, forest, and mine; a denial of conditions of geography and climate; a quarrel with the rain that falls on the just and the unjust, and with the sun that shines on the evil and the good" (p. 253). But, notwithstanding "the delusive distinction between the moralities of public and private life" which, he is inclined to think, "found an early lodgment in the American mind," he has faith in the innate sense of justice of that great people. The real question before us is, how best to reach their intellect and conscience; once that is reached, the victory is won. It may be argued that to oblige them to take a slight dose of their own medicine is a poor way at the best of getting at either their head or their heart. I am not so sure of that. Americans are no more deficient in a sense of humour than they are in business talent; and the sight of much enduring John Bull awakening to the perception that he has been humbugged and laughed at for a century would tickle them hugely, although they would, in strictly business principles, threaten beforehand of terrible consequences as sure to happen, unless he continued to keep quiet and submissive as in former days. Imitation, they

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would acknowledge to themselves, is the sincerest form of flattery, and they would tell amusing stories by the dozen to show how they had at last succeeded in teaching their poor old grandmother to suck eggs.

The United States is not prepared for absolute freedom of trade with Great Britain to-morrow or the day after. Neither is Canada prepared for unrestricted reciprocity with either country. The practical question is, shall we get on the up-grade or the down-grade? It is manifest that the present commercial war or the submission of Canada to Major McKinley is the down-grade. Inter-imperial preferential trade can be defended on its own merits, and it offers a prospect of getting on an up-grade that shall land us on the high level where, in the words of Jay, we all shall "become again as one people."

G. M. GRANT.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Fresh Light on the Dynamic Action and Ponderosity of Matter[1] is a volume which is more remarkable for the views it puts forward than for lucidity of style and conclusiveness of argument. "Its original aim," the author tells us, "was the discovery of some reason other than the hypothesis of attraction to account for the gravitation of one body to another," but in the pursuit of his quest other theorems equally important in his judgment were evolved, and the scope and title of his work were necessarily enlarged. The "other theorems" refer to the constitution of the Ether, the specific ponderosities of elementary matter, the constitution of atoms, and similar topics, and seem to be for the most part subordinate speculations put forward to buttress up the principal one on the nature and cause of gravity. We have no intention of following the author through the vague and tangled exposition of his views. It will suffice to say that in the result he concludes that the ether which is known to fill all space is a ponderous fluid made up of particles of various sizes, some large and some small, and that in this fluid there are whirlpools or vortices of infinite velocity. These set up waves of the great and small particles, which flow in opposite directions, and radiate through the ether towards all points, becoming what he terms gravity waves; *i.e.*, waves which produce the effects on material bodies hitherto ascribed to gravitation. According to this, gravity is an outside energy, and not due to an inherent property of matter, the author, indeed, maintaining that the existence of attraction is an improbability approaching to an impossibility. Those who are acquainted with the history of physical science will recognise in these views a resemblance to the Theory of Vortices of Descartes, but they have perhaps a still closer resemblance to the theory of Le Sage. This seems to be especially suggested by the fourth chapter, where the primary cause of gravity is attributed to the *shelter* from wave force afforded by one body to another. If the sheltering body be very large compared with the one sheltered, the shelter is increased

[1] *Fresh Light on the Dynamic Action and Ponderosity of Matter.* By "Waterdale." London: Chapman & Hall.

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on the one side, while the waves beating on the unsheltered side give the smaller body a gravitating force towards the greater. Applying this to the case of the earth, it would appear that special waves reach its surface from all external directions, and bodies in its neighbourhood being sheltered by it on one side, receive the waves on the other, and are thus driven towards it. In this way the reason for gravity is proved, says the author, but we doubt whether many of his readers will be prepared to follow him to such a conclusion.

As a clear and concise account of the disease which has unhappily become familiar, Dr. Sisley's volume on *Epidemic Influenza*[1] may be commended to the general public, as well as to professional physicians. The principal object of the author is to prove that influenza is a contagious disease, but as other features of it are necessarily considered, the treatment of the subject is not restricted. At the beginning the author deals with the nomenclature of the disease, and, all things considered, prefers the name influenza to any of the numerous synonyms by which it is at present known. He criticises the chief definitions of the disease which have been hitherto published, and adopts, as the most satisfactory, the one given by an anonymous writer in the *Times* during the outbreak of 1890. As this, however, omits all reference to its contagious character, the author suggests some modification which would include this feature. The origin of influenza is also briefly dealt with, and the various speculations which preceded actual knowledge are neatly summarised. The author dissents from the opinion expressed by some authorities, that the origin is unknown, maintaining that the "cradle of origin" is in the East, and that its birth, though mysterious, is not miraculous. He even goes further, and quotes evidence to the effect that influenza is endemic in parts of China, and sets forth the facts which support the hypothesis that it is caused by some microscopic organism which has yet to be discovered.

Coming to the method by which influenza is spread, the author becomes more detailed in his treatment, and in his search for a definite and reliable conclusion on this point brings together a large array of facts and figures respecting the epidemics of influenza which have occurred in various countries at different times. Apart from the inferences to be drawn from them, these are in themselves of great value, and will be held by some readers to be the most important part of the volume. As to the contagiousness of influenza, it is obvious from the quotations given that it is not accepted by many high authorities, German, French, American, and English; while others hold that although it is contagious, contagion plays but a small part in its propagation. On the other hand, the author

[1] *Epidemic Influenza; Notes on its Origin and Method of Spread.* By Richard Sisley, M.D. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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insists not only that it is contagious, but that it is chiefly, if not entirely, spread by contagion, and the details already referred to are brought forward in support of this position. Without affirming that the evidence is conclusive, we have no hesitation in saying that it is sufficiently strong to make its consideration a necessity. It is found in the records of the spread of influenza in England in 1782 and 1803; in the characteristics of the epidemic of 1889-90, as manifested in Bokhara, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and France; and in the experience of British physicians in 1889, 1890, and 1891. The author finds further support for his opinions in the fact that prisoners in gaol, and the inmates of workhouses, lunatic asylums, and other institutions, who are kept apart from human intercourse, often escape influenza, although it may be raging in the neighbourhood; while the circumstances of its spread in such places when it is once introduced are said to be strongly suggestive of contagion.

The main question being thus disposed of, the author next considers somewhat more briefly the spread of influenza by parcels, the incubation period, and influenza in animals. This last subject is one that needs more attention than it has yet received, especially if it should be the case, as some physicians affirm, that the disease may be communicated from horses to cats and man, and *vice versâ*. In a last chapter the author advocates the compulsory notification of cases of influenza, and gives in an Appendix the text of the "Infectious Diseases (Notification) Act of 1889," pointing out that under certain conditions the local authority of any district may apply its provisions to influenza.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

It is a common experience that the teaching of a philosopher, after it has been superseded, if not discredited, in the land of its origin and amongst the people who first received it with enthusiasm, is found to spring up anew, though of course in a modified form, somewhere else. This appears now to be the case with the philosophy of Hegel. It is little heard of in Germany, but is exerting considerable influence in America amongst orthodox Christian teachers who find in it the justification for what we may suppose we may be allowed to call the new orthodoxy—an orthodoxy which consists in holding the old creeds and repeating the old dogmas with a changed and, as the teachers of it would claim, a deeper meaning. Dr. Macbride Sterrett, the author of *Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion*,[1] is

[1] *Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion.* By J. Macbride Sterrett, D.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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an example of this new school. He has seized upon some portions of Hegel's religious philosophy to assist him in explaining Christian dogma. We cannot say we find the result wholly satisfactory. The general proposition of Hegel that the religions of the world, anterior to Christianity, were not all false religions, but are to be regarded as simply imperfect strivings after the true and absolute religion, has been fruitful in the impulse it has given to a generous and tolerant study of the past, and has thrown enormous light on the evolution of religious ideas; with this part of the subject Professor Sterrett has dealt in an appreciative and successful manner. We can follow his line of thought while he tries to show that the evolution of religion has resulted in the deeper consciousness of God in man, resulting in a lofty Theism not very remote from Pantheism, but we fail to see that he makes out the connection between this and the dogmas and worship of the Christian Church; applying the Hegelian hypothesis to them it might be maintained that they have been instrumental in developing the God-consciousness, but once this is reached they are as obsolete as the law of Moses. There is no logical argument for their permanent maintenance, though this appears to be our author's purpose in these studies. It is not easy, however, to give a satisfactory account of the writer's reasoning as his method impresses us as being too discursive and disconnected. That he himself appears to have a fair grasp of his subject there seems no reason to doubt, but he has not succeeded in making his meaning clear to the reader. Indeed, we should imagine, to the reader who is not familiar with Hegelian ways of thought, a large portion of the book will be unintelligible. For this, we must confess, the writer seems prepared, as in the prefatory study he does not disguise the fact that Hegel is generally regarded as unintelligible; and referring to Dr. J. Hutchison (incorrectly given as Hutchinson) Stirling's *Secret of Hegel*, published twenty years ago, he quotes a criticism made at the time: "If this is Hegel in English, he might as well have remained in German." On finishing the perusal of this work we are inclined to say that, if the study of Hegel leads to no better results than this, he may as well remain unstudied. This opinion is only confirmed by the Appendix on *Christian Unity in America and the Historic Episcopate*. The basis proposed for the union of the Protestant churches in America is—

"1. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the revealed Word of God.

2. The Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

3. The two Sacraments—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution, and of the elements ordained by him.

4. The historic episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of

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its administration to the varying needs of the nations and people called of God into the unity of his Church."

The study of Hegel does not seem to have enabled Professor Sterrett to have gone very far from the old grooves.

The author of a *Plain Commentary on the First Gospel*[1] is not altogether to be congratulated on the way in which he has accomplished a somewhat disagreeable though useful task. It is the work of an unbeliever, and is intended to show how a candid reading of the Gospel strikes one who comes to it without any Christian prepossession. Perhaps it would be fairer to say one who comes to it with a decided anti-Christian prepossession, for the writer seems to have made up his mind to find fault wherever it is possible, and even to find occasion for disapproval where the work before him does not justify it. This is shown in the constant practice of the commentator of referring to Jesus as "Jehovah" or the "Creator," and to base many of his criticisms upon the hypothesis of the Deity of Jesus. For this the author of the first Gospel is not responsible, and we think it would have been more fair in a plain commentator to have dealt with the text on its merits. The writer, like many orthodox commentators, ignores all literary and critical questions as to the authorship and authority of the Gospel, and takes it as an exact and accurate account of the life and teaching of Jesus. So far as this is intended as a kind of counterblast to the ordinary method of commentating no fault can be found with it; the writer has chosen the method of the ordinary expositor, though his spirit and aim are the reverse of what is usual. So closely indeed does the author imitate the orthodox method that he has succeeded in being almost as prolix and dull as the most popular commentators, and to keep us in mind of the imitation he frequently interjects a reference to the "Reader" with all the affectation of the writer of an evangelical tract. As every verse or two in the Gospel is subjected to a comment the matter fills over six hundred pages which, we think, will justify our complaint of its prolixity. Our author makes no allowance for anything, but judges the circumstances related and the alleged speeches of Jesus by our modern ethics, science and political economy. He takes everything literally, which is more than believers do, for, however much admiration Christians may profess to have for the teaching of their Master, it is quite plain that practically they disagree with much of it. Even the parables he treats as accounts of actual occurrences, overlooking the fact that a teacher, unused to our exact modes of thought and expression, may be allowed in "putting a case" to imagine details neither true to Nature or the actual conditions of society. We have expressed ourselves somewhat freely in our objections to the author's

[1] *A Plain Commentary on the First Gospel.* By An Agnostic. London: Williams & Norgate. 1891.

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method, because with many of his opinions and criticisms we are in full agreement, and we should have been glad if we could have spoken of the book with unqualified approval. Something of the kind is wanted, but whether this particular work will meet the want we are inclined to doubt. The detailed examination of the stories of the birth and infancy of Jesus and of the resurrection, the two great supernatural events upon which dogmatic Christianity reposes, exposes the number of inconsistencies and absurdities which they contain, and is sufficient to convince any reasonable being of their impossibility. His criticism of the teaching of Jesus might have been more just if he had endeavoured to find how much (or how little) is due to Jesus himself, and how much is due to the author or authors of the Gospel; and if had discarded the fiction of identifying Jesus with the Creator he might have been able to treat more sympathetically the Galilean teacher whose faults, we may fairly suppose, were due to his training and environment; and under the circumstances we may wonder that by the native force of an independent spirit alone he was able to accomplish as much as he did. Occasionally the writer exhibits considerable moral insight, and expresses himself with pertinence and force; but as a rule the criticisms are commonplace and superficial.

There is a freshness about Mr. Genung's *Job*[1] which ought to ensure it a cordial welcome from all who are interested in the study of Hebrew literature. It is an attempt to treat one of the greatest books in the Bible from the natural point of view, and to assign it its true place in the moral philosophy of the Hebrews. We have been so accustomed to see the contents of the Bible treated as something wholly apart from all ordinary conditions and isolated from all natural surroundings, that we are glad to recognise any attempt to restore them to their proper environment, and endue them with real human interest. Whether Mr. Genung is right or not in the particular view he holds as to the time and purpose of the composition of this book, it is a vast improvement on ordinary expositions. Our author finds the key to the "problem" of Job in the sneering words of Satan, "Does Job serve God for naught?" and thinks the drama exhibits a case where a man is represented as being absolutely loyal to God without enjoying the reward which in the Hebrew mind had become inseparably associated with piety. The question was provoked by the Hebrew wisdom which taught the superficial doctrine that prosperity was certain to attend the good, and adversity to be the portion of the wicked. If this were true, goodness naturally looked like another form of selfishness. But it was not true. "A new induction of life must be made, for in that principle there are two fatally weak points. . . . So far as this life

[1] *The Epic of the Inner Life. Being the Book of Job.* By John F. Genung. London: James Clarke & Co.

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reveals there is no difference between the fate of the righteous and the wicked; the wicked are seen dying in a prosperous and honoured old age, and Job himself, an upright man, suffering to an extent which, if this standard is true, is unjust." The date assigned to this remarkable book varies by about ten centuries. Mr. Genung holds a very moderate view, and from internal evidence places it in the time of Hezekiah, but issuing from a locality undisturbed by the political commotion of the time. The social conditions depicted so forcibly in the book agree to a remarkable extent with the description found in Micah and Isaiah. Though a large part of the volume is taken up with the introductory study which we have endeavoured to outline, the author's main purpose is to offer a new translation. As far as we have compared this we cannot say we find it any improvement on the Revised Version; there are numerons verbal differences, but these are principally only matters of literary taste. The author is quite right in the theory that an individual should be better able to produce an harmonious and sympathetic translation than a committee, and in some passages his version reaches a higher poetical level than that of the Revisers. Critically there is not much to choose between them. In one important instance we regret that the translator has not the courage of his convictions, and retains the misleading version, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rather than disturb the associations of the passage. But these are just the sort of associations that need disturbing if we are to reach the natural meaning of the writer. An explanation is given in a note, which is nearly as misleading as the text. The correct rendering of "*goel*" we only find in the *vindicator* of the margin of the Revised Version. One great improvement in Mr. Genung's version is the rejection of the arbitrary division into chapters and verses: he divides the book into parts, which follow the natural sense of the work.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

MR. SIDGWICK has written a most complete and comprehensive work on the *Elements of Politics*.[1] The book, for all this wealth of erudition has, by some means difficult to explain, been compressed inside a single cover, may be spoken of as Jeremy Bentham, John Stuart Mill, Austin, Professor Bluntschli (at least as much of him as is worth having), Professor Seeley, and Mr. Hall, and last, but not least, Mr. Sidgwick himself, rolled up into one. How shall we speak of an effort so prodigious? What does the author say himself of his work, for he modestly reviews it in a short prefatory notice:

[1] *The Elements of Politics.* By R. Sidgwick. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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"Some years ago I was strongly impressed with the need of a book, which would expound, within a convenient compass, and in as systematic a form as the subject-matter might admit, the chief considerations that enter into the rational discussion of political questions in modern States. Though there were many valuable treatises dealing with particular portions of this subject, no English writer—so far as I knew—had, since Bentham, attempted to treat it as a whole; and though such a comprehensive treatment must necessarily be brief, it appeared to me that even this brevity would have some advantage." Here, we may observe, that though the author sees a virtue in brevity when treating, perhaps the widest, most discursive, and necessarily least exact of sciences, namely, the study of mankind, his "systematic" inquiry into a subject within "convenient compass," notwithstanding the virtue of "brevity," and the mechanical cleverness of his publisher by whose sleight of hand the whole labour of Hercules has been placed in the hands of the public in a single volume—yet this "brief," "concise," "systematic" production contains no less than 623 closely packed octavo pages!. In a word, *The Elements of Politics* far surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted before, at least since Aristotle. One of the most important successes, perhaps, the author has achieved by the publication, is that he has in some measure defined, and placed a limit to a hitherto boundless science. It is another attempt to do for the modern State what Aristotle achieved for the ancient, and if the two are compared, it is indeed striking, the evolution that mankind has gone through in the two thousand years that separate the old civilisation from the new. Really, how tremendous is the undertaking now to write the elements of politics! They are like the sands of the sea-shore. So many sciences are comprised within these elements, and all of them in an advanced state of being perfected. Religion, political economy, law, constitutional and international, morality; the State as it is, as it will be, as it ought to be; democracy and aristocracy; socialism and individualism; all these as they were yesterday, as they are to-day, and as they will be to-morrow—we might go on piling on the agony *ad infinitum*—all in a single volume, even though that volume contain six hundred and twenty-three pages!

Is it desirable to make the attempt? The author thinks so evidently, and we shall not say that he is wrong. The poor head that reads and tries to take in at the first reading, unless already conversant with the study, the tenth part of what is contained in such a stupendous treatise must soon be in a whirl. But then, at least, the undergraduate can feel that this is all, though put in brief, and he may feel when he gets to the end of it that no examiner will be ruthless and hard-hearted enough to ask him a question that is not contained therein. So far, then, there is a great gain to the

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student achieved in the publication of *The Elements of Politics*. It may set a limit, though a wide one, to the examiner's fantasy. This may be one of Mr. Sidgwick's chief aims. Henceforth *The Elements of Politics* will probably supersede Professor Bluntschli's not altogether satisfactory studies called *The Theory of the State* as the main handbook, perhaps the author would rather call it pocketbook, for the study of political science at the Universities. Shaping his course by the light of this main handbook, the student can read up the treatises by the gentlemen we have numerated above (by the way, we left out Sir Henry Maine, Messrs. Bryce and Dicey, and a few others who have all added their quota to swell this intangible subject) according to some system, instead of, as hitherto, being at once, on entering the subject, plunged into an ocean of thought and erudition, of boundless philosophy far beyond his depth, from which he can but emerge in a condition of mental perplexity and indecision.

The book is imbued with the negative spirit of Cambridge teaching. It is written with exceeding great caution. No thread of the discussion has, as far as we can tell, been allowed to slip from the hand of the author, and here and there a distinctly new stitch has been added where it was quite certain that by the addition no unweaving would have to take place in any other part of the garment. We notice in the chapter on Socialistic interference that, though the author by no means allows himself to be carried away by the pressure of to-day's opinion in favour of Collectivism, greater weight is attached to the necessity of State interference than we should have expected from that quarter: the keen edge of individualism has been rubbed off. Our readers will forgive us for speaking in such general phrases; we have not six hundred and twenty-three pages at our disposal, and the brevity of Mr. Sidgwick's book (and if the complexity of it be taken into account, it really is very brief indeed) renders it impossible to analyse. In fact, if it is open to any reproach it is that of being too encyclopædic in manner and style. However, the author forgets his extreme prudence, when he suddenly sets forth such an opinion as is contained in the words, "suspected criminals should be imprisoned." We prefer the spirit of our present Constitution to the one which places the liberty of the subject at the mercy of anything so capricious and untrustworthy as mere suspicion, even if that suspicion has much apparent foundation. Surely it is far better for the guilty man to get off scot-free than for an innocent one to run the chance of persecution, and of having his character blasted for life!

The most important feature of the work is the prominence given in it to international law, for in the perfection of this code, and in the degree in which it effectively binds the relations between States, lie the best safeguards of future progress. Eliminate war as far as possible, and how much energy and intellect, how much of the

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material resources of the world could be utilised in a more profitable channel to ameliorate the conditions of life of the proletariate classes of all nations. The problem of the future will be how to minimise waste of intelligence, energy, and the material resources of the earth.

Mr. Sidgwick's labours are monumental. His book is to the consumer of political science what the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores are to the consumer of tea, coffee, tobacco, and the like. The stores are very good in their way, but it must not be supposed that they suffice for all the needs of those who deal with them. Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes have published the work with all their usual care and excellence.

The report of the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada for the year* 1890[1] is a more bulky volume than the transactions of the previous year, which shows progress and activity on the part of the society, for the quality of the work does not show any falling off while the amount increases. Five hundred copies of the volume before us have been printed at a cost of nearly $5000, and sent out all over the civilised world. Of these 500 copies, the United States receives the largest number, absorbing 210, the British Empire comes next with 123. France, though Sir Charles Dilke styles the half of Canada a little French nation, takes only 37. However, though the volume starts off with some able papers in French contributed to the first section representing French literature, for the rest the English seem to take the lion's share in the proceedings of the society, and all the other three sections, including all the useful sciences, such as geology, botany, astronomy, electricity, chemistry, &c., are in the English tongue. Mr. John George Bourinot again takes a leading part in the English literary section, contributing an important article on comparative politics, in which, in the course of ninety pages of subject-matter, he compares the Dominion successively with England, with the United States, and with the Swiss Confederation. The line Mr. Bourinot takes is well known. He may be said to follow the school of Professor Freeman and Bishop Stubbs—*i.e.*, all liberty emanates from the forests of Germany. We do not altogether agree with him ourselves, but the school finds favour still with a very large number of people. It is at least curious that, if freedom is the particular attribute of the Teutonic race, it should have been so completely lost in the land of its origin. We rather take the view that a life of liberty is natural to all peoples, but that it may be lost by means of protracted wars. However, Mr. Bourinot writes in a fair and dispassionate spirit on the subject of French Canadian history, and points out to the French with great clearness, that they owe their present success and pros-

[1] *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for* 1890. Vol. VIII. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1891.

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perity to the institutions conferred upon them since the advent of the colony to the British Crown. I do not think any one will be disposed to contradict him either in France or in this country. Certainly, representative and local self-government, as a system, is the outcome of the development of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the excellence of government by virtue of these institutions is admitted, and, wherever possible, is adopted by all nations.

The Abbé Casgrain, ex-president of the society, gives a short but very able address on the turn of modern philosophy which he expresses thus: "Lasse aujourd'hui de tant d'espoirs décus, l'humanité a tourné les yeux vers la terre: elle cherche dans la matière l'explication de l'éternelle énigme.

"La cause première, dit-on, n'est pas en haut; elle est en bas. Elle n'est pas dans l'infiniment grand, elle est dans l'infiniment petit. C'est de ce movement qu'est issue l'école évolutionniste, qui, née en Angleterre avec M. Herbert Spencer fait actuellement le tour du monde."

Principal Grant speaks, in his address, of the birth of a "Sister Dominion," that is the Australasian Federation; M. Legendre, in his article, "Realistes et Décadents," makes an appeal against Zolaism, which, he says, is not realism but gross exaggeration. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that Zola's characters, which symbolise a corrupt *régime*, are ceasing to be real, now that the *régime* has been swept away. There is a large number of interesting and able papers by men occupying prominent positions in relation to the different sciences to which they are severally devoted, and we may say that the *Transactions* fully maintain the high character and reputation which the society has earned.

The Positive Theory of Capital[1] is a very well argued and able book in every way. Mr. William Smart is to be congratulated for giving us such an intelligent translation. We cannot give a more accurate report of Professor Bohm-Bawerk's work, of which we have the translation before us, than in his own words. In his last book, called *Geschichte und Kritik der Kapitalzins-Theorieen*, the author, after passing in critical review the various opinions, practical and theoretical, held from the earliest times on the subject of interest, ended with the words, "On the foundation thus laid, I shall try to find for the vexed problem a solution which invents nothing, and assumes nothing, but simply and truly attempts to deduce the phenomena of the formation of interest from the simplest natural and psychological principles of our science." *The Positive Theory of Capital*, as the translator remarks, is the fulfilment of that promise.

The author begins by recognising that there are only two forces at work in the first instance, in the production of wealth; these are

[1] *The Positive Theory of Capital.* By Eugen V. Bohm-Bawerk. Translated, with a Preface and Analysis, by William Smart, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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man and nature. Man is incapable of creating himself, all he can do is to influence the changes of nature, and make use of the powers of nature to suit his own purposes, by means of his intelligence. Upon this first truth Professor Bohm-Bawerk builds his whole theory of capital. His theory does not overthrow all preconceived ideas on the subject of capital, it rather corrects and expands them whilst carrying our knowledge further, making our understanding of the subject more complete, and more scientifically exact. The author distinguishes between capital- and consumption- wealth, the former being "the complex of products destined to the acquisition of goods," the latter that part of wealth devoted to payment of the wages, and to supplying the immediate needs of the owner. "The function then of capital," the translator explains, "may be said to be that of allowing labour and natural powers to work out their effects in processes that take time, or the utilisation of natural forces in round-about methods." By the growth of capital a community is enabled to tide over greater periods of time before realising the returns of its labours, and the greater the cycles between sowing and reaping (we mean the terms in their figurative sense) the larger will be the ultimate profit. The author explains very ingeniously his theory as to the cause of interest, by means of copious figures. Time is the great cause of interest, because it is the habit of the human race to discount the value of any product in futurity compared with its present value. We shall again give the author's theory most concisely in his own words.

"A material service, which, technically, is exactly the same as a service of this year, but which cannot be rendered before next year, is worth a little less than this year's service; another similar service, but obtainable only two years hence, is, again, a little less valuable, and so on. . . . . Say that this year's service is worth £100, then next year's service—assuming a difference of 5 per cent. per annum—is worth in to-day's valuation only 95·23, the third year's service is worth only 90·70, the fourth year's service only 86·38, the fifth, sixth, seventh year's services respectively, worth 82·23, 78·35, 74·62 of present money. . . . . If the current year's use of a machine is worth £100, and the machine is capable of doing work of equal value for five years more, the machine is not worth $6 \times 100 = 600$, but $100 + 95{\cdot}23 + \ldots = 532{\cdot}93$. At the end of the first year as now capable of five annual services of the present value of $100 + 95{\cdot}26 \ldots$ it is worth 454·58. The loss in value is, therefore, 78·35, which is exactly the same as the former most remote service was. But since the sum on the current year's service, the value of the service sold and now deducted, amounted to 100, there remains a net gain of 21·65, which is exactly 5 per cent. of 432·93, the sum which the goods became worth immediately on deduction of the first service realised, as one might say, to account."

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If we follow out this theory in the outlay upon the purchase of land, where no deduction for wear and tear has to be made, and consequently where there is no *last service* to be taken into account, the origin of "interest" is clearly visible.

Our readers will see from these few notes that Professor Bohm-Bawerk has contributed a volume of really first-class studies to the science of economics. He must be distinctly a man of genius, for he dashes boldly into fresh, untrodden fields of knowledge, exploring for himself, instead of merely criticising and reproducing other men's thoughts, in the disappointing manner so much in vogue among contemporary economists.

Many great writers have given us pictures of ideal Commonwealths. Plato's *Republic* is one of the earliest examples of this kind of literary experiment. In English literature we have Bacon's *Nova Atlantis* and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, two monumental works, which may be fairly described as philosophic dreams. A Viennese economist, Dr. Theodore Hertzka, has recently embodied his conception of a perfect state of society in a work of this description, entitled *Freiland: ein Sociales Zukunftsbild.* The book has been well translated into English by Arthur Ransom.[1] Dr. Hertzka has long been known as an eminent representative of those Austrian economists who belong to what is known on the Continent as the Manchester School, as distinguished from the Historical School. The main idea of this politico-economic romance, if we may so describe it, is that a prosperous and happy community might be formed by preserving the absolute right of every individual to control his own actions, and at the same time securing to him the full enjoyment of the fruits of his labour. For this purpose, an International Free Society is supposed to have been started in Europe, having its head-quarters at the Hague, and the tract of territory selected for the undertaking is located in Equatorial Africa. The leader of the movement is Dr. Strahl, a man of good social position, and one of the most eminent economists in Germany. The mountainous district of Kenia, where the colonists settle, is a rich country, and, by means of the various civilising agencies which European research and culture have supplied, it is rendered capable of supporting an intelligent and industrious population. Absolutely ignorant persons are excluded from the colony. The principle laid down by Dr. Strahl is that every one is to get possession of the requisite means of production, the Society undertaking to place their capital at the disposal of those who wished for it, without interest, on condition that it should be reimbursed within a limited period, to be determined by the nature of the proposed investment. With regard to the natural powers, such as the land, no one can have a claim of ownership over them, and therefore

[1] *Freeland: A Social Anticipation.* By Dr. Theodor e Hertzka. Translated by Arthur Ransom. London: Chatto and Windus.

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every one has a right to use them. The land, moreover, exists in a limited quantity. How, then, can every one's claim not only to land, but to produce-bearing land, be satisfied? This difficulty is met by the organisation of work without any employer, not even an employer consisting of an association of workers. The Society cannot be said to possess any "property," in the ordinary sense. The members simply possess the right of usufruct of the existing productive capital. In this wonderful commonwealth the departments of justice, police, military, and finance cost nothing; for there are no judges and no police organisation, the taxes flowing in spontaneously, and crime being practically non-existent. A provision is made that persons incapacitated from work are to receive a competence from the public funds. This applies to all women, all children, all men over sixty, and all invalids. The view taken by Dr. Hertzka of woman's sphere is somewhat analogous to that of Auguste Comte—viz., that the only work appropriate to the sex is the education of children and the care of the sick, and that the true domain of womanhood is spiritual rather than material. The maintenance of women by the community is also supported, on the ground that it would virtually put an end to prostitution, as well as to mercenary marriages. The franchise is extended to all adult women and to the negroes residing in Freeland; but no one who is not able to read and write is allowed to vote. Members of the Legislative Assembly are paid, and it is expected that no citizen will venture to concern himself about any matter which he does not understand. Education receives the utmost attention in this highly developed community. Boys and girls from six to sixteen are taught grammar, the history of literature, general history, the history of civilisation, physics, natural history, geometry, and algebra. Independence of thought is fostered in the young. The best European teachers are secured, the large funds at the disposal of the Society making it possible to pay comparatively high salaries. First-rate observatories, laboratories, and museums are established in the capital, known as Eden Vale, and other centres. The necessary expenditure is provided by means of a tax levied on the total income of producers. Owing to the success of the experiment, the members are, after the lapse of a few years, paid back their contributions, amounting to no less than £43,000,000.

Such is a brief sketch of this interesting book, whose object is to show that the individuals inhabiting a country would all become comparatively wealthy if labour were unfettered, and "the exploitation of man by man" abolished. Dr. Hertzka's conception is not socialistic in the narrower sense of the word, the keynote of his scheme being the free co-operation of individuals for a common end —viz., the welfare of all.

Those who have read Mr. Edward Bellamy's curious book,

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Looking Backwards, will be interested in the sequel to it, written by Richard Michaelis.[1] The author proposes to demonstrate that Mr. Bellamy "first tries to establish absolute equality, and then, despairing of success, advocates an inequality in many respects more oppressive than the present state of things." Having run over the main points of *Looking Backward*, he gives us, under the form of dialogues between Mr. Bellamy's hero, Julian West, and a Mr. Forest, an ex-professor, an elaborate defence of the system of competition. We learn that, owing to his attacks on the existing administration, which was communistic in form, Mr. Forest was confined in a lunatic asylum, the usual sentence passed on the opponents of communism. In his mode of expressing his opinions this gentleman exhibits at least logical coherence and clearness, so that there is evidently some method in his madness. In answer to Julian West's questioning remark, "So you think that the present system is absolutely wrong?" he says:—"Can you entertain any doubts? Look around! Is the leading principle in creation equality, or variety? You find sometimes similitude, but never conformity. Botanists have carefully compared thousands of leaves which looked exactly alike at the first glance, but which, after close examination, were found to possess striking dissimilarities. Inequality is the law of Nature, and the attempt to establish equality is therefore impossible and absurd." When asked whether it was not a good thing to have poverty annihilated, Mr. Forest says that amounts practically to nothing but the "enrichment of the awkward, stupid, and lazy people, out of the proceeds of the work of the clever and industrious men and women," adding that this could have been done at the close of the nineteenth century—the dialogue takes place in the year 2000 A.D.—but that people "were not foolish and unjust enough to commit such a robbery." The absence of active opposition to the Government is explained by the moral tyranny exercised by those who have the reins of power in their hands. Favouritism is not only possible, Mr. Forest points out, but actually exists. The sons and relatives of men known as opponents of the administration have "practically to live worse than slaves, and are sometimes treated like footballs." Proceeding with his argument, Mr. Forest denounces the system as "damnable communism," and informs his listeners that it has led to a large increase in the number of suicides. To show the moral corruption of the population under the communistic *régime*, he refers to the fact that many of the women who hold clerical positions in the different departments lead lives of prostitution. Finally, he denounces the existing state of things as a condition of slavery which was doomed to "go down in an ocean of blood."

[1] *A Sequel to* "Looking Backwards;" *or, Looking Further Forward.* By Richard Michaelis. London: William Reeves, 185 Fleet Street, E.C.

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In a later discussion, the startling statement is made that the only outspoken opponents of the Government, the extreme Radicals, proposed to abolish marriage and establish a system of free love on the ground that "the passing alliance of men and women would produce better children then the offspring of the present marriages." Mr. Forest proceeds:—"The Radicals are the logical communists. The fundamental principle of communism is equality. You can base the demand for the equal divisions of the products of labour on that principle of equality only, and, if we are all equal, then there is no reason why we should live in houses of different architecture, why we should wear different clothes, why we should have a variety of meals, why one man should not have just as good a right to the love of a certain girl as any and all other men, and why one girl should not have as fair a claim to the love of any man she may select as any other girl has."

It is only fair to Mr. Bellamy to say that he did not, in *looking backward*, advocate these so-called Radical doctrines or anything nearly approaching them. Indeed, his respect for conventional morality is very profound, having regard to the remarkable social revolution which his book shadows forth. The concluding portion of the little book to which we have invited the reader's attention suggests different methods of reforming American institutions in the nineteenth century than those proposed by Mr. Bellamy. We are told that the proper remedy for strikes would be "mutual productive associations." The agrarian question might be settled by passing a law ordaining that no farmer should have more than forty acres of land. All the railway and telegraph lines should be bought up by the State at a fair price; and the gas-works, street railways, and water-works of every city should be managed by the city authorities. Inherited property exceeding a certain amount should be taxed according to a gradually ascending scale; and where any person left a fortune yielding a larger sum than 250,000 dollars to each heir, the surplus should be considered "an income to humanity, the national, State, and local governments sharing therein in just proportion." These measures are put forward as the best means of "stemming the tide of communism and anarchy." The author is evidently a strong supporter of the competitive system; and his criticism of Mr. Bellamy's theories, though clever and forcible, betrays a rather commonplace order of intellect.

Another American writer[1] endeavours to show how the objectionable tendencies of both plutocracy and socialism can be repressed by moderate laws suited to the genius of a democratic community. Poverty, according to his view can no more be eradicated from society than disease can be absolutely prevented in the human body;

[1] *Politics and Property; or, Phronocracy. A Compromise between Democracy and Plutocracy.* By Slack Worthington. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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but, as the latter can be relieved by applying scientific remedies, so the former can be ameliorated by the enactment of intelligent laws. Mr. Worthington has the courage of his opinions apparently, but his tendency towards a somewhat erratic form of individualism gives a tone of puerility to his expressed views. He is in favour of entirely abolishing Protection in the United States, overlooking the comparative utility of developing native industries. He considers that the only duties of the Government are to protect life and property, and that everything else should be left to private enterprise. He protests against all violent methods of altering the conditions of society. What the world wants is "brain rule, not brawn." He rightly contends that a tax on land alone, such as that advocated by Henry George and others, would not only be impracticable, but would work manifest injustice.

The remedy suggested by Mr. Worthington for the social evils whose existence he acknowledges is to tax property in proportion to its amount. He draws up a curious and rather ingenious scheme which it is possible to carry into effect, though no Government is likely to adopt it. Practically his proposed reform resolves itself into an amendment to the Constitution of the United States enabling Congress to impose a rate of taxation on every one thousand dollars of individual property equal to the one hundred-thousandth part of the total value of the property. He further prescribes as indispensable conditions for acquiring the suffrage, first, that the claimant should be able to speak, read, and write the English language, and second, that he should be the owner of real property or Government bonds to the value of at least five hundred dollars. Though the author defends his proposal on the ground that he is endeavouring to promote the general welfare, it is evident that he is only attempting, by a somewhat original but clumsy device, to put back the clock of progress. The refusal of a vote to a man not possessing property worth five hundred dollars is a most objectionable plutocratic doctrine. The condition that every voter should be able to read and write is fair enough in the abstract, inasmuch as the proper working of universal suffrage is often impeded by illiteracy; but even this part of Mr. Worthington's proposal is open to many objections. Manhood rather than either wealth or intellectual qualities should be the groundwork of the franchise. The taxation scheme would, it is true, affect the "hundred-millionaires" much more seriously than small property owners; but the proposed "reform" commences at the wrong end. In fact, it would benefit only the middle class, and leave the poor in the same hopeless condition as before.

The reason given for excluding persons possessing no property from the franchise is transparently fallacious. "A man should not participate in citizenship unless he is, to a certain extent at least,

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capable bearing the privileges and incurring the penalties of citizenship. Since Governments are instituted, and are maintained for the protection of property, no man should participate in government who has no property." The writer forgets that the protection of life is even a more important function of a Government than the protection of property. Many men are born poor; but they are born capable of labouring, and possibly enriching themselves by their labour. Is the Government not to protect them from being robbed of the fruits of their labour, and also secure to them the full use of the physical and mental powers by means of which they are able to support existence?

Mr. Worthington is strongly opposed to the extension of the franchise to women, and he also appears to favour the odd suggestion of some theorists that marriage should be abolished, and that women, on giving birth to children, should become thenceforth pensioners on society. Altogether his book is a curious medley, in which shrewd observation and crude theory are incongruously intermixed.

A work by M. Naquet, the well-known Paris deputy, entitled *Socialisme Collectiviste et Socialisme Libéral*,[1] has been translated by Mr. William Heaford, and as it has the merit of conciseness, it will well repay perusal. The writer criticises the celebrated treatise of Karl Marx on *Capital* with much logical subtlety, and shows that the great Socialist's definition of value is open to serious objection. According to the Marxist theory, a thing is never worth more than its production has cost. M. Naquet, however, shows that the cost of production, if it enters as an element in the fixing of value, does so only in a subsidiary manner, simply as a matter of consequence, and leaves the chief and fundamental play to utility. It is a curious fact that there has as yet been found no positive measure of human labour. Such a measure, no doubt, does exist as regards steam-engines. But, to quote M. Naquet's words: "Has any method yet been discovered by means of which it would be possible to measure intellectual labour, and state its equivalent as muscular labour? If we compare the hard muscular labour which lifts heavy weights to the labour that may be called extremely nice, such as the watchmaker minutely seeking, with his magnifying glass in hand, to bring together the machinery of a watch, which of them uses up man the most? If we take the intellectual labour of the poet, that of the mathematician, the labour of the man who devotes himself to works of imagination or deduction, which of them consumes most brain matter? Is it even certain that the difference in the amount consumed is the same amongst all men who perform these diverse categories of labour? Can we not admit that the born poet who makes verses, and excellent ones, too, as a pastime,

[1] *Collectivism and the Socialism of the Liberal School: a Criticism and an Exposition.* By M. Naquet. Translated by William Heaford. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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expends much less brain matter in reaching this result than another person having no poetic gift, who sits down to write a detestable poem?" The disciples of Marx, conscious of the difficulty of measuring labour save by its duration, which is a worthless test, have been obliged to have recourse to the law of supply and demand; in other words, they have found it necessary to make utility the measure of labour. M. Naquet epigrammatically says that Marx's definition of the value of labour amounts merely to this: "Labour is worth what it is worth."

The criticism on Lassalle's so-called "iron law," by which wages are supposed to be strictly limited to the amount indispensable to the worker in order to live and to reproduce himself, is exceedingly forcible. M. Naquet argues that this "law" is only true in a limited and contracted sense, inasmuch as the *tantum* representing wages is subject to extension and compression. "In these days," he says, with some plausibility, "the most unfortunate worker, even the poor wretch who goes to the London workhouses when work is slack, is better lodged and more substantially nourished than were our forefathers when they lived by the chase, dressed themselves in the skins of animals, and sheltered themselves in natural caverns." He insists, moreover, that a breach is made in the "iron law" by the savings' bank accounts which, in France, are opened by the working class, and the sums, individually small, but great as a whole, which that class saves and invests every year. Besides, the working classes have made progress in housing and in dress, and this, as M. Naquet contends, affords a strong argument against the general applicability of the "law" on which both Lassalle and Marx have founded many of their theories. The chapter on the "Law of Population" is highly instructive. M. Naquet says: "The law of Malthus is really nothing but the more general law of natural selection, on which Darwin has based his whole system." Later on, he lays down that the law of population is not an "economic," but an "organic" law, but that it becomes an economic law in consequence of this fact, that the economic surroundings react upon it, and attenuate or precipitate its effects." Karl Marx boldly attributed the disproportion between the increase of population and that of the means of subsistence to the capitalistic organisation of society, and said over-population was due to the conditions of machinery. M. Naquet admits that there is some truth in the hypothesis of Marx, but denies that Marx has solved the problem, as it has been established that population absolutely follows the industrial movement. With reference to the question of primitive accumulation, which, according to Karl Marx, is essential in order that a surplus value should exist, M. Naquet points out that to dispossess some holders of land because two thousand years ago Julius Cæsar took it forcibly from some inhabitant of Gaul,

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would only be to work practical injustice of the worst kind. In concluding his criticism of Collectivism, this ingenious Frenchman does not hesitate to say that the adoption of the system would result in the stagnation and even the retrogression of the human race. His view is that "man is neither an individualist, like a wild beast, nor completely a communist, like the ant or the bee." Therefore every absolute system, collectivist or individualistic, stands self-condemned. All progress must be based on the recognition of the twofold character of humanity. Where private enterprise involves the manufacture of commodities of bad quality, and thus aims a blow at liberty, the State should intervene. It should also secure to the workers every imaginable facility to defend their interests against the lords of capital. M. Naquet considers that the Socialists should abandon their "collectivist crotchets," and expend their best energies in opposing armaments and war. To make Socialism possible, national hatreds and prejudices will have to disappear; and, as an avowed Socialist himself, M. Naquet holds that it is on this point socialistic enthusiasts should concentrate their efforts.

A knowledge of the law of prescription cannot fail to be useful to all who concern themselves with social questions. The history of property would be imperfect without an account of the legal fictions by which long-continued possession made up for defects of title. In an excellent little work on the *Law of Prescription in England*, Mr. T. A. Herbert collects all the available information on this important subject.[1]

The claims of London to the earnest attention of statesmen are forcibly emphasised in an admirable little work by Mr. Sidney Webb.[2] With some reason the author complains that "the meanest Irish borough, the smallest Scotch county, is able sooner to get its grievances redressed than the capital of the Empire." He adds that "Home Rule for London stands next in political urgency to Home Rule for Ireland." The principal topics discussed by Mr. Webb are "The County Council in Chains," "The Abolition of Vestrydom," "London's Water Tribute," "London's Gas Bill," "A Poor Law Council for London," "The London Leaseholder," "The Housing of the People," the "Taxation of Ground Rents," the "Unearned Increment," and the question of a "Municipal Death-duty." The concluding chapter on "London as it might be" suggests that all existing evils in the metropolis might be remedied without increased expenditure by the substitution of collective for individual spending.

The pessimistic tone of Mr. Webb is in striking and not unpleasant

[1] *The History of the Law of Prescription in England: Being the Yorke Prize Essay for the University of Cambridge for* 1890. By Thomas Arnold Herbert, B.A., LL D. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: C. J. Clay & Sons, Cambridge University Press Warehouse.

[2] *The London Programme.* By Sidney Webb. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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contrast with that of a writer who derives apparently a very large amount of comfort from a comparison of the present with the past. In an interesting book on *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*[1] we find the following noteworthy passage: "There is probably no other city in Europe, certainly none in the United Kingdom, which has undergone during the last three-quarters of a century of its existence more extraordinary metamorphoses and improvements than London. . . . . The capital, undoubtedly, still stands where it did then; but in almost every other respect it is as much transformed as an ancient residence that had been almost entirely reconstructed from kitchen to garret." The writer then proceeds to describe what he calls "our great-grandfathers' London." This, of course, is an old story now, but it is a story of intense and absorbing interest; and Mr. Sidney's two volumes are full of very curious and exceedingly useful information on the subject.

The life of Dr. Livingstone can never cease to be interesting to all who appreciate single-minded heroism and philanthropy. A new book on the subject by Mr. H. H. Johnson, Her Majesty's Commissioner for Nyassaland,[2] will therefore find numerous readers. The work is a sketch of Livingstone's life as an African explorer, and is not a mere mass of indiscriminate eulogy, like some biographies. The book is well printed, and contains some appropriate illustrations.

Under the title of *From Alps to Orient*[3] Dr. H. J. Hardwicke gives us a very readable and gossipy little volume containing a record of his travels in South-eastern Europe. The account of Turkey is full of interest, and the author quotes very ingenuously some of the Mohammedan diatribes against Christian civilisation to which he had listened while travelling in that country.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THERE is no question more difficult to answer than such a one as occurs on reading the two volumes of *De Quincey Memorials*,[4] which Dr. Japp has lately edited. Is there any justification for publishing letters of great men and their correspondents, simply because those men have obtained a certain amount of fame. We are inclined to

[1] *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century: Chapters in the Social History of the Times.* By William Connor Sydney. In two volumes. London: Ward & Downey.

[2] *Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa.* By H. H. Johnson, C.B., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., &c. London: George Philip & Son.

[3] *From Alps to Orient; or, Rambles in Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asiatic and European Turkey, the Balkan States and Austro-Hungary.* By Herbert James Hardwicke, M.D. Sheffield: T. Widdison. London: Watts & Co.

[4] *De Quincey Memorials:* being Letters and other Records here first published. Edited by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., &c. Two volumes. London: William Heinemann. 1891.

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think that, as a rule, such letters, unless they form a commentary on already published works, are better left unprinted. To this rule there are exceptions. The letters of poets, of men who poured out their inmost thoughts to their correspondents, have value which none would deny. But, too often, such letters merely gratify our curiosity as to a man's personal character or habits, and do not help us in the least to understand his writings. It does not affect our knowledge of De Quincey's teaching to have read through long series of his letters in which he describes his money troubles. Here, we are afraid, we should differ with Dr. Japp, who has published with too little discrimination many letters which are of no possible interest whatsoever. And yet there is much in these *Memorials* which is of value, though on this point we should again differ from their editor. To establish the accuracy of the *Autobiographic Sketches* is, after all, of small importance. De Quincey told his story well, so well indeed, that our admiration for it is the admiration felt towards a work of art, rather than towards a personal narrative. Consequently, small inaccuracies are of little importance. At the same time it is only fair to say Dr. Japp has proved from these letters that parts of the *Sketches* which have been looked upon as imaginary are in reality quite true.

The letters are arranged not in chronological order, but according to the groups of De Quincey's correspondents. It is therefore needful to have some idea of the events of his life before reading them, or the reader will be lost and bewildered by the lack of chronological sequence. In fact, they form a supplement to the *Autobiographic Sketches*. As such they bring out very clearly two points which help to explain the mystery of De Quincey's life: the peculiarity of his early training, and the eccentricity of the whole family. A further point of interest is to be found in the letters to and from the great men with whom De Quincey was connected—Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others. Nothing comes out more clearly in these letters than the character of Mrs. de Quincey. Her unlovable nature, her exactness, and exacting character, above all her stern sense of duty and severe affection towards her children, cannot but have exerted a sadly repellent effect on her son, and may account for the strangely little influence that home life and home surroundings seemed to have had upon any of her children. Mrs. De Quincey was a woman who would excite admiration by her unselfishness and strong moral feeling; but she was not likely by such qualities to win the love of Thomas, whose sensitive nature could only be attracted by sympathy and love. The story of De Quincey's early education is well known. His own obstinacy, and the unreasoning guidance of his mother and his guardian, combined to prevent his gaining such an education as would have lessened his natural peculiarities and given him a soberer view of life. With

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these troubles of De Quincey's youth the greater part of the first volume is filled.

The eccentricity of the De Quincey family is seen most clearly in the history of Richard De Quincey, whose adventures close the first volume. With the rest of his brothers he shared their headstrong, undisciplined dispositions and want of worldly wisdom. The letters from and to him show most clearly that many of Thomas De Quincey's characteristics, which have been ascribed to the influence of opium, were really common to the family as a whole, and in this connection they are not without interest. But the most valuable part of the two volumes which Dr. Japp has collected is that which contains a few letters from the poet Wordsworth to De Quincey. These letters are most characteristic of their writer, and are written in a style most charming and attractive. The advice which Wordsworth gives De Quincey might, if taken, have greatly altered the whole of the latter's life. Equally delightful, too, are the letters of Mrs. Wordsworth, given later in the volume. Of De Quincey's financial troubles, of his friendships, we read in the second volume at far too great length. The somewhat dull letters of Jane De Quincey, though sensible, are of wearisome frequency, and the repeated requests for money are of little present importance. Occasionally we get glimpses of things more interesting; as of the boy Macaulay, who at the age of eleven read half the *Mysteries of Udulpho* in one evening, or of the Brontë family, especially of Patrick Brontë, some of whose poems are added as an appendix to the second volume.

On the whole we may sum up our impressions of Dr. Japp's book by saying that as editor he has allowed his zeal for De Quincey to outweigh his judgment. Had he printed fewer letters, and exercised careful selection, he would have produced a readable book. At present it is necessary to read through at least two pages for about one-half page of what is of real interest. As a contribution or commentary to the *Autobiographic Sketches* the book has some small value; as a contribution to De Quincey's literary reputation, it has none; as a record of great men and their times, it is of interest.

Very different in all respects is Miss Wordsworth's study of her great namesake's poetry. *William Wordsworth*[1] is an original essay, and yet its very originality is due to its close adherence to the poet's own words. Miss Wordsworth has attempted to measure the real meaning and greatness of Wordsworth's poetry, and in order to do so has taken her information from his own letters, poems, and from the Life written by the late Bishop of Lincoln. She answers in anticipation the obvious objection that may be made to a life or study written by a near relative, by saying that, although

[1] *William Wordsworth.* By Elizabeth Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. London: Percival & Co. 1891.

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the perspective cannot help being faulty, yet that in the case of Wordsworth, who showed his worst side to the world, sympathy and personal knowledge are needful to rightly explain his character. The justification of Miss Wordsworth's remark is found most fully in her study of the life and poetry of the poet.

After a survey of Wordsworth's life taken from his poems, an estimate of his poetry is attempted. His real greatness, Miss Wordsworth says, consists in "equal activity of emotions, imagination, and intellect." The truth of this statement few readers of Wordsworth will dispute; but fewer will be prepared to endorse the remark that Wordsworth was the first to feel the full grandeur of which English poetry was capable. With Miss Wordsworth's definition of a true poet we may agree, but we cannot allow that Wordsworth alone fulfilled the requirements needful. It is true that a real poet must be one who combines the "insight of a philosopher, the foresight of a prophet, and the outsight of an artist;" but to say that Wordsworth alone had these qualities would be to deny the title of poetry to the *Tempest* and to *Comus*. It would surely be truer to say that Wordsworth was the first poet of the last two centuries who realised these essential characteristics. But to return to Miss Wordsworth's study. Her remarks on the blameless life led by the poet are beyond expression of doubt. As she says, he is conspicuous among men as having lived a life singularly consistent, carrying out in his old age the ideals of his youth.

Wordsworth's position as a poet is well described. He did for poetry what Turner did for painting. The comparison is a true one, and will bear careful working out. By a strange coincidence Miss Wordsworth defends the poet's character against the charge of want of sympathy for the works of others and of being generally unsympathetic. The refutation of this charge, if seriously needed, would be found in the letters that passed between the poet and De Quincey in the book just noticed. Surely, too, the sympathy which breathes through every line of his poetry would alone suffice to answer such an accusation, if ever seriously made.

An interesting part of this book contains an attempt to gauge Wordsworth's influence over later thinkers and poets. Besides many who have admitted their obligations to him—such as Mill, Carlyle, and Ruskin—many more, who may never have read a word of his poetry, have been largely influenced by Wordsworth's ideas, which have reappeared in different form in the works of later poets, who are largely what they are owing to the fact that Wordsworth came before them. Thus, for example, Wordsworth's life was a "crusade against mannerism." His simple style has had many imitators. An interesting comparison is made between Wordsworth and Tennyson. The chief difference between the two poets is to be found, according to Miss Wordsworth, in that Tennyson in seven

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cases out of ten draws his images from the world of sensation, whereas the older poet draws his from the world of ideas. Thus Tennyson—"The cuckoo told his name to all the hills," which is to be compared with Wordsworth's lines:

> "O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice."

In an Appendix Miss Wordsworth has added a chronological table of the more important of Wordsworth's poems, also some useful suggestions as to the way in which the greater poems should be read, together with the names of some of the principal writers on his poetry.

Such in outline is Miss Wordsworth's book. It is a good book, well written, sympathetic, and full of thought. Lovers of Wordsworth may learn much from it, and those who have not yet learnt to know the voice of the great poet may be inspired to read, if only according to the advice given in these pages as regards the *Excursion*: "The reader may be advised to read the whole of the *Excursion*; should that be impossible, he is requested to read at least the first four and the eighth books; should he feel unequal to that task, let him be entreated to peruse the second and fourth, and failing that, he is hereby enjoined to read the second."

The name of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin is already so well known in connection with the history of *Italy and her Invaders* that few will venture to criticise his latest book, *Theodoric the Goth*,[1] which forms the fourth volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" Series. And in truth the book is almost above criticism; it is well written in a pleasant and easy style; it is as scholarly a work as Mr. Abbott's *Pericles*, as interesting as Mr. Clark Russell's *Nelson*, as vigorous as Mr. Fletcher's enthusiastic account of *Gustavus Adolphus*. There is, however, one point in which Mr. Hodgkin might have added to the excellence of his book. He has told us too much perhaps of the times of Theodoric and too little of the man himself, or, to be more accurate, what we are told about Theodoric is too much scattered and intermingled with accounts of his contemporaries and their doings. We cannot but think that the book would have gained both in clearness and interest had Mr. Hodgkin been able to shorten these lengthy parentheses a little.

As a central idea which gives unity to the whole of his book, Mr. Hodgkin has insisted on the greatness of Theodoric as the "barbarian champion of civilisation," as attempting to preserve Roman institutions and methods of government. The policy of Ataulfus, brother-in-law and successor of Alaric, is quoted as illustrating this idea. From this point of view the life of Theodoric has three clearly marked periods. The first is the time of his youth, which is

[1] *Theodoric the Goth.* By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. "Heroes of the Nations" Series. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

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marked by his sojourn in Constantinople, where his mind, no doubt, became impressed by the magnificence which he saw round him, and by the idea of legality, which made possible the rule of the Empire. This period includes also the early years of Theodoric's rule, his desertion of Zeno, and alliance with Theodoric the Squinter against the Emperor, above all his expedition into Italy against Odovacar. Up to this time Theodoric had been a mere freebooter, but in 492 the change comes, and the second period of his life begins, introduced by the defeat of Odovacar, the surrender of Ravenna, and murder (for it was little else) of Odovacar by the hand of Theodoric. Just as Mr. Hodgkin tells of the early history of the Goths and Huns before he treats of Theodoric's connection with the Eastern Empire, so, before he describes his life in Italy, he gives a long account of the Western part of the Empire as it was under Odovacar.

The account of the second period of Theodoric's life is well told, and forms the most interesting part of Mr. Hodgkin's book. His rule in Italy, his alliance with the Emperor, which gave the Goths the laws and civilisation of Rome, are both insisted upon at length, at too great length possibly, since it leads to a chapter describing the official hierarchy of the Roman system, through which Theodoric ruled. On the other hand, Mr. Hodgkin's description of the architectural works of the great barbarian is excellent, and is made more interesting by the addition of some excellent illustrations, taken largely from Ravenna. In fact, the illustrations of the whole book are as good as possible, and are, moreover, exceedingly well chosen. A somewhat tedious chapter on Theodoric's foreign relations, which incidentally introduces the history of Clovis to our notice, closes the second period—the period of good government.

Over the third and last period of his hero's life Mr. Hodgkin passes rapidly—his estrangement from his subjects, due to the reconciliation of the East, under Justine, to the Pope. The Emperor became orthodox and the Arian Theodoric a heretic. Measures of persecution were initiated, and would have culminated in the handing over of all Catholic churches in Italy to the Arians, had not the death of Theodoric, on the very day when his edict was to have been enforced, prevented it. The later pages of the book are filled with a sketch of the Goths in Italy, their wars against Justinian, the successes of Belisarius, the revival of the Goths under Totila, and their final defeat by Narses. The last chapter deals with Theodoric as he appeared in legend and fable, and is full of interest.

Such in brief is an account of Mr. Hodgkin's work, which is in all respects a good book. It is no light task to trace Theodoric's career through the contradictions of chroniclers, but the task has been well and fairly done, and the foot-notes, containing brief extracts from various authorities, are a welcome innovation in a

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popular series, which we should gladly see extended. The index is good, the illustrations excellent, and the maps as good as any that have appeared in other volumes of the same publishers. Mr. Hodgkin's *Theodoric* supplies a great want, and in such a way that few will dare to compete with him on the same ground

Of other historical works, we are glad to see that Mr. Kenyon has supplemented his edition of Aristotle's treatise on the Athenian Constitution with a translation of the Greek text into English.[1] The translation being intended for those who are unable or unwilling to read the original, is merely an attempt to give Aristotle's treatise in intelligible English without unnecessary literary form, and without wearying literalness. In places Mr. Kenyon has departed from the text as he has originally edited it, but all such cases are carefully explained in foot-notes. As translator, Mr. Kenyon has done his work well; he has given us a readable translation of Aristotle's treatise, and if he occasionally errs on the side of over close adherence to his original, we can excuse him on the ground of the unsettled condition of the text he has to deal with. As editor, also, Mr. Kenyon is to be congratulated on what he has done. He seems to have hit the happy, yet rarely attained, mean in giving explanatory foot-notes; and has resisted the temptation to give his own views concerning Aristotle's remarks. As yet, any attempt to reconcile accepted views of Athenian history with the new material presented by this treatise would be premature. Fortunately Mr. Kenyon has recognised this fact, although on one or two occasions he shows an undesirable zeal to reconstruct Greek history without adequate examination.

In the Introduction we are told the history of the manuscript, and the chief points on which it throws new or additional light. Although Mr. Kenyon regards the treatise as being either the actual work of Aristotle himself, or at least inspired by him, he is wise enough to leave the question for the moment out of discussion. The result is, that he has given us a plain translation, which we may all read, and having read, may make up our minds for ourselves of what value it may be. Further than this, we cannot at present go.

"To produce a book is so easy to the general, that the true respect is for him who feels there is a certain impertinence in production. Were it not, indeed, like running up a wooden shanty against the very Parthenon?" These two sentences contain the condemnation of *Twenty Modern Men*,[2] in the words of the writer of the article on Lord Justice Bowen. The book itself is an impertinence, and easy of compilation. The writers of the *National Observer*, having written articles on many great men of to-day, have

[1] *Aristotle on the Athenian Constitution.* Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by F. C. Kenyon, M.A. London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.

[2] *Twenty Modern Men.* From the *National Observer*. Second Series. London: Edward Arnold. 1891.

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collected and republished in book form their criticisms. And these criticisms are clever and brilliant, readable as articles, but worthless as a book. It is easy to be depreciatory, to laugh at those whom we cannot follow; but even written most brilliantly, such criticism must seem to be unsound.

Few of the great men whose names appear at the head of essays in this book have little good said of them. The writers have conspired to find in each some weak points, at which they may jest. No reverence is shown for greatness that is human, and therefore imperfect. We would allow that the criticism is clever, but it is not true criticism. The function of the critic is to find out what is truly good in a man's work, to see what is of permanent value, not to discover what is worthless, which will die of itself without the trouble of an article.

The style in which the articles are written is often vulgar, and generally personal: the ideas of all writers are largely influenced by political considerations. The flattery of Lord Salisbury is fulsome, whereas no opportunity of an attack on Mr. Gladstone is missed. But of *Twenty Modern Men* we need say no more. The book is clever, consciously brilliant, but as criticism worthless, unless criticism consist in taking a perverted view of a man's work, and writing of him without reverence or sympathy.

BELLES LETTRES.

ANOTHER series of Indian stories, from the pen of Mr. Rudyard Kipling[1] is a boon to all lovers of good fiction, and when the curtain rises, and we discover "Mulvaney," "Learoyd," and "Ortheris," occupying the stage, our satisfaction is complete, and we settle down to enjoy the fun and the pathos which these rough and uncultivated, but intensely human, heroes never fail to shed around them. Nothing could be more riotously comic than "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney;" and "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," short as it is, casts a search-light more piercing on the strange secrets of human nature—especially of masculine human nature—than can be found in whole volumes of psychological analysis. In "On Greenhow Hill," Learoyd, the taciturn Yorkshire giant, is for once the spokesman. The three inseparable friends are lying hidden in a gully, that Ortheris, the unrivalled marksman, may get a long shot at a deserter, who had broken the men's sleep the night before by firing into the tents. Something in the look of the opposite bank of the ravine—a spur of the Himalayahs—reminds Learoyd of "Greenhow

[1] *Life's Handicap.* Being Stories of Mine Own People. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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Hill," in his native county, and thence his thoughts fly to the girl whose untimely death, from consumption, had driven him to enlist. The recruiting sergeant had told him he'd "best take a quart and forget her." "Ay, sergeant," answered Learoyd, "forget her!" and, adds the poor fellow, ruefully, "I've been forgetting her ever since." This is the last tale about the "Soldiers Three." For our part, we are always sorry when the inimitable trio quit the scene. Many of the stories that follow are gruesome and fantastic—excellent of their kind, only it is not a kind that recommends itself to us. In some, supernatural agency is skilfully employed. But, here and there, are some enchanting tales, both humorous and pathetic, not supernatural, but, what is far better, profoundly natural.

A Sydney-side Saxon[1] is one of "Ralph Boldrewood's" masterly presentments of Australian life, and is little, if at all, inferior to *Robbery Under Arms*, which at once established the reputation of its author as the first really eminent romance writer that Australia has given us. The real name of "Ralph Boldrewood" was Thomas Brown, and it was with much regret that we read, in Mr. Christie Murray's excellent article on the "Antipodeans" in last month's *Contemporary*, the announcement of his death. It is a loss to English literature on both sides of the world. What Mr. Murray says of *Robbery under Arms* is equally true of *A Sydney-side Saxon*—"it carries conviction, and presents its own credentials on every page."

The Black Police[2] is another Australian story; but there the likeness ends. It is written for the purpose of exposing to English readers the wrongs suffered by the aborigines at the hands of the Frontier Police, especially in parts of Queensland, where, according to Mr. Vogan, wholesale extermination is perpetrated, with the full connivance of the squatters and station-holders. The author's purpose is doubtless laudable; but we cannot think it a suitable subject for fiction. If a man is prepared to bring such grave accusations against a large section of his countrymen, he ought to do it in such a manner that his charges can be verified, or refuted. That some harshness towards the natives is practised we can readily believe. Frontiersmen have never been over-scrupulous in their dealings with savage tribes, and it must be remembered that the faults are not all on one side. But such wanton butchery as forms the staple of Mr. Vogan's story, we refuse to credit on the authority of a fictitious narrative. Looking at the book from the *Belles Lettres* point of view, which, after all, chiefly concerns us, there is little to praise. To begin with, the story is quite subsidiary to the moral purpose, and Mr. Vogan has almost every fault of style that a novelist can have. He is terribly long in "getting under-way," as sailors say; and when he has made a beginning, he

[1] *A Sydney-side Saxon.* By Ralph Boldrewood. London: Macmillan. 1891.
[2] *The Black Police: A Story of Modern Australia.* By A. J. Vogan. London: Hutchinson & Co.

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perpetually interrupts himself. He indulges in tedious verbiage and futile periphrases—thus a letter is "an epistolary offering," a dog, "a canine animal." And with all the immense latitude in horrors that he permits himself, he rarely succeeds in producing a poignant or dramatic situation.

In *Ednor Whitlock*,[1] Mr. Hugh Maccoll has all but succeeded in producing a very good novel. That his success has not been more complete seems to be due to two causes, the second of which is probably a consequence of the first, which is a certain bluntness or ponderousness, or, perhaps, rather a want of quickness and fineness, in the very grain of the author's intelligence. We should be sorry to say that he is what Lafontaine calls, "*un lourdeau*," but there is certainly something heavy and *terre-à-terre* about his work which spoils it for us. It is, no doubt, this peculiar turn of mind, which leads him to weight his story with perpetually recurring debates on Atheism, Agnosticism, Theism, and Christianity. After wading through one or two samples, we carefully skipped the rest. We were not even to be tempted by Mr. Maccoll's ingenious attempt to prove the existence of God by mathematical demonstration.

We must not forget to mention that the opening incident in the book is the wreck of the hero's religious belief through the casual reading of an article on "The Evidences of Christ's Resurrection," in the pages of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Bell Barry[2] is an unusually good novel. The plot is well conceived and skilfully conducted, all its *péripéties* being easily and naturally produced. The characters are well drawn, and consistently sustained. The more prominent among them inspire keen interest, and several of the subordinate personages are extremely amusing. The story, too, is exciting almost to the last, the *dénouement* cannot be foreseen. The scene opens in Dublin, and most of the action takes place in Ireland, but afterwards it shifts to Liverpool, and one important episode occurs on board an Atlantic liner. It is, in truth, an Irish novel written by an Irishman, so it is almost a matter of course that the brogue spoken by the servants, &c., should be, as it is, perfect; but the bright, sparkling humour of their talk is a much higher and more difficult achievement. And Mr. Ashe King is almost equally at home in English north-country dialect. There is one great stolid Yorkshireman whose bovine good nature and pleasant homely lingo are admirably presented.

In *The Trial of Parson Finch*[3] the story is not without interest, and the "Parson" and his son, to whom the leading parts are assigned, are worthy, amiable people. After that we cannot find much more to praise in Mr. Gibney's work. It is supposed to be a tale of

[1] *Ednor Whitlock.* By Hugh Maccoll. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
[2] *Bell Barry.* By Richard Ashe King. In two volumes. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.
[3] *The Trial of Parson Finch.* A Novel. By Somerville Gibney. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.

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the last century, but if we were not told we should never know it, for there is absolutely nothing that marks the period except that there are no railways, and that "Parson Finch" is said to wear a powdered wig. Neither the language nor the thought is in any way suggestive of the eighteenth century. Many of the incidents are forced and improbable, and the characters want sharpness of outline and solidity. In short, it is a colourless book.

Hamatura[1] is disappointing. The opening is spirited enough. There is a fearful storm, amidst which a troopship goes down with all hands off the Lizard. Only one man, a seaman, is saved. He is conveyed to an ancient manor-house close at hand, whose master lives in constant hope of the return of his only brother, who, ten years before, started in command of a privateer, and has never since been heard of. As the shipwrecked sailor slowly recovers, it turns out that he has served under the lost brother, and has a strange story to tell of their being wrecked on an unknown island in the Pacific, when he and his beloved captain were the only survivors. With the help of the natives, who were sun-worshippers, and took the white men for brothers of their god, they managed to land and stow away vast riches, in the shape of bars of gold, which the privateer had taken from a Spanish galleon. The seaman, who, when visiting the scene of the wreck in a native canoe, had been borne away by the current, and picked up by a passing ship, left his captain on the island. The surviving brother is fired with the desire to fit out an expedition to find his long-lost brother—and the gold. But the fortunes of the family are at a low ebb, and he is quite unable to raise the necessary funds. So the sailor departs alone, and is no more heard of. Then there is a great deal about a "wise woman," who, by magic incantations, can foretell the future. That sort of thing, to be impressive, requires to be better done than Mr. Lockhart-Ross has done it. Still, one naturally hopes that it will form the prelude to some stirring adventure. But nothing whatever comes of it. There is an interval of fifty years, and then the grandson of our old friend, the would-be explorer, procures the needful funds, and by the aid of charts made by the seaman, secreted by the grandfather and recovered by the intervention of his ghost, he has little difficulty in finding the "unknown land," where everything is just as the sailor described it. The gold, and two sacks of precious stones contributed by the islanders, is soon shipped, and the successful adventurer sets sail, and in due time safely returns to Falmouth Harbour. The book contains the materials of a stirring tale of adventure, but in its present form it is a very flat affair.

Lady Rosalind[2] is one of those books that it would be best to pass

[1] *Hamatura*; *A Tale of an Unknown Land.* By H. S. Lockhart-Ross. London: Digby & Long.

[2] *Lady Rosalind.* A Psychological Romance. By Louis Victory. London: Digby & Long.

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over in silence. It falls too far below the not very high standard of contemporary fiction. The characters and the whole presentment of life are unlike anything that ever was or will be. Then there are long, elaborate dreams—utterly unlike real dreams—which are difficult things to invent with anything like *vraisemblance*. Certainly the most inveterate dreamer never was visited by a crowd of allegorical figures, with labels on them bearing such incriptions as "Atheism," "Discord," "Chaos," and "Até." And these hideous visions are not supposed to be the fruits of indigestion, but to foreshadow future events.

Mr. Haskett Smith's *Romance of Mount Carmel*[1] owes all its vogue to extrinsic circumstances. If Mrs. Oliphant's *Life* had not aroused public curiosity about the mystic side of Laurence Oliphant's character, we cannot but think that *For God and Humanity* would have fallen stillborn from the press; for it has really no independent literary value. The dialogue is stilted and unnatural, and the characters quite uninteresting, with the one exception of "Cyril Gordon," who is Laurence Oliphant under the most transparent of disguises. For ourselves, we have shared neither the enthusiasm nor the morbid curiosity which have sprung up around the tomb of Laurence Oliphant. He was, no doubt, one of those men whose personality is greater than their performance; but to us, who only knew him through his works, he was merely a novelist of some originality, but of not more than second-rate power; and his closing days at Haifa are to us the least interesting part of his life.

Mr. Marion Crawford is, as we have had occasion to say before, the most unequal among eminent novelists, past and present. But that the author of *Sarracinesca* should have written *The Witch of Prague*[2] is almost beyond belief. We have indeed had some hints of Mr. Crawford's love of the marvellous, in *Mr. Isaacs*. That was mystic enough, with the nonsense about "Astral bodies," and Brahmins disappearing in comic, handy, little clouds. But it was a work of severest realism compared with *The Witch of Prague*. Not that any very startling wonders are worked for our benefit. The witch, who, like some sheep-dogs, is wall-eyed, does little beyond holding the various *dramatis personæ* "with her glittering eye," and trying to hypnotise them. But the whole story and all the characters in it are entirely unsubstantial and shadowy. The hero has not even a name; he is only known as "The Wanderer." And then the dreary length of it! Three volumes taken up with a story that might have been better told in one—if, indeed, it were worth while to tell it at all.

We have so often expressed our opinion of Count Tolstoi's novels that it is useless to go over the ground again. We need only say

[1] *For God and Humanity*. A Romance of Mount Carmel. By Haskett Smith. In three volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1891.

[2] *The Witch of Prague*. By F. Marion Crawford. In three volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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that *Work while ye have the Light*[1] has all the peculiar qualities which characterise Tolstoi's fiction, and make his stories edifying and delightful to some, while to others they are all but unreadable. But the present work cannot, we think, rank among its author's *chefs d'œuvre*. There is more than usual of the didactic element, and less of *agrément* to carry it off.

Sweet Content[2] is one of Mrs. Molesworth's stories for children; but it is by no means dull reading for grown-up people. There is something in the bright, entertaining narrative, skilfully adapted to inculcate a wholesome moral, which occasionally brings to mind Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales;* but, as literature, Mrs. Molesworth's stories will not bear comparison with those of her illustrious predecessor. Miss Edgeworth's English was faultless, whereas it may confidently be asserted that, whatever else our young people may learn from Mrs. Molesworth, it will not be the correct or elegant use of their own language.

Lady Dilke's little volume of *soi-disant* "Stories"[3] is gracefully written; but it is too dreamy and intangible for our taste. We will even confess that, to our clouded apprehension, it seems "some such thing to no such purpose."

We beg to acknowledge the following works which pressure of time and space alike hinder us from commenting upon. *Won by Honour*, by Vanda (Digby & Long), *A Human Spider*, by Edith Henderson (Digby & Long), *Lady Dobbs*, by E. M. Harris (Kegan Paul), *The Prince of the Glades*, by Hannah Lynch (Methuen & Co.). We have received *Fantasy*, translated from the Italian of Matilda Serao. But it deserves a better fate than to be read and reviewed against time. We will notice it next month.

The volume of Professor Morley's colossal work[4] which is now before us, reached completion in December 1888, and why it should have been sent to us for review in the autumn of 1891 is more than we know. It is the first of two "Books" devoted by Mr. Morley to the literature of the fourteenth century. The first chapter deals with *The Romaunt of the Rose*. In the fourth chapter we find an interesting dissertation on Miracle Plays, treating of their origin, stage-management, actors, lay as well as clerical, stage properties, &c., and giving copious excerpts from the Plays and Mysteries discussed. "John Gower" occupies three chapters; for the quotations from his voluminous works are very full. Some of the learned Professor's critical remarks, on English pronunciation in Gower's day, have

[1] *Work while ye have the Light.* By Ly of Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by E. J. Dillon, Ph.D. London: Heinemann. 1890.

[2] *Sweet Content.* By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by W. Rainey. Griffith, Farran & Okeden. London and Sydney. 1891.

[3] *The Shrine of Love and Other Stories.* By Lady Dilke. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1891.

[4] *English Writers: An Attempt towards a History of English Literature.* By Henry Morley, LL.D., Professor of English Literature at University College, London. Volume IV. The literature of the Fourteenth Century. In Two Books. Book I. London: Cassell & Co. 1889.

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interested us greatly. Just as many English people nowadays deny all rhythm to French poetry, because they falsely accentuate every French word of more than one syllable, so our own elder poets have been maligned as rugged and incorrect verse writers, because, as Mr. Morley well puts it, they could not foresee how English would be pronounced in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But though there are innumerable scraps of curious and interesting information scattered broadcast over the volume, on matters literary, historical, and critical, it is essentially a book for students. For the general reader, the period is too remote, and the treatment too minute and thorough.

It would be waste of time for us to discuss Miss Lynch's *Study*[1] of George Meredith. Her point of view and ours are so absolutely opposed that we could never come to an understanding. Miss Lynch is a devoted admirer, almost a worshipper, of George Meredith's writings; whereas we find him unreadable. Before all things, we set store by absolute clearness of thought and expression, and Mr. Meredith's vagueness and obscurity, which often have the air of being wilful, are to us exasperating. Matthew Arnold said that "the English want lucidity;" but what would it be if we all wore a "cloak of darkness" like George Meredith's?

"Maurice Desrolands," the hero of M. Féline de Comberousse's novel, *Député!*,[2] is an utterly uninteresting being. From first to last he arouses no feeling but contempt. It is not that he is exceptionally vicious, but he has the one incurable vice of weakness. He is "unfit alike for good or ill." Everything about him is weak—his impulses, good and bad, his will, his loves; even his ambition, though stronger than the rest, is mean, and easily knocked out of him. The one strong sentiment which dominates him is his self-love, and that is absolutely ferocious. He is "un homme nul"—the very incarnation of commonplace inferiority. No doubt there are many like him. Perhaps he is to be taken as a "symbol," since "symbolism" is the newest *genre*. Yet, such as he is, two women, his wife and his mistress, both, with all their faults, ten times worthier than himself, give him a lifelong and devoted love. Still, with such an unattractive hero, M. de Comberousse has succeeded in weaving a vivid, pleasant story.

Experience has given us a dread of works of fiction heralded by a long argumentative preface. In rare cases, the *boniment* is but a pleasant foretaste of the entertainment to which it introduces us—witness the preface to Maupassan's *Pierre et Jean*, which stands out in our memory as the best treatise on the art of fiction we ever read, and ushered in a novel which, though it violated some of the main principles laid down in the preface, was so good that it put to flight all thought of rules. But such instances are rare and exceptional,

[1] *George Meredith: A Study.* By Hannah Lynch. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
[2] *Député!* Par Féline de Comberousse. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1891.

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and M. Schwab's *Cœur Double*[1] cannot be counted among the exceptions. His preface is a long and, to our mind, tedious dissertation on egoism and altruism, which the author treats as if he had just discovered them, and enforces his psychological treasure-trove with profuse exemplification. The stories, it is but justice to say, are better than the preface; but they read too like the ravings and hallucinations of a patient suffering from *delirium tremens*.

Un Manuscrit[2] is by no means equal to some other volumes from "La Nouvelle Collection" which have come under our notice. It may be warranted to be entirely innocent of any taint of impropriety, but it would be affectation to pretend that it is amusing.

Though the *Contes du Chat Noir*[3] are all published under the ægis of M. Rodolphe Salis, it is evident that, like the illustrations, they are the work of many hands; their diversity in style, in merit, and even in the management of the ancient French of Poictou, in which they are all couched, sufficiently attest it. Well may M. Sarcey, in his genial preface, say that some of them are "plus que légers." If he had said that the whole collection was utterly indecent, he would not have exaggerated. But, after all, theirs is not the worst sort of indecency. They are gay, light-hearted, merry tales, and seem to take us back to the frolicsome nonage of the world, when morality had not been invented or evolved. What Charles Lamb said of the Restoration dramatists may be said with much greater truth of such stories as these—they are not so much *im*moral as *non*moral. As for their outspoken use of "le mot propre"—or shall we say "malpropre"?—we think nothing of it. Coarseness is not immorality. There is many a modern "étude d'analyse," which, though it scrupulously avoids anything approaching to coarse language, is yet far more insidiously immoral than all the *Contes du Chat Noir* put together. No, what with M. Francisque Sarcey's delightful preface, the profusion of illustrations by so many famous hands—most of them comically grotesque, but some as lovely as Watteaus or Fragonards—and, above all, the rollicking fun of the stories themselves, beaming through the translucent medium of archaic French, he must be indeed a stern moralist, or deeply tinctured with the "tartufferie Anglaise," who could turn an austere regard on the *Contes du Chat Noir*.

[1] *Cœur Double*. Par Marcel Schwab. Avec une Préface. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1891.

[2] *Un Manuscrit*. La Nouvelle Collection. Par Pierre Maël. Paris: P. Charpentier. 1891.

[3] *Contes du Chat Noir*. Rodolphe Salis. Le Printemps, Dessins le Loys, Henri Rivière, Henri Pille, Henry Somm, Robida, Jernand, Jan, Steinlen, Sabattier, St. Maurice, George Auriol, Rœdel, Vincent. Préface de Francisque Sarcey. Paris: E. Dentu.

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A NEW VIEW OF THE SURPLUS OF WOMEN.

JUST now, when the recent Census Returns have placed before us the assurance of our great numerical preponderance, it may be interesting to consider whether or not this superiority of numbers holds within its extensive limits any attributes which we may regard as advantages.

At first sight it would appear not, and indeed I think the universal opinion upon this point is couched in the negative—women themselves regarding the unequal ratio as a rueful, much-to-be-deplored fact, while many men look upon it as a further proof of their own especial value, as showing women to be but the cipher in the world of numbers.

It is, of course, well known that in Nature's economy the masculine element prevails, there being always an excess in the birth of boys as compared with that of girls, so that not to Nature, but to the methods of our civilised existence, must we blame the masculine shortcomings of to-day. Work in the world, the meeting in battle, the going down to the sea in ships, all the dangers of modern living are incurred in undue share by men, so that the ratio of Nature's numbers is reversed.

Yet now that women are leaving the shelter of the home, and every year entering more freely the lists of competitive living, one reason of our lesser risk of death and our longer life is fast disappearing; but it is unlikely that we shall ever equally share men's dangers, that we shall fight in battle, or man mines and navies, so that here will exist for an indefinite period causes which will keep up woman's surplus number. This being so, it is comforting to reflect that distinct benefits have accrued and still accrue to the sex from this surplus it so deprecates.

I cannot, I fear, persuade my sisters that as individuals we do not suffer, and suffer severely thereby, but as a race we are undoubtedly and considerably gainers. The suffering is only another exemplification of Nature's law which sacrifices the individual to the type, which enriches the root of the rosebush with the wasted sweetness of myriad flowers; which raises man upon the crushed endeavour and broken lives of men.

This numerical preponderance it is which has brought into

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woman's life the all-important factor of competitive struggle, that factor so essential to the development and survival of the fittest.

In all those past centuries, when man's progress was being stimulated and strengthened by contact and contest with the world, woman must have been left far behind in physical and mental evolution, had not her preponderating number, raising difficulties and impossibilities in her marriage chances—her then only plane of existence—forced upon her parents the necessity of developing to the full all the charms and faculties she possessed.

As man progressed, his ideal of womanly possibilities progressed likewise, and his demands had to be satisfied by a corresponding feminine advance. It has not, of course, at any late epoch been coarsely confessed that our girls are trained for the marriage-market, but it is useless to allow a false delicacy to prevent us from admitting that this has been, and still is, the most important of all principles underlying feminine education. The increased and increasing surplus of women begins now to do still better work, for it is forcing upon us the impossibility of marrying all our daughters, and we are compelled, therefore, to provide them with professions and occupations, whereby they can make provision for themselves. In this is seen the best possible result of our excess in number, this swelling of the tide until it has overflowed the domestic precincts and has carried us out into the current of larger and fuller life.

Woman now navigates the high seas of existence, and the world is learning to welcome there her white sails.

The greater number of the educated classes still do not recognise woman's needs, or, recognising them, give them the cut direct—and even now bring up their family of daughters with no other prospect in life than the vague chance which some uncertain suitor may one day offer. But still they educate them. The girls must be cultured and accomplished or they will be unable to vie with those whose talents have been better trained and who, therefore, will possess a greater value in the social arena.

Were women scarcer, and their chances of marriage thereby more assured, is it not likely that paterfamilias—poor paterfamilias who has ado enough to outfit his boys—would have rebelled ere this at the length of school and college bills, of music and dancing-masters' fees, and have grown careless about his girl's education—an education not at all necessitated under a *régime* of easier circumstances.

The present improved position and education of women is almost entirely an outcome of the fact of numbers. An equality in the ratio of the sexes by ensuring marriage practically to every woman, would have precluded or greatly lessened the necessity for her dependence upon herself, and her education to that purpose would consequently not have arisen, and her training or lack of training would still be what it was in darker ages.

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It is true of course that were the proportion of the sexes equal, a large stimulus to feminine education would still exist in the struggle for the prizes of the matrimonial market. Such does, indeed, operate among those classes who still regard marriage as woman's sole suitable profession, though these have hitherto devoted more care to the cultivation of accomplishments than to the intrinsic education which develops the finer faculties and ennobles the mind and heart. Yet now the higher education is finding its place here, and woman, who learns that she may nobly win her bread, sets an example of attainment which her wealthier sister must follow, unless she is content to be left in the rear of feminine progress.

Perhaps the doctor only, to whom the truth is so frequently brought home, is able fully to sound the depths of society's educational impulses, and test the intrinsic merit of its motives, when he compares, as he will if his experience be at all extended, the nervous solicitude with which the mother of a young daughter regards a blemish of the skin or any slight personal defect, with the easy indifference she accords to some graver constitutional trouble which is not apparent to the beholder, and which, because unseen, militates not at all in the matter of matrimonial possibilities. The subject is not a pleasant one, and the secrets of the medical confessional may not be laid bare, but the truth remains that advancing nature, who with large hands presses hard upon her children, is kinder far than is fashion, whose delicate digits are softly kidded!

Girls of this genus, stimulated by the enchanting prospect of an extended life horizon, which opens upon a successful marriage, strive in all ways to excel in personal and social attractiveness; to develop to the full their powers of charming. With the greater proportion of the sex, the desire to please shows itself at some epoch previous to the cutting of the teeth, so that it is not difficult to spur on this love of approbation, and long before the child is grown into the woman, the fact that the matrimonial contest is a short and a sharp one is borne in upon her with sufficing force. She recognises early that she is but a flower in a garden of girls, and must needs grow straight and comely if she care to be carried to the market.

And the art of charming, which upon the surface seems so trivial, is by no means a sinecure attainment. It demands much thought, consideration, and self-denial; it requires the sacrifice of individual tastes and desires, it asks for acuteness of observation, readiness of perception, the cultivation of tact and discretion; it enforces the frequent whipping-up of jaded nerves, the repression of indolent inclinations, in order that their possessor maintain her social level.

If her head ache badly, or her feet be weary, yet must she smile

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charmingly when Lord Pamper claims her for the dance. If he bore her with his dulness and complacent egotism, yet must she dimple sweetly and vow interest in his commonplaces.

Always in her mind's eye are those many other pretty girls who are aspirants for the honour of this aristocrat's hand, always does this force of numbers exert its all-compelling discipline; and discipline and exertion stimulate development and quicken the faculties, even though, as I have said, the goal to which they strive be not the noblest.

The individual efforts by which a man attains and maintains his commercial existence are neither in their aim nor method intrinsically fine—indeed a close observation may show them to be poor and unworthy—yet they demand an energy, perseverance, and assiduous application which through the ages have developed up good manly qualities and fibre, habits of industry, duty, and self-repression.

So also has it been with our womankind. Marriage-manœuvres create an ignoble atmosphere, yet the industry, enterprise and skill with which they are accomplished have brought out and developed up feminine resources, physical and mental, which without this stimulus would have lain dormant and inert.

Let men be not the first to cast the stone. The arena of commercial, political and diplomatic life is not entirely innocent of the sins contemptuously attributed to managing mothers and managed maidens.

It is doubtless a fine thing to represent one's country in Parliament, yet the pathway thereto is strewn with weapons such as the personal abuse and depreciation of worthy opponents, of scheming, shifty devices, of old dead scandals unearthed—in a word, of diverse discreditable methods of which a man would be heartily ashamed in any other relation. The skill with which an honourable member by an adroit movement casts ridicule upon and overthrows an honest, dutiful and God-fearing foe, though it benefit his party, may put back for a decade a movement for humanity's good, and is far more discreditable to him than is the wiliness with which a clever girl brings contempt upon her rival in the eyes of an eligible *parti*.

Such examples and comparisons may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, the truth being that up to our present stage of progress human aim and motive will not bear too close inspection. Taken *in toto* the scheme is fine and the result good, but the detail is derogatory when too nearly viewed.

This cathedral, which stands out great and beautiful, a marvellous handiwork, holding in its vast interior an atmosphere of solemn stillness, the gloom of its high-arched aisles seeming heavy and dim with the breath of human prayers, with the mist of human tears which have rolled up heavenward, its delicate tracery of pillar and

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screen, and storied many-coloured window, the fine carving of its oaken stalls, the long white shafts of chiselled marble, the stone leaf-crowned columns—all these wonders, which seem to bear a sacred impress were but lately in the hands of common men, who measured out the beauties with a foot-rule, and stood whistling on the holy stairs, who jested as they carved a saintly head, and took their bread and beer beside the high altar.

The building of the sanctuary had for them little significance beyond the weekly wage it represented; not wholly blind were they to the beauty that grew beneath their hands, but largely careless of it, and making it subservient to little personal aims and gains. Even for the architect whose brain conceived the mighty whole, this marble magnificence rose out of his mind in a shimmer of mammon, amid a gusty atmosphere of rivalries and bickerings, with a narrow focus of mean economies, the press of ignoble needs.

The flower-wonders of the oaken screen, its trellis-work and flowing lines, this beautiful lattice which veils the sanctuary, was paid for by the yard, for under our competitive system no man works for love, not even in the Temple of his God! The grand heights of the building ring to the divine message told by the hired tongue of the priest; the organ swells in the praise of the Creator under the hands of its salaried player, even the voices of the children that pierce the gloom with "shrill unshaded sweetness" are bartered for, and the nobler the thrill which God has put into the child-voice so much the higher price will it command for its singing of the sacred anthem.

Forsooth it must be a morbid habit of mind which inclines us to look too closely into human affairs, which bids us use the microscope in examining rough imperfect things, for even in the temple still is heard the ring of the money-changers!

With all human things we must judge by results; we may not look into their minutiæ. So must we thankfully regard man as he is, nor see the monkey lurking in the ancestral tree!

The money-market has brought out many of man's finest traits, as the marriage-market has developed woman's. Doubtless the day is dawning when we shall exchange our competitive for some higher system, when a man's misfortune shall not be his brother's gain; but we must nevertheless give to that system the credit of having stimulated growth, and brought us up to our present stage of progress. The *régime* of our childhood would be harmful to our maturity; but in its time it exerts a necessary influence. So likewise has the matrimonial contest been an essential impulse in the history of our development.

And by no means always does this act in an unworthy manner. With the noblest and most womanly of women the ideal of wife and motherhood is heart-enshrined; in a manner it is a religion

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which infuses its light and hope and sanctifying leaven into her life. To this end she perfects her womanhood, and denies and disciplines her nature. That which in the commercially-minded woman is an inferior motive is with her finer-souled sister, maybe, the highest instinct of her being. In the one, a marriage-prize is a rich and influential partner; in the other, it is her ideal of manhood. Such women, if they go hungry all their lives for the love of husband and child, yet keep in their hearts a standard of marriage which largely influences their development. And even these whose aspiration is the highest—though they are not average women who mate easily with average men, but need men of finer growth to reach the fuller stature of their ideal—even these are affected by the numerical inequality, for by lessening the number of all men, it reduces also the number of those with whom marriage would be possible to them.

The actual number of men considered from the matrimonial standpoint is of course further reduced by the circumstances of life which make marriage an impossible luxury to a large proportion of them, some being compelled to delay marriage till they are of mature age, others being unable to marry at all. Others voluntarily remain bachelors, being unwilling in these difficult days to face the discomforts of cottage-love and the responsibilities of a home.

The—may I say fictitious?—value which in all these ways is set upon wedlock, places this estate more or less upon a pinnacle, enhances its apparent advantages, and in its attainment the growth of feminine faculty is stimulated, feminine progress furthered. The struggle which must result in disappointment to many is thus made a distinct evolutionary impulse to all.

But though conducive to feminine advancement the disproportion of the sexes is not at all conducive to the general happiness. It is undoubtedly one of the most potent causes of that "failure" of marriage we so deprecate, for it leads to the acceptance of Mr. Smith in precipitate avoidance of possible spinsterhood, when all the time Leander is he to whom the maiden's heart yearns!

The masculine satisfaction at the ardour of which the sex is the object may well be tempered with the doubt, lest it be not he, but his neighbour, whom the wife of his bosom would have chosen, had the choice been hers. It is an unfortunate fact that but few married women who confess the truth are any way satisfied with their lot, and would not, after a few years, willingly exchange it for the state of single blessedness. And this chiefly because in fear and precipitancy lest they may be left, they have married the wrong man in haste, and now repent at their leisure. The majority of women accept their first offer, fearful lest the chance may not repeat itself, foolishly losing sight of the fact that no misery can be so great as is that of a lifelong union with an uncongenial companion.

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Could women but be persuaded of this, and learn to face life alone rather than mate with a man not after their heart, the number of unhappy, disunited, unsatisfied lives would rapidly diminish. For women generally are better judges than are men of a suitable life-partner; they can more truly decide upon the individual who will make them happy—that is when the spectre of spinsterhood is not disturbing their vision and coercing their choice.

The meretricious charm attaching to femininity is an absent factor, the witchery of frills and laces, of enchanting bonnets and gowns *non est* to blind their eyes to the absolute unsuitability of the wearer for a lifelong companionship.

But her majority of number precludes woman from being in most cases at all the chooser, and the choice is so much the more frequently, therefore, a mistaken one.

Another reason for the dissatisfaction arising from marriage, is that men not feeling the stimulus of superfluity, remain largely undeveloped in those personal qualities which go far towards ensuring the happiness of homes. Conscious of the superior value which their lesser number gives, they are at no pains to cultivate their manners and powers of pleasing, and fall grievously short in these directions.

For a time while in love, and perhaps a little doubtful of winning the beloved one, the wooing—if, indeed, the love-making of to-day can be so styled—brings out his manliness and a more chivalrous bearing, but old habits cling closely, and after marriage Benedict relapses into his former conception of himself as a prize, and consequently makes little effort to retain the love of her whom he has won.

I do not wish to represent men as wholly unworthy and reprobate in their reflections on this point. They are, perhaps, unformulated and unacknowledged, but it is certain that this surplus of women causes men sometimes to undervalue and be careless of them.

The remedy for some of these unfortunate life-factors is in women's hands. Let each woman recognise early that she may not marry—firstly, because she may have no opportunity; secondly, because she may not meet her ideal, and out of respect to her womanhood, she must not accept a man whom she cannot love; and thirdly, though she love and be loved in return, circumstances may prevent her union with the man she cares for. Facing these facts, she will act wisely in providing herself with some occupation, which by engaging her interests, shall give her an alternative life, shall render her more independent of marriage, actually and morally—independent entirely she may never be, so long as human nature is as it now is, but she will be far happier unmarried and absorbed in the avocation of her choice than she could be married unsuitably.

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It will be seen then that though conducive to feminine progress, the unequal ratio of the sexes does not appear to be conducive to the general happiness. As has been said, Nature's methods, however salutary in their results, are by no means always of a pleasurable character, but we can more easily be satisfied with our individual lot when we reflect that its difficulties are for the common good.

The measure with which the gods mete out their love is often a chastening rod.

In one all important direction, we may note a definite ennobling outcome of all this feminine friction, this is that the disproportion of the sexes allows men to reject as wives those unhappy women who have left the straight path, and to select only those whose lives have been above suspicion.

Whatsoever opinion we may hold concerning this curious masculine characteristic, which savours somewhat of the harsh exclusiveness and illogical pharisaism of the sinner, still we cannot question its estimable influence in raising the standard of womanly virtue. Such demand for sanctity, which is an impossibility in communities where women are in a minority, has undoubtedly gone far towards maintaining the feminine ideal.

On the other hand, were men in greater number, so that women might in their turn scorn those who failed to reach the standard demanded, a far higher moral tone than that which now obtains would soon be reached.

The very bad manners which characterise the modern youth, his easy familiarity, nonchalance, and slangy style, spring mainly from a sense of masculine superiority—which is not at all a result of personal excellence, but altogether an outcome of numerical value.

The scene which is enacted frequently in the ball-room is in continuous operation in the world. At a dance where the hostess has not nicely calculated her numbers, or has received more acceptances from the feminine than from the other sex, observe what happens.

The men, with few exceptions, deviate more or less from the path of manly courtesy. They lounge in the doorways, chatting and assuming indifferent or superior airs, expressing in various ways their consciousness of the advantage at which they find themselves. If unable to obtain a particular dance with one of the belles of the room, then indeed will they not dance at all, and they lounge about nonchalantly in the pretty presence of nice girls whose young feet are eager to be going.

All the possibilities of masculine ungraciousness are stimulated by these circumstances. The girls for their part vie with one another to be charming; all their prettiest airs are put on; their liveliest looks assumed.

Just note that bored-looking youth, who leans idly by the window, letting his gaze and wits wander, while the dainty girl at his side

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endeavours to please him. What a charming contrast she—with her bright eyes, gay talk and vivacious glances—makes with him whose indifferentism and heavy insensibility give him the appearance of a boor. As in the ball-room, so in life. He makes no effort to cultivate and exercise his powers of pleasing. He feels such exertion to be wasted energy. The situation does not call for it. Without the least endeavour on his part, he can command interest. He need but ask, and any of these charming wall-flowers will say him, "Yes"!

Now, let us look into a room where the position of things is reversed. Here the men are in a majority. And surely, say we, these men belong to a different century from those we have just been observing. Here there are an alertness, a chivalrous ardour, a gay rivalry, and quickened interest which bring out all the manlier qualities, and show the sex to every advantage. Here are they exerting the masculine prerogative of seeking, where but now they lounged effeminate to be sought. Here their bearing is goodly and becoming; there it was derogatory and effete.

Seeing it, we grow heartily sorry for these men that they are not placed as advantageously in life as they may be at a dance, where the exigencies of number call out their best feeling and behaviour, for failing this they lose a constant valuable stimulus to self-development.

The commercial world only brings into play a very unheroic set of faculties, and these, unsupported by the stimulated growth of personal and social qualities, do not constitute a very ideal manhood. There is no spur to attainment and nobility of character so natural and potent as is the desire to do well in the sight of the other sex, it is this which goes so far to develop man's strength and tenderness, his devotion and gentleness—in a word, his chivalry—and it is the failure of this stimulus which fills the world to-day with lamentation over the decline of man's finest trait.

In the omnibus the strong man remains comfortably seated, while the weary woman or the delicate school-girl stands. In railway carriages he takes to himself the footwarmer which the poor, hungry-eyed children crave for their chilblained feet. Women and children are objects so common that they do not wake in his heart a chivalrous note of deference to weaker things.

The necessities of life have shown so strikingly how women can endure, how they can toil and bear their burdens uncomplainingly. Starvation, privation, and unsuitable labour have made these feminine workers such unlovely beings that no sense of their womanhood calls out the tenderness of his nature.

These stunted, ill-developed, dirty children, poor things, have none of the attributes of charming childhood, and are, moreover, so numerous that we begin to grudge them life—to say nothing of our

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comfortable corner seat and footwarmer. These are not surely they of whom the poet sings, "Come to me, oh ye children—for ye are living poems and all things else are dead"!

Give them pocket-handkerchiefs and wholesome clothing, food for their ill-nourished skins, and water to wash them ere the fastidiousness of our nineteenth century civilisation permits us even mentally to take them to our hearts. Poor children! They, like their mothers, suffer from this terrible numerical disadvantage.

In eastern countries where women are a commodity, which is negotiable in the crude state, where the atrocious practice of polygamy places them always in the position of a minority, where they have neither commercial nor social life, where the stimulus of the social and matrimonial arena is an unknown factor, a pitiable degree of undevelopment obtains; the force of numbers cannot exert its power, there is no common meeting-place of contest and rivalry, and the whole race degenerates rapidly for the want of an impetus which shall develop a worthy woman- and motherhood.

On the other hand, in those countries where women are actually in a minority, men reach their fullest, most chivalrous growth, and it must be confessed the women often show the demoralising enervating influence which results when the quickening powers of numerical pressure and personal rivalry are absent.

That matrimonial candidature in the common sense is a noble impulse I do not argue; but in days which permitted no other competitive arena for the sex, it certainly served a useful purpose, for though it did not make women exert themselves to the noblest ends, it made them exert themselves. The wholesome friction roused them from sloth and enabled them to get rid of that "dust which settles on the heart as that which falls on a ledge." It impelled them to preserve, in the dulling routine of baking and brewing and household toiling, the essential charms and talents of their sex; it impelled their parents to educate them and adorn their beauty, and rescue them from becoming a race of domestic drudges.

Quickly nowadays there are opening up other arenas of competition, wherein the higher mental faculties will be stimulated, but always it is to be expected, the desire to be loved by men will be an inspiration of woman's most charming development. Though it will take a worthier, nobler form, still the hope of love and marriage will assist their growth and save them from becoming mere intellectual and commercial machines, as in the olden days it saved them from remaining only housewives.

And in this relation the force of numbers will still exert a potent influence.

Doubtless, in the future, when such inequality no longer exists, some other equally potent factor will take its place. Until then let us no longer repine at this surplus of our sex, let us recognise clearly its

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salutary influence, give it the credit of much of our charm and quickened attractiveness.

And let us in the generosity of our hearts, invent some rule of conduct whereby the other sex which pities us so patently for our majority, may be saved from the sad consequences of being as they are, in a minority.

Else will die out chivalry, and the effeteness, which is showing itself to-day among our young men, will eat further like a rust into their hearts, fall like a languorous sickness on their manhood and leave for our developed womanhood no men with whom to mate!

ARABELLA KENEALY.

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THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD AND HIS POLITICAL INFLUENCE ON CANADA.

DEATH, which "conquers all things," seems to subdue, for the time, at least, even the keen antagonisms and asperities of political life. Especially is this true in the case of a public man who has achieved a long and brilliant career, stood out high above his fellows in the public eye, awakened strong attachments as well as strong antagonisms, and, by the mingled and complex nature of his character and actions, presented an interesting problem to the student of human nature, and evoked very different estimates from different points of view. Such a man appeals to the popular imagination, and, if he is endowed with the qualities that win popularity, is sure, whatever opposition he may arouse, to become more or less of a popular idol. Then, when death has closed the mingled record for ever, and the favourite leader has paid that debt of nature which seems to touch all hearts with a solemn sympathy, the tide of popular enthusiasm is apt to know no bounds, the voice of criticism is hushed awhile, party lines seem for the time effaced, and men of the most diverse opinions unite in paying that last tribute to a fallen chief, which is one of the softening influences of public life, as it is a most suggestive testimony to the strength of human brotherhood.

It would not be easy to point to a more striking instance of this trait of human nature, which has both its good and its evil side, than the enthusiastic and wide-spread expression of feeling that has followed, in Canada, the death of Sir John Macdonald, so long and familiarly known throughout the Dominion, first as "John A.," and, latterly, as "Sir John." For good or ill, he has been for many years the dominating figure in Canadian politics, known by familiar name and strongly individualised countenance to every Canadian, the bone of contention in many a keen debate, adored by many, and hated, politically speaking, by not a few, yet perhaps more or less admired by all for the remarkable powers, the spirit, courage, persistence, tact, sagacity and fertility of resource, which had placed and kept him so long at the helm of state, in spite of all that active and able opponents could do to dislodge him. When, full of

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years and worn out yet more by severe and unremitting labour, which had at least the appearance of being wholly in the service of his country, the old chief—the "old man," as he was familiarly styled—was stricken down at his post, and the indomitable spirit yielded at last to a stronger than he, it is not surprising that hearts and imaginations were touched, throughout the Dominion, and beyond it, wherever Canadians were to be found, and that a tribute of sorrow and praise was freely accorded to a by no means untarnished reputation, which the most lofty patriotism and the most immaculate purity, without such striking accessories, would have failed to secure. One must appreciate the generous feeling which, in such a case, prompts even strong political opponents to say, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" And, if the failings of the departed had had no other than a private and personal bearing, it would be easy to leave the matter there, especially in the case of one whose courtesy and geniality of manner could disarm even the righteous indignation of his strongest opponents, and win his critics to at least a partial extenuation of his errors. But, inasmuch as the popular estimate of this notable figure must necessarily have an influence on the political *morale* of the country over whose destinies he so long presided, and even beyond it, it is well to weigh dispassionately, in the light of a true ideal of public life and duty, what that estimate ought to be. And it cannot but be fraught with extreme danger to those who are preparing to take up their duties as citizens, when they, who are entrusted with the sacred responsibility of moulding public opinion, from the press or the pulpit, so far forget that responsibility as to exalt into a model of virtue and a shining instance of true greatness, a man who, with all his wonderful sagacity, dash, force, and success, had nevertheless, in some respects, so clearly deserved condemnation.

The character of Sir John Macdonald was, indeed, no ideal one. It was, like that of the great majority of men, strangely compounded of good and evil; though the greater complexity of their combination and the captivating influence of his personality made it more difficult to weigh their relative proportions—more difficult for either friend or foe to estimate him truly. The personal equation, in his case, counted for much, making his partisans seem blind to his errors, while his jaunty self-assertion and easy audacity under the gravest charges with which a public man can be confronted, made him doubly and aggravatingly obnoxious to his political opponents. His was, indeed, a thoroughly Celtic character, combining the Celt's power and attractiveness with his weaknesses and defects—one of those subtly complex natures that George Eliot or Robert Browning—not to speak of the great master of human nature himself—would have delighted in analysing. Certainly, the pen-and-ink sketch of him given by one of his opponents on the eve of a

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general election, set side by side with one of those drawn by his admirers since his decease, would be as perplexing to the uninformed reader as it is to read opposite estimates of Charles I. or Oliver Cromwell. On the one side, we have the figure of a mere political trickster, a crafty and selfish opportunist, capable of descending to any device in order to retain office and power; on the other, that of a great statesman, a noble and unselfish patriot, ready to sacrifice himself to any extent for the country which he served with utter devotion. As in most cases, the truth lay somewhere between these extremes, and the real Sir John was a considerably different person from the Sir John of either foe or partisan. To those who are disposed to read the facts fairly, there seems but one key to the problem. Sir John Macdonald has been esteemed unselfish, because, in a Mammon-worshipping age, he cared little for mere sordid financial gain (his aspiration, at least, soared far above that), and has not been charged, even by his enemies, with having employed his power directly to enrich himself. Not lust of gain, but love of power and place, supplied the ruling passion, which, while it undoubtedly stimulated him to the success he achieved, also proved itself stronger than love of truth and honour—than patriotism itself—than every consideration which, to a really noble and high-minded man, must always be of paramount force. He must, therefore, take his place in that second rank of public men whose guiding impulse is a self-centred ambition, rather than a whole-souled devotion to the public weal—with the Wolseys and Walpoles, Wallensteins and Beaconsfields, rather than with the Hampdens, Washingtons, and Lincolns of humanity.

In any candid attempt to judge of his career, however, it must be remembered that he was naturally, by tradition and early association, strongly imbued with Tory predilections, and that his was one of a class of minds powerfully swayed by considerations of outward pomp and circumstance—by what has been popularly termed the "Jingo" element—in English politics. Personally lavish by nature, he could not be other than extravagant in public expenditure, and was readily led to embark in enterprises productive of more high-sounding *éclat* and ostentation, than of real and permanent utility. This predisposition coloured all his views of public affairs, and, combined with interest and policy, placed him to the end invariably on the side of rank and wealth, of the "classes" against the "masses," and made him utterly unresponsive to the new and nobler impulses that are stirring our age to a reconsideration of the claims of labour. He belonged to a past *régime*, and neither could nor would shake himself clear of his fetters.

Sir John Macdonald's name and character indicate his Celtic origin; but he was born in Glasgow—accompanying his family to Canada when he was only six years old. His father, a native of

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Sutherlandshire, at first settled in Kingston, but four years later went to reside at a picturesque spot on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, in the immediate neighbourhood of that old historic city. The locality was well calculated to produce a Toryism of a pronounced type. It had been settled mainly by United Empire Loyalists, who, driven from their old homes in the United States by the mistaken and short-sighted policy of harshness and persecution pursued towards them by the Revolutionary party, may be said to have founded and maintained old Canada, their love for the British flag being, of course, intensified by the sacrifices they had made and the treatment they had received on its behalf. In the intensely British atmosphere of a region whose counties still bear the names of the children of George III., bestowed by the ardent loyalty of the first settlers, the clever and ambitious boy grew up amid the free and simple surroundings of country life in a young colony, and certainly not receiving any adventitious aids to future eminence. At the Kingston Grammar School he received from an excellent teacher all the "higher education" within his reach, not specially distinguishing himself at school, but showing an aptitude for mathematics natural to one who afterwards proved himself an able strategist. There were then no colleges in Upper Canada; but, conscious of the advantages of the university training denied to himself, he, at a later period, helped to found one of her earliest universities—that of Queen's College, Kingston.

In his fifteenth year he began the study of law, in which he was an apt and diligent student, as his after career testified, while his omnivorous reading, aided by his excellent memory, laid the foundation of the superstructure, due to his assiduity and industry in acquiring information of all kinds—one of the chief sources of his power. As a constitutional lawyer, indeed, thoroughly familiar with legal form and British precedent, he had few equals in Canada or elsewhere. At twenty-one he was called to the Bar, succeeding to the practice of the lawyer under whom he had studied on his death shortly afterwards. Soon after this the country was convulsed by political troubles, culminating in the so-called "Rebellion" of 1837–38, when William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada, and Papineau in Lower Canada, aided by American "sympathisers," led a short-lived insurrection designed to make Canada a republic. The commander of a band of American "filibusterers"—an unfortunate Pole, named Von Schultz—was tried by court-martial at Kingston for high treason, and young Macdonald made his first "hit," in a somewhat incongruous way for a budding Tory politician, by a brilliant defence of the prisoner, which did not indeed save the life of his client, but brought credit and practice to the young barrister, who, at twenty-five, took rank as one of the leading lawyers of the place.

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Five years later, having already won popularity by his tact and urbanity of manner, he entered on his long political life of nearly half a century, being returned as member for Kingston—a constituency which he continued to hold, almost uninterruptedly, up to the time of his death, and in which, as elsewhere, his name was always, to the Conservative party, a power "to conjure with." The Parliament into which he thus entered was the second Parliament of United Canada, composed of the two provinces of Ontario and Quebec—then known as Upper and Lower Canada, and only recently conjoined under one Government. It was at the time of a political crisis arising out of a struggle between the Liberal or Reform party of Canada, just succeeded in securing a constitution which gave the colony "responsible" or self-government by representatives, as in Britain, and the then Governor-General, Sir Charles Metcalfe, a good and able man, but opposed by natural predilection and East Indian experience to permitting "Home Rule" under his administration.

A dead-lock ensued, and the Viceroy appealed to the people, receiving a majority from Lower Canada alone, and a very small majority from the two provinces combined. In the conflict that followed Mr. Macdonald, whether from conviction or policy, or both combined, supported the Governor, so that his first political fighting was done to keep Canada in vice-regal leading-strings, and deny her those constitutional rights which every true Briton regards as the palladium of his liberties. Such a position, however natural in a Tory Governor of the old school, seems unnaturally extreme in a young man entering public life, and hardly worthy of his natural sagacity. It was doubtless, however, at least in part, the result of the instinctive sense of political opportunity which had characterised him through life. His pronounced Conservative position also appears from the fact that his first political act is said to have been in opposition to the abolition in Canada of the law of primogeniture, another Liberal measure. His obstructive course at least brought him to the front. He was made a Queen's Counsel, and a member of the Executive, with the office of Receiver-General, and, shortly after, that of Crown Lands Commissioner—an office in which his administrative ability soon reduced confusion to order. But his tenure of office was brief. A dissolution of Parliament soon followed, and a Reform Ministry came into power. Six years of opposition followed, during which Mr. Macdonald strongly opposed a celebrated "Rebellion Losses" Bill, a measure for compensating all who had suffered from the abortive rebellion, on either side. He also opposed a much-needed reform in King's College—an incipient Canadian university, maintained by public money, which had fallen under an exclusive High Church control. As Mr. Macdonald was at that time, like his family, a Presbyterian, not an Anglican, this forms a striking

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instance of the stiff conservative position which he maintained from the first.

The passage of the "Rebellion Losses" Bill was followed by a period of great political excitement, in which the Governor, Lord Elgin—one of the best that Canada has had—was pelted with rotten eggs for giving his assent to a measure constitutionally passed; and the Parliament buildings at Montreal—whither the seat of Government had recently been removed from Kingston, the first capital of United Canada—were wilfully burned down. An annexationist manifesto was at that time signed by many members of both parties, including Sir John's successor in the leadership of the present Conservative Ministry, and even, it has been stated, on what seems to be good authority, by Sir John himself. Meantime the Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry made way for that of Sir Francis Hincks, who led one wing of the Reform party, Mr. George Brown leading the other, this disruption in the Reform camp preparing the way for the downfall of the Government. Some striking words of Mr. Macdonald in criticism of that Ministry have lately been brought to light: "The system of the present Government," he said, "has been that of a most rampant corruption, and appealing to the most sordid and the basest motives of men. In every part of the country their money is for use, and offices are offered in return for offices brought to their aid. *Now a Government should be free from suspicion, and should feel a stain on their escutcheons like a wound on their person.* There may be Walpoles among them, but there are no Pitts; they are steeped to the lips in corruption; they have no bond of union but the bond of common plunder." This was no doubt the expression of a sincere indignation, at this time of bright promise, when his powers were first making themselves felt, and constituting him the virtual leader of his party. Had he but continued to act in the spirit of these words, his own career and the destinies of Canada would have been unclouded by the political corruption and its attendant evils which shadow both to-day, and the real services he rendered his country would not have been overborne, as they are in many minds, by the harm he has wrought through yielding to the very sins he so condemned in others. The passage reads like one of the later indictments of his own Government, indictments which, when uttering these words, he probably little thought he should ever come, in any measure, to deserve. But how far a man may succumb to temptation he seldom knows himself until the time and the tempter arrive!

The new and advanced wing of the Reform party had been led by the original "Clear Grits," whose *sobriquet* still clings to the whole Liberal party. Mr. George Brown had now also come into prominence—one of the most influential factors in Canadian politics—a strong-willed Scotsman, of *perfervidum ingenium* and indomitable perseverance, and Sir John's predestined and determined antagonist.

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When these two met in battle array it was a case of "Greek meeting Greek," and the course of affairs in Canada long continued to be a resultant between the action of these two strong opposing forces, and might have longer continued so to be, but that George Brown's career, like Garfield's, was prematurely cut short by the bullet of a wretched assassin—a discontented *employé*. This man now began, with all the vigour and ardour of his intense nature, his eventually successful struggle for "Representation by Population," the restitution of the "Separate School" system in Canada, and the secularisation of the "Clergy Reserves"—an allotment of land early set apart in Canada by George III. for the maintenance of religious ordinances, which had long been a bone of contention between the Established Churches of England and Scotland and other bodies. Although this last measure created strong opposition at first, and seemed to many excellent people almost sacrilegious, there can be little doubt, in the light of subsequent history and the wider thought of to-day, that all three measures were for the real good of Canada, and in the line of sound political wisdom. Mr. Brown also strongly condemned the policy of the Hincks Ministry, and when that had fallen it was expected that an Independent Reform Ministry would succeed, but, instead, the former Conservative leader, Sir Allan Macnab, returned to power, and Mr. Macdonald became first lieutenant and virtual leader. This result was partly due to the prudent action of Mr. Macdonald, who had previously strenuously opposed the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves, but now sagaciously persuaded Conservative candidates at the elections to accept that plank of the Reform platform, and thus a kind of coalition was formed, and the Conservative Ministry secured the support of a strong section of Reformers. Mr. Macdonald became Attorney-General, and this time continued in office for two years—one of the leading spirits of the Cabinet. While his sudden change of front on this question was an illustration of the ease with which he could tack when policy required, his skill and firmness secured all existing rights, and, as far as possible, softened the change to all concerned. That the Conservative element of the coalition ultimately prevailed was in a great measure due to the influence of his personality, which also did much to bridge the gulf of distrust and dislike that then divided, as it has more or less continued to do, Upper and Lower Canada, so diverse in their traditions, preferences, and characteristics. The location of the seat of government, for which several cities contended, was the next vexed question, and, being supported on this measure by only a minority of the Upper Canadian members, the Government resigned, declaring that "the affairs of government could not be carried on with that degree of vigour necessary for considering the great questions now before the people." But, though Mr. Macdonald declared at this time that no Administration could hope to govern

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the country successfully with a majority of one section and a minority of the other, we find him presently attempting the impossible, as head of the Macdonald-Cartier Administration. It was defeated on the seat of government question, and Mr. Brown succeeded to the Premiership in the Brown-Dominion Cabinet. But a weak and incompetent Governor refused to grant a dissolution, and the Conservative Ministry returned to office without having to seek re-election, a move characterised as the "double-shuffle," and doubtless due mainly to Mr. Macdonald's powers of strategy. He continued in office until defeated on the Militia Bill, in 1862, when another Macdonald—a keen Reformer—succeeded him as the head of a Liberal Cabinet. Sir John remained two years in the shades of opposition, and again became Premier in 1864, though only for a few weeks. Two great movements which he had hitherto opposed were now assuming such proportions that no Government which continued to resist them could hope to live. These were—the old measure of "Representation by Population," so long urged by Mr. Brown, and the newer one of the Consolidation of the British Colonies in Canada by the Confederation of British North America. Defeated on these questions by a large majority, with his usual quick recognition of the situation and eye for opportunity, he dexterously tacked, and pursued a new course. To terminate the practical dead-lock he persuaded his most influential opponent, Mr. George Brown, though with great reluctance, to form, with himself, a Coalition Ministry, for the express purpose of carrying out Confederation on the only just basis of Representation by Population, thus swallowing both measures at once. Conferences and negotiations followed, and at a final conference, held in London in 1867, at which John A. Macdonald acted as chairman, the new Constitution was definitely settled. The British North American Act was passed, and the new Dominion, on July 1, 1867, celebrated its first birthday with much *éclat*—with ringing of bells and salvoes of artillery, military reviews, and all the usual public festivities. As yet, however, the Confederation was far from complete, some of the distant provinces still hanging back, and others being dragged on with difficulty. Honours were conferred on the chief promoters of the measure. Mr. George Brown, a consistent Liberal, declined the offered knighthood, which Sir John Macdonald accepted, and has since then been known familiarly as "Sir John." By many of his admirers he has been considered the sole author of Confederation, though, with his usual aversion to change, he had resisted it as long as resistance could avail. But his unfailing sagacity led him to veer with a good grace, and his tact and dexterity in managing men and handling measures were of the greatest service in carrying out the scheme, in the face of great difficulties, and, in some of the provinces, of strong opposition. He himself always regarded this achievement as the most important

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work of his life. He was wont to say that he felt grateful to the people of Canada for permitting him to accomplish it, and it was certainly one of his most earnest desires to keep intact the integrity of the Dominion, when occasional cross-currents of feeling in a time of excitement threatened a disruption.

The accomplishment of Confederation was not, however, carried out all at once. The Dominion, in the first place, consisted only of Ontario and Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and for some time the adherence of the last named was rather uncertain. Three years later the province of Manitoba was added, and, through the urgent representations of Mr. Brown, the North-West Territory, which had been chiefly Hudson's Bay territory, was annexed. British Columbia was the next addition, and, in 1875, the admission of Prince Edward Island completed the Dominion, as it now stands, Newfoundland being the only British-American province remaining outside the Canadian Union.

The year 1867, when the present Dominion was first an accomplished fact, may be said to have been the high-water mark of Sir John's career. He had, it might be supposed, attained the height of his ambition, and was at that time nearer than ever, before or after, to being a national rather than a mere party leader. Had he possessed the breadth of mind and the true statemanship which his admirers claim for him, combined with a single eye to the interests of Canada, he might have held the confidence of the whole people, and rescued the country from the evils of long-continued party conflict, besides saving himself from the hidden rocks on which his fair fame was ere long to be, as it seemed at the time, irretrievably wrecked. But politics were always to him too much like a game of chess, played for mere party supremacy. He enjoyed the exercise of the tactics in which he excelled, and especially liked to surprise and steal a march over a political opponent. He soon acquired the ascendency in the Cabinet, and George Brown resigned office in the following year, leaving no other influence strong enough to be a check on the Conservative leader. In various ways he succeeded in disorganising the Reform party, in order to secure the triumph of the Conservative one. It was a sinister omen when, in order to preserve the semblance of coalition, he took into his Cabinet, as Minister of Finance, Sir Francis Hincks, the very man whose corrupt policy he had, as we have seen, so severely denounced. To propitiate Nova Scotia, an unwilling member of Confederation, the Inter-colonial Railway was begun, which, while it affords the tourist a charming trip through most picturesque mountain scenery and most sparsely settled country, connecting the maritime provinces with Central Canada, represents an extravagant expenditure of twenty-three millions of dollars on a road which is financially a dead loss. In Manitoba, during the transition period, troubles arose, and Riel organised a

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rebellion, and held a brief reign, stained by the murder of an unfortunate, though turbulent Orangeman. The rebellion was, however, soon suppressed, and Riel made his escape, with, it was believed, the connivance of Sir John, who nevertheless expressed great anxiety to capture the fugitive. He, however, had been laid aside by a dangerous illness during the actual outbreak, and his rule meantime devolved on his French-Canadian colleague, Sir George Cartier. In 1871, restored to his wonted vigour, he was sent to Washington as one of the British Commissioners appointed to settle the *Alabama* claims and other matters at issue, and assisted in framing the Treaty of Washington; while about the same time negotiations were completed which brought British Columbia, somewhat reluctantly, into the Dominion. In the ensuing Parliament there was strong opposition to the terms of these negotiations, and to clauses in the Washington Treaty affecting Canadian interests; and it required all Sir John's tact and ability to overcome it, and to keep the Conservatives compact and united in preparation for the coming election of 1872, an election fraught with tragic consequences to himself, bringing about a downfall as sudden and complete as that which Shakespeare, in the person of Wolsey, has so vividly described.

This election was keenly contested by the Liberal party, elated by the success which—led by Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie—they had gained in the election for the Ontario Legislature. The Conservatives were left in a minority in Ontario. Sir John barely won his seat in Kingston, and Sir George Cartier lost his in Quebec, where, also, ground was lost, though, on the whole, the Government had a majority in the House. Even this success was of short duration, as circumstances soon transpired which changed the whole face of affairs. At that time both Canada and the United States had railroads "on the brain." The Northern Pacific had just been constructed, and the imagination of Canadian contractors was fired to emulate it. Extravagant as the Inter-colonial had been, a still more stupendous enterprise was already dreamed of, no less an undertaking than that of pushing a railway through Canadian territory "from ocean to ocean," through a wild uninhabited region and the "sea of mountains" that interposed a mighty natural barrier between the eastern and western members of the Dominion. The well-known Sir Hugh Allan, the head of the Canadian Steamship Line, was president of a company which desired to secure the honour and profit of this great enterprise. His great wealth enabled him to place an enormous sum of money at the disposal of the Government "for election purposes," to enable it to turn the scale of the hotly contested elections, in return, of course, for "value received" in pledges from the Government, who thus practically sold the charter of the new railroad for money wherewith to buy their election and

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corrupt the electorate. Such things always leak out in the end, and rumours of the gross corruption by which the election had been won grew louder and more definite, till—one month after Parliament met—Mr. L. S. Hontington, a member from Quebec, rose and moved that a Committee of seven be appointed to investigate the charges against the Government. The resolution was put without comment, and followed by a painful silence—the Premier remaining as impassive as Beaconsfield, whom externally he somewhat resembled, would have done at any similar crisis. The resolution was voted down by the Government majority, but the country had become so roused that Sir John could not afford to attempt to ignore the matter, and he himself next day gave notice of a motion appointing a Select Committee of five members, with powers to look fully into the evidence, and report to the House. This resolution was passed, and the Committee met, finding evidence clear enough to incriminate, very seriously, Sir John and his colleagues. Letters were produced from Sir Hugh Allan, referring to an expenditure of $300,000 in promoting the scheme to secure the contract of the new railroad for their company. Telegrams were also *en évidence*, showing that Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, and others had drawn large sums on Sir Hugh for election purposes. Lord Dufferin called an extra session of Parliament, in August 1873, which met only to discharge the Committee, and appoint a Royal Commission of three judges, who reported to the House when it met in October. Then followed one of the most dramatic scenes ever enacted in a Canadian Parliament. For several days, in a House crowded to its utmost capacity with intensely interested spectators, eager to hear the ablest efforts of Canadian eloquence in the arraignment and defence, accusers and accused fought the battle to the bitter end. Sir John did not lose his presence of mind, but fought hard for his political life. He spoke for five hours, pleading—no doubt, with full sincerity—that he had given the best of his heart, his brain, and his life to the service of his country.

But even *his* eloquence and address were for once of no avail. The case was too clear, and electoral purity must be vindicated. On November 5—a fateful anniversary—a motion for censure was put to the House, and Sir John, without waiting for the vote, announced the resignation of his Ministry. And so, after a public life of thirty years, the curtain fell on the first half, and, as most people then thought, on the final act of the drama.

To most, indeed, it seemed as if his political star had set for ever. His friends, reassured by his own emphatic denials, had at first refused to believe a word of the charges, but now all but the most wilfully blind partisans were forced to believe him guilty of the double wrong of having himself yielded to bribery in order to secure the means for bribing by wholesale. It could scarcely have been

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supposed that he could regain his position. The confidence of the country, as a whole, he never *did* regain. To the Conservative party the blow was one which for the time stunned and demoralised it, while not a few who had been life-long Conservatives finally forsook his lead and cast in their lot with the Liberals, among them Sir Richard Cartwright, thenceforward one of his ablest and most active opponents, and now the Liberal leader of Ontario. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who had not hitherto been an ally of the Liberals, was outspoken in his denunciation of the "scandal," and remarked that if Sir John could have had the moral courage to own and confess the wrong, instead of attempting to defend the indefensible, he might yet have retrieved his character. It was not, however, in Sir John to rise to this degree of moral heroism. On the other hand, a man of weaker mould and more sensitive moral fibre might never have held up his head—politically speaking—again. Sir John, apparently unmoved, continued in active opposition to the new Liberal Government under the leadership of Alexander Mackenzie, and bided his time, waiting for a turn in the tide which should bear him back to office. And fortune, as usual, seemed to favour his designs.

He was in the meantime by no means severely dealt with by his opponents in this time of his adversity. He had not at that time provoked the bitter animosity which his subsequent actions have developed in certain quarters, and many were truly sorry for a fallen foe. The leading Liberal journal of the Dominion, the *Globe*, under the inspiration of his steady opponent, Mr. George Brown, spoke generously of him in a manner not too common in the usage of party journalism. Sir John himself unfortunately has not been so remarkable for either candour or generosity in his treatment of his opponents, as his groundless charges against their loyalty during the late election signally showed. For a time after his sudden overthrow there seemed to be little hope of ejecting the new Administration, under the Premiership of Alexander Mackenzie, one of the most upright and single-minded of Canadian statesmen. It was a period of great general prosperity, in which Canada shared; there were no causes for discontent, and though many still objected to the enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway as premature and extravagant, the Mackenzie Government, feeling that the country was committed to it by its bargain with British Columbia, proceeded to build by slow degrees, and with all possible economy. But the time of inevitable depression came, and Canada, of course, shared equally in this, agggravated in some districts by a series of bad harvests. Now was Sir John's opportunity, and, as usual, he was equal to the occasion. It was easy to persuade unthinking people that the hard times were all due to the Government in power, and that a change of Ministry would produce better times. Protective legislation began to be sought for the revival of trade, which was

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firmly refused by Mr. Mackenzie and his advisers, who believed that it was best in the long run to allow trade to take its natural course without Governmental tinkering or quack measures. Sir John, who has never shown himself much of a political economist, saw, at all events, that a protective policy could now best serve his turn, and at once became an avowed Protectionist. "We will propound a policy," he declared, "that will better this woful state of affairs, and carry us back to office." Accordingly, in 1876, he laid down in the House of Commons what he called a "broad national policy," though the word "narrow" would have characterised it much more correctly. For the next two years he devoted himself, assisted by his willing lieutenants, to preaching a protective policy through the length and breadth of the Dominion, at "political picnics" and public meetings, drawing from his imagination glowing pictures of the tide of prosperity which his policy would bring to pass—promises which he must have well known it was beyond the power of any such policy to fulfil! And it must be observed that though loyalty to British interests has been one of his trump cards in playing his political game, it was he who originated the idea of a Canadian "*national* policy" as distinct from a British one, and who did not scruple, in carrying it out, to levy duties on British as well as on American manufactures. Nay, more; when objections were made that such a course might endanger British connection, he is recorded as making the memorable reply, "So much the worse for British connection." Yet the Conservative party, led by Sir John, has based its most violent opposition to the unrestricted reciprocity which both Canada and the United States require for their full and natural development on the score of protection against British goods, which that party itself initiated, and has never proposed to abandon!

The Reform party bravely stuck to its Free Trade principles, and endeavoured to meet Sir John's plausible protective arguments by pointing out the artificial and temporary character of such prosperity as it *could* produce, and the torrent of evils of illegitimate influence —"lobbying," corruption, &c.—to which it would open the door. But all their ability, eloquence, and common-sense were of no avail against Sir John's glowing promises and the credulity of men impatient for immediate gain. The Conservatives rode back to power triumphantly in 1878 on the Protection policy, and the cabalistic letters "N. P." have ever since been their watchword—even though the results, as a whole, have warranted their critics in translating the initials into the words "National Poverty" as more correct! Trade certainly—owing partly to natural causes, partly to the immediate influence of the artificial stimulation—began to revive *pro tem.*, and Sir John of course claimed the whole credit for his Government. Manufactures were started for which the resources of the country

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were not adapted; others, through excessive Protection, reaped unjust and disproportionate profits; and, for the benefit of a fraction of the population, the community as a whole had to pay more for what were in many cases inferior goods. Sir John and his colleagues, in forming their successive tariffs, inevitably came more and more under the influence of the manufacturers, whose aid became indispensable to their continuance in power, until the "red parlour" of a Toronto hotel, in which the Conservative leader used to meet a deputation of manufacturers before each election, and at any other crisis, has become a significant symbol of one of the chief factors on Canadian politics.

The Pacific Railway, under Sir John's administration, was pushed rapidly forward, "regardless of expense." A powerful syndicate was formed, succeeding Sir Hugh Allan—who had of course dropped out—which offered to build the road on terms strenuously denounced by the Liberal leaders as extravagantly disproportioned to the resources and present needs of the country, and injurious to its best interests in the future. Besides granting them an enormous subsidy*—far greater than it has been usual for Governments to grant in similar cases—*one-half of the land lying along the line of railway, in alternate blocks of a mile square, was made over to the company*—it will be obvious at once what an injurious influence such an arrangement must exercise on the settlement of the country, as, of course, these alternate blocks are held for speculative purposes, and the colonists of this region present a straggling, disconnected line, deprived of the advantages of close and compact settlement, condemned to an isolation entailing many hardships and acting most banefully in restricting opportunities for education. It is impossible that a man of Sir John's shrewdness should not have foreseen these evils. He cannot, therefore, be acquitted of sacrificing to a large extent the best interests of this great and important section of Canadian territory, partly for the sake of securing the powerful alliance of wealthy contractors, partly for the prestige of having brought to completion a "grand national undertaking," careless of the burdens that future generations must be left to bear. Besides these enormous grants of money and land, the syndicate received a monopoly of the traffic of the region, and to them, not to the country, the completed road is after all to belong. All this was not done without some sharp reminders in the House of the *dénouement* of the former "Pacific scandal," on one of which occasions Sir John

* The following figures give, approximately at least, the amounts in land and money granted to the company:—

Cash subsidy	$25,000,000
Other railway lines handed over by Government	35,000,000
Land grant, valued by the company at $2.00 per acre, on 25,000,000 acres	52,000,000
	$112,000,000

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made the following reply, embodying in a few words the whole spirit of his political creed and works: "Allusions have been made to it by those opposed to the Government, especially by those who desire to asperse myself; but, Sir, there is the record—there is the fruit of the appeal to the country; *and I am Prime Minister of Canada.*" And Prime Minister he continued to be in the face of much that might have been expected to bring about his defeat.

One of these circumstances was the North-West Rebellion of 1885—brought about by the gross and inexcusable neglect of departmental work in Ottawa, in long-continued delay to legalise too just claims of new settlers, and by the utter incapability and stupid maladministration of Sir John's placemen in the North-West, appointed, according to his too common practice, for party services rather than for any other fitness for their work. Both Indians and half-breeds, smarting under wrongs of which it seemed that no mere representations could procure the redress, were led into a second insurrection by Riel—a hot-blooded enthusiast, who seemed to have sincerely believed himself commissioned to right the wrongs of his countrymen, the French half-breeds. Prompt measures were at once taken to suppress the insurrection, Liberals as well as Conservatives responding heartily to the call that sent large bodies of Canadian volunteers to the painful task of turning their weapons against their own wronged fellow-subjects! At an enormous expense to the country, and at the expense also of more precious lives on both sides, peace was restored. And *then* the long-standing causes of complaint, to which Liberal journals had been previously calling the attention of the Government in vain, were tardily redressed. In the lurid light of this rebellion, with all the suffering and expense it entailed on the country—a rebellion which a man of Sir John Macdonald's ability and resource could and would have prevented, had he been half as earnestly solicitous for the welfare of the country as he was for his own retention of power—it is impossible to believe in the sincerity of (and not to feel some indignation against) those who, wilfully blind to facts, exalt him into a noble and disinterested patriot and the unselfish benefactor of Canada. Though not, of course, intentional on his part, it was one of the most serious and fatal results of his intense self-absorption in personal ambition. His opponents did not hesitate to say when Riel, caught this time, met his death on the scaffold, that the expiation had fallen on the wrong head. It is not probable, indeed, that Sir John would have allowed the last penalty to be inflicted on Riel, for whose pardon the whole province of Quebec was earnestly pleading, reinforced by at least a "remnant" in Ontario, who urged that the execution of political offenders is an anachronism in our time, and that there was much to be said in excuse for the rebellion itself. But the Orangemen of Canada, on whom Sir John Macdonald had always largely

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relied as allies, with one voice demanded the execution of the man who on the occasion of the former rebellion had done to death a member of their own body. That offence had indeed been legally amnestied, and could not therefore be the ostensible ground of condemnation; but there can be no doubt that the death of Riel was really the result of this previous crime, and of the insistence of the Orange body, and was agreed to only when the step seemed inevitable. Of course, Sir John had to meet the temporary displeasure of the French Canadians; and at first it seemed as if a split in his French following must be the consequence. But his address and ingenuity succeeded in propitiating them, and he retained his ascendency over them, almost undiminished, to the last.

Another crisis of great excitement was tided over by his firmness and policy with more satisfactory results. The early Jesuits, whose unsurpassed heroism has shed a halo of glory about the Jesuit missions of New France, unfruitful as they were in permanent results, had also accumulated a large amount of property, which, on the suppression of the Jesuit Order, had reverted to the State. The revived Jesuits had for years claimed the restitution of this property, and at length Mr. Mercier, the French Premier of the Province of Quebec, carried a measure in that Legislature to make over a sum of money to the Roman Catholic Church in full quittance of all such claims. And, to secure this quittance the more effectually, the ratification of the Pope, as the official head of the Roman Catholic Church, was asked and received. This act, which was by terms of Confederation *intra vires* of the Provincial Legislature, was considered by a section of the people of Ontario as an undue concession to the Roman Catholic Church, and the introduction of the Pope's name as interference by a "foreign potentate." A violent agitation, called the "Equal Rights" movement, was at once set on foot, and endorsed by many zealous Protestants, including, of course, the whole Orange body. Parliament was besieged with petitions calling on it to veto the obnoxious measure. A large portion of the Conservative party ranged itself under the "Equal Rights" banner, and it was a difficult task to steer between the two opposing parties and conflicting interests. Sir John, however, to whom the support of the Roman Catholic Church has always been a matter of vital importance, took a firm stand against the popular excitement, and, aided by his Ministers, maintained the constitutional rights conferred on the Provinces by Confederation, being supported in this by an overwhelming majority of the House, in which party lines were, for the time, obliterated. As his shrewdness had no doubt foreseen, the agitation soon collapsed, and the Orangemen, after all their menaces, still continued to cling to his leadership, rather than to their own loudly proclaimed principles.

Time has brought about, not only harder times than ever, but, on

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the part of a large portion of the people, a growing distrust of the National party, which has been duly tried and found wanting, so far as the general prosperity was concerned. It has, indeed, enriched a few manufacturers, some of whom have become millionaires at the expense of the people taxed for their benefit. In a country starting without an aristocracy, it has, under the auspices of Sir John, tended to create at least a plutocracy—of course devoted adherents of their creators. Sir John understood these gentry thoroughly, and doubtless esteemed them accordingly; but he knew how to manage them, and to use them for his own ends, and they and their cheque-books have stood him in good stead. The "National policy" has also helped to expatriate and deprive the "nation" of a million young Canadians of the most promising class, obliged to seek in the United States the subsistence they could not procure at home, who, under other circumstances, might have been as willing as Sir John to "live and die subjects of the British Empire."

The able efforts of the Liberal leaders—especially of Sir Richard Cartwright and the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, together with the strenuous advocacy of Mr. Erastus Wiman—a Canadian by birth—have convinced many Canadians of the fallacies of Protection, especially as directed against trade relations with the United States, the nearest neighbour and natural market of Canada. "Unrestricted reciprocity" has become more and more a popular watchword, and, on the other hand, some who more naturally clung to British traditions, apprehensive of the effect of such a reciprocity on British connection, have commenced a counter-crusade in favour of a scheme of Imperial Federation, intended to draw more closely together the scattered members of the Empire, by means, in part, of preferential duties, thus not only continuing to keep up the tariff-wall between Canada and the United States, but proposing that Great Britain should go back on the Free Trade policy which is one of her greatest glories, as well as one of the chief sources of her prosperity. Sir John, as usual, contented with the *statu quo*, did not openly commit himself to this movement, though he no doubt hailed it as an ally against the reciprocity to which he has always been strongly opposed. He knew, however, that the country was growing more and more dissatisfied through the pressure of Protection, which bore most heavily on the farmers, already discouraged by a succession of bad years, and the pressure of mortgages, which have largely accumulated under the "National policy." Sir John had, some time ago, passed a "Franchise Bill," and a "Gerrymander Act," which many regard as the climax of his political sins, both with the evident aim of fortifying himself against possible defeat. The latter measure carved out the constituencies for the Dominion Parliament in the manner most favourable to himself, Liberal constituencies being dismembered, and parts of

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them incorporated with others in such a way as to throw the balance of the whole largely on the Conservative side. By the Franchise Act, the old economical and simple fashion of taking the municipal voters' lists as the basis of elections for the Dominion, as well as the Local Legislatures, was abolished, and special lists ordered to be prepared by "revising barristers," who, in fact, were county court judges, at an enormous annual expense to the country, which, to the Liberal leaders, seemed a totally superfluous extravagance, and against which they vainly protested. The lists were prepared in the Conservative interest, and needed the closest attention from the Liberals, the omissions and mistakes being, in most cases, in favour of the Conservative vote. The regular time of dissolution of Parliament would not have been until the autumn of this year, and last year, when the question of the annual revision of voters' lists came up, Sir John persuaded the Liberals to omit the revision for once, giving his word of honour to the House that no election should take place before the next annual revision. Trusting to this assurance, the Liberals agreed to the omission. But circumstances seemed to make it expedient for the Conservatives to hurry on the election. Doubtless they feared, with reason, the effects of a longer experience of the effects of trade restriction and isolation from the country's natural market; doubtless, too, his colleagues, anxious lest the now precarious health of their chief should give way, and his powerful assistance be missing when the regular time for the election arrived, were also desirous to anticipate it. The Ministry, at all events, startled the country last February by dissolving Parliament on the surprising pretext that negotiations were pending with the United States as to a certain measure of Reciprocity, and that it desired to appeal to the country in order to have a stronger House, in order to carry the reciprocity in natural products of which he now declared himself in favour. It was his old policy to give way to a partial measure of reform when this could no longer altogether be staved off. But as yet there has been no reason to suppose that any negotiations had then been begun on the subject. Indeed all that has transpired since then would negative any such proposition. However, the Government went to the country, breaking their former pledge to the Liberals, on the ostensible issue of a *limited* reciprocity, while at the same time they condemned, in the strongest manner, as "disloyal," the *unrestricted* reciprocity policy of the Liberal opposition. The election campaign was one of the most hotly contested that Canada has yet seen. In order to leave nothing undone to win the election, Sir Charles Tupper, who enjoyed, at the public expense, the not very arduous post of Canadian Commissioner in London, was sent for by Sir John, as he afterwards admitted in the House, to give them the benefit of his assistance in the conflict, and zealously

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canvassed the country in the Conservative interest. Sir John, who had apparently convinced himself by this time that all was fair in election war, forgot courtesy and candour so completely as to endeavour to fasten the accusations of "disloyalty" and "treason" on the Liberal leaders—honourable and high-minded gentlemen, as he well knew—and to brand them with the charge of conspiring to bring about Annexation. In doing this he was, as a Conservative paper has since admitted, accidentally aided by the discovery that a private individual, who, at the time of the election, happened to be on the *Globe* editorial staff, had at a previous time, while in the employ of a Conservative journal, published for private circulation in the United States, on his own individual responsibility, a pamphlet avowedly favouring annexation. Though there was not the slightest reason to suppose that the Liberal leaders knew anything whatever of the pamphlet in question, and though they repudiated, in the strongest terms, all connection with it or its writer, nothing was left undone to fasten its origin on the advocates of unrestricted reciprocity, and to excite the popular mind against them by holding them up to public odium as traitors to the British flag. Although Sir John had appealed to the country professedly to ask support for a reciprocity measure, the issue was made to appear to be one between Reciprocity with the United States and British connection, as if there were any detriment to British connection in promoting the prosperity of a colony by opening free channels of trade with its nearest neighbour. But so it was made to appear, and the "old flag," the "old party," and the "old man" were the watchwords of battle, while "Reciprocity" and "Annexation" were made convertible terms, with the aim of rallying the strong British sentiment of the country to the support of the Ministry. Grotesque cartoons, caricaturing the Liberal leaders as selling their country at Washington, were prepared at head-quarters, and posted up everywhere previous to the election, and, along with sensational mottoes, had, no doubt, their intended effect—*ad captandum vulgus*. Bribery on both a large and a small scale was freely practised; constituencies and provinces were bribed by wholesale with promises of public works, &c., and money flowed abundantly wherever it seemed most needed. Of course the practice of bribery was not restricted to the Conservative camp, but it had there its origin and impulse, and it is little wonder if there were Liberals who, seeing that their opponents were determined to buy a new lease of power, were only too ready to follow suit. Notwithstanding all these efforts, however, the provinces of Ontario and Quebec—representing old Canada—gave together a majority in favour of the Liberal policy. The maritime provinces, Manitoba and British Columbia—the latter being virtually controlled on behalf of the Government—gave it a considerable majority, and so turned the balance the other way.

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The "Old Chief" returned to power, and took, in his last Parliament, the place which he was to occupy but a few days, and then vacate for ever.

There had been many rumours of his failing health; and, indeed, his exertions during the campaign had been enough to wear out a much younger and stronger man. Until stopped by the inevitable reaction, he had been undergoing all the labour of his prime—making long and rapid journeys, speaking four or five times in one day, besides the toil of correspondence, and the pressure of intense anxiety, both during the campaign and afterwards, in the consideration and execution of his policy at a difficult juncture. The only marvel was that he did not break down long before. But, in spite of all preparation, the tidings that Sir John was dying fell on the country like an electric shock. It seemed that even in death he must take the country by surprise. For a time it was almost thought that he might rally, so great seemed his almost invincible vitality. Perhaps all felt as if a break had been made in the history of the country when the news flashed over it that he was no more.

The great concourse of people that flocked to witness the funeral pageants at Ottawa and Kingston betokened the place he had filled in the minds of the people generally. From the foregoing outline of his political history, it is clear that, along with the gratification of his own ambition, he sought the aggrandisement and prestige of the Dominion, according to his own views of what these were. They were indeed closely identified with his own; and it is easy to imagine him appropriating the historic saying, *L'état c'est moi!* Both from inclination and policy, he maintained the integrity of the Dominion, and not less strongly contended for the integrity of the British Empire. "A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die," was a frequent and doubtless a sincere expression of his personal feeling, though, as has been said, his policy prevented many other Canadians from enjoying this privilege. Constitutionally averse to change, the spirit of liberal reform was alien to his sympathies, the idea of an old order giving place to new had no charms for him. For "movements" he cared little or nothing. Every victory for the rights of the people was gained in spite of his original opposition. With the masses he had little sympathy, though he could, if need were, pose gracefully enough as the "Working Man's Friend." As Premier of the Dominion he was always prone to increase the prerogative of the Dominion at the expense of encroachments on the Provincial powers—a point on which he was repeatedly defeated on appeal to the Supreme Court. Without being an orator in the true sense of the word, or having the power to touch the deeper feelings of his hearers, he was an effective speaker, knowing well how to feel the pulse of an audience, to meet

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his hearers on their own level, and appeal to their predilections and prejudices, understanding well, also, the power of an apt story or illustration, such as came readily to his lips. His victories were gained, however, more by his personal tact and magnetism than by his eloquence. He knew how to please men with promises, and propitiate them by an adroit compliment or a lively sally. He knew how to strengthen a weak-kneed follower or secure a waverer by judicious notice, political or social. He could refuse a favour with greater suavity than most men could grant it. His sparkling vivacity and readiness of repartee made him an entertaining companion, and his facility of temperament prevented him from taking even political life too seriously. He was admirably adapted for bringing and keeping together heterogeneous elements, holding the balance nicely poised between conflicting national prejudices and creeds, softening the dividing lines of sectional or race animosities, and, in general, applying oil to the wheels of the political machine. As has been seen, his fertility of resource in adapting means to ends was unfettered by scrupulous regard as to the character of the *means*. He was, certainly, thoroughly equipped for the part he undertook to play, and if he has rendered service to Canada, he owed to Canada and to the labours of other men the great opportunities of which he could so well avail himself. Pre-eminently a man of affairs rather than a thinker, he could, when he deemed it expedient, appropriate the ideas of others and carry them into action. That he had an important place to fill in the destinies of his country, and that his abilities as well as his opportunities were great, no one will be disposed to deny. But that that place was as high as it *should* have been or that he used his powers to promote that country's highest good—the "righteousness" which alone *truly* "exalteth a nation" —few who have a true sense of that righteousness will venture to assert.

The Conservative party in Canada have much reason to deplore the loss of him who has been for so many years the "living pulse of the machine." Many, outside that party, have been inclined to feel that at least a strong hand had left the helm, and some, with too much confidence in "one man power" and too little faith in the possibilities of their country and in the "Divinity that shapes our ends," have spoken as if his loss must shake the State to its foundations. But there are others who, while they could join in the mourning for an eminent Canadian, can also hope that Canada is about to enter on an era of purer politics and less blind and bitter partisanship, with greater freedom to develop her natural resources and relations with the continent to which she belongs, in the directions that seem designed for her by the overruling Providence which has placed her there.

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THE OUTLOOK IN IRELAND.

It is only natural that Irishmen all the world over should be profoundly moved and painfully affected by the sudden and unexpected disappearance of Mr. Parnell from the arena of public life, in which he had for more than a decade been a pre-eminently conspicuous and influential figure. As the only Irish leader of modern times who succeeded in welding the diverse activities of Irish Nationalism into one compact, formidable, and effective engine of parliamentary warfare, he occupies a unique and commanding historic pedestal, from which, not even the grievous moral lapse of his later days, and the no less lamentable consequential distractions and dissensions it produced, will be able to dethrone him. His great and acknowledged title to the esteem, the admiration and the gratitude of his countrymen at home and abroad, resides in the fact that by the exercise of extraordinary powers of generalship, he reduced a score of mutually hostile and warring factions to order, obedience, and discipline, organised them into one grand army, and led them, marching shoulder to shoulder, to the very gates of victory. It seems to me that his life work was practically accomplished when he brought Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party to the belief, and the legislative recognition of the fact, that the restoration of her native legislature was the only possible method of securing to Ireland that peace, progress and prosperity, for which she has so long been sighing. As soon as Home Rule became the foremost plank in the Liberal platform, Mr. Parnell had really nothing more to do save to watch and wait.

That Mr. Gladstone will return to power with a good working majority at the approaching General Election, is confidently anticipated on all hands, is expected by friend and foe alike. The demand that is so persistently made upon him for a preliminary peep at the details of the Home Rule measure he proposes to introduce, is surely more suggestive of the nursery than the college of statesmen. It is a childish contention, and one that it would be neither wise nor prudent to gratify. Why should Mr. Gladstone contribute his second-reading speech merely for the benefit of partisan papers and unscrupulous opponents, whose sole object is to twist his proposals and torture his words into some unpopular shape or form? Had it not been for many such misunderstandings and misrepresen-

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tations sedulously fostered by Tories and Liberal Unionists in 1886, it is very doubtful if Mr. Gladstone would have been defeated at the polls. It is therefore, the wise, prudent and statesmanlike course to keep the one great issue—Home Rule *versus* Coercion—broad and clear before the country, to allow as few loopholes as possible for malicious misrepresentations and cunningly-contrived mystifications, and to appeal to the electors on the easily comprehensible policy of a local legislature to deal with Ireland's local affairs, leaving the settlement of details and the adjusting of points of difference to be discussed and determined on the floor of the House of Commons.

That the Irish parliamentary party will be re-united before the General Election, and that the spirit of harmonious co-operation will once more reign over its counsels, seems to me a matter of certainty, notwithstanding the feelings of irritation and of personal antagonism that have unquestionably been generated by recent events and a needless amount of unguarded language. The schism into which a third of the members of the party were thoughtlessly hurried, out of a chivalrous determination to adhere to the fortunes of their fallen leader at all costs, no longer affords a logical or a tenable foothold. The man for whom they fought and strove, whom they unpatriotically endeavoured to exalt at the expense of their country's cause, is now no more, and their manifest duty, the obvious course of action dictated alike by common-sense and patriotic principle, is to rejoin their comrades of the majority, and thereby restore the unity and efficiency of the party as a fighting machine. This eminently desirable sequel to a most tragical and unhappy year of Irish history cannot of course be expected immediately. Time must be allowed for the healing of differences and the forgetting of wounding words uttered and scattered in the din and confusion of strife; but that the ranks will be closed up before the dissolution comes round, that angry passions will be allowed to gradually subside, and that nothing will be said or done on either hand to perpetuate or revive the animosities of the past, is what every Irishman, who desires to see the early legislative liberation of his country, hopes and believes.

As an Irish-Australian I am somewhat surprised that there should linger in the mother country any considerable section of the population opposed to the political principle that is, perhaps, dearest of all to the colonial heart—viz., the right of every distinct division of the empire to the free and unfettered management of its own affairs. Australians are so accustomed to seeing this favourite principle of theirs in the fullest possible operation; they are so unanimous in regarding it as the best and most striking evidence of an enlightened public policy; and they are so fully convinced by practical experience of its working that it is a potent factor in building up thriving communities, and adding materially to the prosperity of the empire, that they cannot for the life of them understand why the

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advocates and defenders of the same worthy principle in this country should be stigmatised in print and in speech as "separatists and intriguers." From an Australian point of view there could be no greater fallacy than to suppose that a constitutional agitation for a local Parliament is synonymous with intended separation from the Empire. Our colonists know full well that a consuming desire for local self-government is perfectly compatible with a fervent loyalty and a devoted attachment to the integrity of the Empire. Victoria, now the most prosperous and populous, and certainly not the least loyal colony of the Australian group, had to struggle and to agitate for weary years before its people could induce the Imperial Parliament to give them a legislature of their own. Their grievance was almost identical with that of the Irish people to-day. They complained that they were practically unrepresented in the Parliament of the parent colony, New South Wales; that the half-dozen members allowed them were systematically swamped by the voices and the votes of a compact body of unsympathetic and uninformed legislators; that they contributed a large amount of local revenue to the Sydney treasury, and received but little in return in the shape of local State expenditure; and that, by virtue of their geographical position as a distant and isolated British community, they were reasonably entitled to ask for local self-government. Now, Irishmen have just reason to complain on similar grounds to these, and, if the discontented colonists of Victoria were pacified, made prosperous, and intensified in loyalty by the opportune concession of autonomy, why should not similar good results flow from the adoption of the like policy towards our now discontented fellow-subjects in Ireland? If only the British public could bring themselves to regard the Irish problem from the strict standpoint of abstract justice, and to deal with Ireland as if it were a British possession ten thousand miles away, instead of being at their doors, this perennially-disturbing Irish question would be settled in a fortnight. It is primarily because the Irish question has most unfortunately become the biggest bone of parliamentary strife, and is seldom or never discussed in the House of Commons on its actual merits, that all the present regrettable complications have arisen. The colonies have pioneered the way for the mother country in the direction of voting by ballot, and other salutary reforms, and their strikingly-successful exercise of local self-government will, it may be hoped, yet convince the mother country that the strength of Imperial unity resides in the general happiness and contentment that result from each distinct division of the Empire being confidently entrusted with the full and uncontrolled management of its own local affairs. It is no exaggeration to say that the great majority of Australians are firmly grounded in the belief that Ireland —the one discontented member of the Imperial household—can only be pacified and comforted by the same wise considerate course

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of treatment that has made the colonies happy and prosperous communities, and that treatment may be summed up in two words —legislative liberation—leave to work out her own destiny, to manage her own domestic affairs, and to make the best possible use of her own industrial resources. Reasoning from their own experience of the salutary operation of local self-government in their midst, Australians contend that the recognition of Ireland's right to Home Rule would materially strengthen the ties that bind it to the Empire by removing at one legislative stroke many long-standing and fruitful causes of popular discontent.

Mr. Gladstone has been condemned in sweeping terms for the grievous offence of encouraging Scotchmen and Welshmen in the hope that they, too, will one day, be invested with the right to manage their own local affairs—as if the prospect thus opened up pointed to little less than national ruin. Now, it is perfectly safe to assert that most colonists would gladly welcome the approach of the day that Mr. Gladstone has foreshadowed, when a large percentage of the work that now vainly demands the attention of the existing misnamed Imperial Parliament will be delegated to local assemblies in these islands, and when there will meet at Westminster a genuine Imperial Parliament—a national gathering representative of all sections of the Empire—a reliable reflex of that Greater Britain, of which the people of these latitudes hear so much and see so little.

There is one curious anomaly that does not seem to have received the consideration it merits from students of the Irish question on this side of the channel. It is the extraordinary difference in what may be termed the official status of Irish leaders in Ireland, and Irish leaders in the British colonies. The history of Australia, brief though it be, is illustrated with the names of distinguished Irish Governors, Irish Speakers, Irish Premiers, and Irish Ministers of the Crown—men whose careers have proved conclusively that the Celtic race possesses governing and administrative capacities of an exceptionally high order. But, when we turn to the cradle of the race, to Ireland itself, how sad and shocking is the contrast! There we find the popularly-chosen Irish leaders condemned to perpetual exclusion from power, regarded as aliens in their own land, and, as a result of the existing abnormal arrangements at Westminster, deliberately precluded from taking any effective part in the government of their country. Do the liberty-loving people of England realise all that this state of things implies? Can they not see that there must be something radically wrong with a system of government that debars the leading representatives of the Irish people from active participation in the executive government of their own country? At the present moment, the principal executive office is vacant by the promotion of Mr. Balfour to the First Lordship of the

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Treasury, and nobody thinks of suggesting that the Chief Secretary for Ireland ought to be an Irishman, intimately acquainted with the country he is about to govern. On the contrary, it is taken for granted in every quarter that Mr. Balfour's successor must be an Englishman or Scotchman, having little or no practical knowledge of Ireland, or of Irish problems, or of the Irish people. Who will have the courage to stand up and defend such an idiotic system? In any of our self-governing colonies such leading Irish representatives as Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Healy would, by sheer force of ability, have attained to Ministerial rank and controlled the course of legislation, but having elected to remain at home and devote their talents to the service of their native land, they are, under the existing monstrous system of Irish misgovernment, forbidden to give effect to their legislative ideas, and are allowed no alternative other than that of unavailingly protesting against the passing of crude, inefficient and ill-digested measures by a majority of strangers to Ireland and to Ireland's actual requirements.

In this connection it may not be amiss to remind Conservatives and Liberal Unionists that there is in Greater Britain a wide-spread impression that their opposition to the granting of local self-government to Ireland is based on other and less worthy grounds than that of a conscientious hostility to the principle involved. People at a distance often have the best view of the game, and Australians are largely of opinion that there is in several high quarters in this country a rooted determination to keep the Irish question burning at all costs, and as long as possible, in order that certain inevitable reforms on the English side of the Channel may be postponed to the very last moment. Once the Irish difficulty is removed out of the political arena, and the thoughts of the British taxpayers are diverted elsewhere, it is a perfectly safe prophecy to assert that more than one long-established monopoly, more than one cherished but unjust privilege, and more than one glaring abuse, will be in serious danger of coming to a summary close.

Finally, let me state my conviction that the simplest and most satisfactory solution of the Irish problem will eventually be found in some adaptation of our colonial form of constitution—a Legislative Assembly, or lower house, elected on manhood suffrage, and a Legislative Council, or upper house, either chosen by electors possessing a prescribed property qualification (as in Victoria) or nominated by the representative of the Crown (as in New South Wales). It may be asked—and it has been asked—is Ireland prepared to descend to the condition of a colony? To that the obvious answer is, that Ireland knows her own business best, and she may well be forgiven if she says that any change in her present condition must needs be for the better. What she wants, and what she is fairly

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entitled to, is the same sort of independence that the colonies now enjoy; and who will find fault with her if she prefers to adopt a parliamentary system of responsible government, under which a million of her children in the Australian dominion have lived and prospered, and shared in the fullest measure of political freedom that their hearts could desire? As for the Ulster difficulty, that may be safely left to the operation of time to complete a satisfactory cure. Orangemen and Catholics work harmoniously together in the colonies; they sit side by side in the same deliberative assemblies; they strive in unison for the common good; and what is possible in Australia is surely equally possible in Ireland, if only unscrupulous politicians will refrain from sedulously fostering that racial and religious antipathy between North and South, which has been productive of so much mischief and dissension and internecine strife in the past. Ulster has nothing to fear from a revivified Irish Parliament in Dublin. All those anticipated evils and deprecated dangers which are being incessantly dinned into our ears, will be found to evaporate in the warm light of practical experience. Similar dismal preludes have ushered in every notable reform in our history—hoarse croakings of predicted disasters that were happily destined never to be realised in actual fact. A generation ago the gold-digging population in the colony of Victoria were, owing to the delusive fears of the governing authorities of the time, refused the rights of freemen, until at last they broke out in rebellion, and fought an engagement with the Queen's troops at Ballarat. The list of killed and wounded on both sides had hardly reached England before the diggers were emancipated and enfranchised by the local authorities, and they have ever since been as peaceable, orderly, and industrious a class as any other in the colony. When they took up arms to assert their rights as freemen, they elected as their commander-in-chief a young Irish digger, who lost a limb in the subsequent encounter, but who survived to become the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria.

The cry that is being raised in some quarters just now, that Home Rule will be synonymous with what is styled "clerical domination," is a very hollow and oft-exploded one. The bishops and priests of the Irish Catholic Church have always exercised their due and salutary influence on the public life of their country, and it would be an evil day for Ireland if that paternal and inspiring influence were either weakened or removed. As a matter of undeniable fact, the Irish Catholic Church is the greatest, most constant, and most enduring of Conservative forces in the country, and any movement that has the unanimous and cordial support of the Irish hierarchy may be unhesitatingly accepted as recognising the just rights of all and infringing the sacred liberties of none. Ulster Presbyterians, no matter what wild allegations and dismal pro-

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phecies irresponsible firebrands may make, will be as perfectly safe from molestation or interference of any sort under a Dublin Parliament as they are at present under a Westminster Assembly. This unfair and ungenerous charge of intolerance, levelled from time to time against Irish Catholics, was never perhaps more effectually repelled than by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in one of his first speeches on Australian soil in 1856, and with the words of this most distinguished of the Irish statesmen of Greater Britain, these few observations on the question of the hour may be fitly concluded: "I can answer unhesitatingly," said Sir Charles, "for the Catholics of Ireland, and affirm that they never denied civil and religious liberty. When any one speaks to an Irish Catholic of his creed being the symbol of persecution and Protestantism the symbol of liberty, he may well think the speaker mad. Why, in the reign of Queen Mary English Protestants fled to Dublin and were sheltered in that Catholic city, and in the reign of Queen Victoria a large number of Catholic constituencies elect Protestants as their chosen representatives. It is realising the fable of the wolf and the lamb to raise the cry of intolerance against those who have not inflicted but endured the pains of ascendency."

J. F. Hogan.

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SIDE LIGHTS OF THE SWEATING COMMISSION.

II.

THE evidence discloses very considerable differences of opinion among the numerous classes of witnesses upon the influence which machinery, combination among the workers, and co-operation have exercised upon the rate of wages and the condition of the operatives, and upon deterioration in the quality of work. We begin with machinery.

The complaints as to its effects on the operatives' interests are made on the three grounds that (1) it tends to reduce wages generally; (2) it reduces the number of labourers employed; (3) if it does not actually reduce the total number of labourers, it throws a large number of skilled workmen out of employment, their places being filled up from the ranks of unskilled labour, while the skilled men, thrown out of their own trade, swell the general labour market. The first allegation is made in general terms by Mr. Davis, a factory inspector, himself formerly secretary to a trades union. His previous experience had been gathered chiefly in the brass-founding and cutlery trades. Mr. Uttley, secretary of the Sheffield Trades Council, confirms this opinion, which is also expressed, with reference to the chain- and nail-making industries, by Mr. Juggins, and, with reference to tailoring, by Mr. Lewis Lyons. Mr. Lyons explains, in giving his evidence, that he does not object to machinery in itself, but thinks that the employés and the consumers ought to have the benefit of any saving effected by it in the cost of production, and he suggests that, in order to avoid as far as possible displacing labour by machinery, wherever machinery is newly-introduced into an industry so as to save manual labour, the working hours, rather than the number of workpeople, should be reduced. Mr. Arnold White again declares that, in the boot trade, machinery has led to sub-division of labour, and hence to sweating; while in the tailoring trade, Mr. Quinn, a trades unionist, points out that the masters pay a much lower price for the making of a machine-made coat, as compared with one made by hand, than is warranted by the actual reduction effected by machines in the amount of labour required.

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Complaints on the two other grounds I have mentioned are laid by the witnesses already quoted, as well as by Mr. Goodman, of the Tailors' Trade Union in Liverpool, and by Mr. Tillett, the champion of the dock labourers. Mr. Goodman remarks that machinery had aided in establishing the sweating system, by facilitating the substitution of unskilled for skilled labour. Mr. Tillett supports the third charge brought against machinery with the instance of the labour market at the docks, which receives recruits to its already swarming ranks from numbers of rope-makers, whom the introduction of machinery has driven out of their own trade, a parallel instance of a boot-closer being also given in the evidence. He contends that elevators, hoppers, and other mechanical contrivances, have reduced the number of men required in loading and unloading vessels by two-thirds, and have also curtailed the duration of the spells of employment. He is supported in this by several other dock-labourers. Nine hundred tons of cargo, it is said, can now be cleared out of a ship in eight hours by only forty-eight men, while sixty men can discharge a large mail-boat in thirty-two hours. The evidence does not make it quite clear whether, in the last example, only sixty men altogether are employed during these hours, or whether relays of sixty men each are employed, but the former interpretation, unlikely as it may seem, is supported by statements that, in unloading mail-boats, men have been employed for nineteen, twenty-two, and even thirty-six hours at a stretch. Another subject of complaint is that men in the docks have to work harder and exert themselves more than used formerly to be necessary, in order to keep pace with the movements of the machinery now in use, which of course moves quickly and without intermission. The men are thus deprived of those momentary pauses in the work which served to rest them every now and then under the old system.

Witnesses from most of the trades concerned lay stress on the fact that machinery, by facilitating subdivision of work, reduces the labour of the workman to a continuous repetition of circumscribed and purely mechanical movements, and so skilled labour is degraded, and learners never acquire a comprehensive knowledge of their trade. But there is something to be said on the other side, and Mr. Alexander, the honorary secretary of the Jewish Board of Guardians, in demurring to this view, reminds the Committee that the swift and accurate performance of these very mechanical operations really necessitates some degree of skill on the part of the worker. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether extreme manual dexterity within such narrow limits is not purchased too dearly by the sacrifice of intelligent and original work. Be this as it may, the information given as to the upholstery trade goes to show that the onus of causing subdivision cannot be thrown exclusively on machinery. Upholstery continues to be chiefly a manual trade, and yet, as

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Mr. Baum, an operative, and Messrs. Maple's foreman agree, subdivision has been carried out to a considerable extent in it. The explanation seems to be that the large scale on which industry is now organised renders it easy to attain in this way a standard of finish and perfection in execution which cannot otherwise be reached. Subdivision in trade is, in fact, the equivalent of specialisation and differentiation in natural science—it is the direction taken by evolution in society as in the organic world.

On the other hand, the masters, while admitting that the workman may be paid less for producing a given article now that he has the assistance of machinery (provided, for the most part, by the employer), explain that this is quite fair to him, as he expends less labour upon it, and it requires less of his time. Colonel Birt, the manager of the Millwall Docks, asserts that, while it may diminish the number of workers, so far from lowering the wages of those actually employed, it raises them in cases where it is introduced for the first time, in order to ensure for it a fair trial. It is denied that it makes work harder for the men.

Again, employers in the boot-making, furniture, and clothing trades agree in claiming for machinery that, although where first introduced its immediate effect may be to throw men out of employment, yet, that, by cheapening production, it has not only retained for our home-workers the manufacture of articles which would otherwise have been driven out of our own markets by foreign competition, but has immensely increased the demand for, and widened the circulation of, many commodities made by our own artisans, both here and abroad. In the clothing trade, especially, it has thrown open a means of livelihood to a vast number of women and girls, and enabled men in the cheaper branches of tailoring to earn little less than their more highly skilled brethren. This plea is traversed by the men, who, though allowing that machinery is indispensable in some very heavy kinds of work—*e.g.*, in making chain cables—deny that the increased employment which the masters allege to be thus afforded is any sufficient compensation for the numbers of workmen whom machinery has superseded.

Opinions also differ on the quality of the goods machinery turns out. Mr. Lakeman, the factory inspector, in whose district the furniture workshops of Shoreditch lie, says that, with the help of machinery, the East-end turns out as good articles as it ever did. But he thinks machinery has led to a decrease in skill. Several of the operative bootmakers among the witnesses agree that its use in their trade has depreciated the quality of the workmanship, while the large boot manufacturers plead on its behalf that it turns out serviceable boots of a class and at a price that could not be attained by handwork, more comfortable, of better appearance, and wearing quite as long. Mr. Maddy, a foreman in a large boot factory, states

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that it has been introduced into England from America, and has met with considerable opposition from the English operatives, although, according to him, it does not, in the long run, lower wages. In the cutlery and tailoring trades, again, the representatives of the workmen accuse machinery of lowering the quality of work. It is not disputed that in all these trades, including that of nail-making, the very best quality of workmanship is hand-made, but the masters claim a higher average quality for the medium class of machine-made goods than the workmen's representatives are disposed to acknowledge.

The course of the inquiry affords employers and employed a battle-field for challenging and defending the claims of trade unionism. Besides general complaints against the unreasonable and arbitrary nature of the conditions insisted on by trades unions, several employers in the boot-making trade assert that for the sweating which is largely carried on in this business the unions are themselves responsible, since, by depriving non-unionists of the power of earning a livelihood as journeymen, they force them to become small masters, working in their own homes or in small workshops for the large manufacturers and factors. This arrangement at once opens the door to the abuses which constitute what is known as the sweating system. Another and a very serious grievance specified by the employers is that the members of the unions refuse to be bound by agreements entered into by their own delegates. Mr. Craig, secretary of the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association, quotes as an instance the recent failure of negotiations between workers and men. In 1884 the men had refused to support their delegates' action in accepting a third-class statement of wages. In 1888 the men again approached the employers with a view to fixing a minimum rate of wages. The masters, however, bearing in mind what had happened in 1884, insisted that both parties should resort to arbitration if they could not agree between themselves. This, Mr. Craig tells us, the men declined to assent to. It may be remarked that this episode points rather to a want of organisation and discipline within the particular union in question, than to a vice inherent in trades unionism in general. Again, in both the boot-making and tailoring trades, the workshops and factories which employ unionists are classified according to the general description of the work executed in them. In each of these classes a certain rate or "statement" of wages is presumed to be adopted, below which no unionist is allowed by his society to undertake work—at shops belonging to that class. But he is at liberty to do work of the same nature at a cheaper rate, provided it be at a shop carried on upon a lower statement. This regulation the masters who have accepted the higher statement regard as a grievance, since they are, in consequence of it, hampered with conditions from which their rivals and their own workmen are alike free. The explanation of this anoma-

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lous state of things, so far as the London boot-trade is concerned, is given by Mr. Hoffman, formerly a foreman. According to him the highest statement was fixed about eighteen years ago, the second statement rather more recently, but both were designed to meet a state of trade very different from the present. The unionists, while recognising the altered state of circumstances so far as the other manufacturers are concerned, compel the statement houses to adhere to the terms as originally settled between them and the employers.

Then we find a number of instances quoted in which the unions have succeeded, in the first instance at all events, in raising the pay or in otherwise improving the condition of their members, with a set-off of cases in which they have failed of their immediate object. In the boot-trade, it was by combination that the men obtained the statements of wages just alluded to from their employers. Mr. Craig, whom I have already quoted, says "the manufacturers were so small they were obliged to give way." This shows that it was pressure from the workmen which brought the employers to an agreement as to wages, and the rate has been maintained in those factories which were originally parties to the arrangement. But though the men have held their own in this respect, it is stated in evidence that the rigidness of the rules under the statements handicaps the employers so severely that some are transferring their business to Northampton, where the same restrictions do not (or did not at the date of the Commission) exist, while others are becoming boot factors instead of boot manufacturers. In Northampton itself, Mr. Hoffman says, a strike on the part of the workmen in 1887 ended in a scale of prices being agreed to by both sides, depending not, as in London, on the shop or factory, but on the class of work specified. But the making of very cheap and inferior qualities of boots is so easily learnt that the workman's labour has here not a sufficient value to the employer to give the former any leverage for enforcing his claim, and hence unionism among these men is, as Mr. Arnold White and several other witnesses tell us, either very weak or entirely non-existent. Mr. Parnell, secretary to a branch of the Cabinet-makers' Union, tells the Commission that, in his trade, wages were pushed up by the influence of the trade societies a penny an hour in 1872 (a period, it will be remembered, of high prices and general prosperity), but have since, to a considerable extent, fallen. He ascribes the present disorganisation and weakness of his trade-society partly to a high scale of contributions which men not in constant work are unable to keep up, and principally to the men's own apathy. Mr. Wilson, of Sheffield, says that about the same date the scissors-grinders secured better wages by restricting the numbers who entered the trade.

Among tailors, again, there is a widely extended union—the Amalgamated Society of Tailors—with 15,000 members, and having

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ramifications throughout the United Kingdom. Its success has been partial. It has, indeed, been instrumental in fixing the rate of wages to be paid to journeymen in the principal towns, based on a "log," or list of prices, to be paid the men for the work done on the several descriptions of garments. But the log is framed for hand-sewn work, and is adopted only in the shops which make clothes to order. Even in these, the log-prices do not appear to be always enforced. Mr. Gall, of Sheffield, says his union has no rule to prevent members from accepting a lower rate. His statement seems hardly consistent, however, for, after remarking that the price of a man's labour is fixed between himself and his employer without external interference, he says that the journeyman must not take less than the rate of pay recognised at the shop in which he works. If his master tries to beat him down below this rate, the union will support him in leaving his employment. The log-prices in tailoring answer to the statement prices in shoemaking, and unionists in both trades are allowed by their rules to work at a cheaper rate for some masters than for others. As Mr. Gall explains "we know that all shops cannot pay the high rate of wages because they do not work for the same class of customers. It would be wrong to expect a respectable workingman, or a man holding a position as clerk in a bank, to pay a high price equal to a large merchant or manufacturer." Those members of the society who take out work to do in their own homes are habitually paid less highly than the men who work in the master's shop, and they also work for longer hours. So that the power of the union is undermined by the competition of some among its own members as well as of women and of sub-contractors' employés. This "outworking" system, as it is called, is very strongly objected to by some of the unionist witnesses. But the union has influence, nevertheless, as Mr. Lyons shows, when he tells the Committee that it succeeded in inducing one large firm to discontinue giving out its orders to middlemen. So in Edinburgh, Mr. Maclean, the late secretary to the local Trades Council, mentions that the tailors' union succeeded in obtaining the insertion in two municipal contracts of what is known as the Factory Clause—that is, a stipulation against sub-contracting. A strike of Jewish unionist tailors in Leeds against their middlemen employers, on the contrary, ended in complete failure, a result which Mr. Sweeney, the secretary of the society, ascribes partly to the strike taking place in the dead season of the year and partly to want of unanimity among the operatives themselves. It is noticeable in connection with this strike that Leeds is in close and easy communication with Hull, the port at which a vast proportion of foreign emigrants land. That something can be done through combination, even in callings so little skilled as dock labour and chain-making and accoutrement-making, where competition among employers has been very keen, is shown by the

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measure of success which has attended recent strikes in the two former trades, and the formation of a union in the last.

In reading the evidence given by the working-men who appeared before the Committee, we are struck with the tone of class-feeling which prevails throughout it. The speakers are anxious enough to improve the condition of themselves and their fellows; not, however, by facilitating the passage from the status of employée to the higher position of an independent worker, but by raising the entire wage-earning class to a higher level of comfort by means which would tend, at the same time, to intensify the line of demarcation which cuts them off from the rest of society. The recommendations urged on the Committee seem to have been pressed the more closely for the sake of this ulterior effect. The leaders of unionism perceive that the way to the realisation of their aims lies in uniting and consolidating the ranks of the workers by promoting intercommunication, and by ensuring community of interests. Clearly, this is much easier of attainment under a system which collects men together in large factories, where they have constant opportunity for the interchange of ideas, and where, too, they live and work under like conditions, than under a system which leaves the men free to carry on their work scattered about in their own homes, amid widely different surroundings, each making his separate bargain with their common employer. The advantage of the factory system is urged on this very ground. Whether, under the out-working system, the individual workman loses through being unable to hold his own single-handed against his employer, or whether he gains by being at liberty to work as long as he likes, to engage assistance, and so, by undertaking a larger amount of work, to improve his position, home-work is alike obnoxious to the trades unionist, for it substitutes the interest of the individual for the interest of the class. Hence the fact, brought out in evidence, that home-work and sub-contracting provide a channel whereby employés may work their way upwards until they become employers in their turn, is by no means regarded by the unionist as an argument in its favour. It may be pleaded on behalf of this view, and, we think, with a good deal of force, that it simply recognises the inevitable direction of present industrial progress, which demands organisation, concentration, and capital as requisites essential to success, and in so doing condemns the small masters to extinction at the hands of the large manufacturers, or to oppression at the hands of the contractor. If this be so, we see why the workmen should naturally favour the extension of the factory system in preference to the contract system. The former not only brings the employés together, but it throws on the employer the entire responsibility of conforming to the complex requirements of the law with respect to sanitation, protection from machinery, length of hours, &c. &c. These very reasons operate in just the opposite

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direction on employers, inducing them, when the nature of their trade permits it, to put out their work to be done at home, or else in small workshops, so small as easily to escape the eye of the factory and sanitary inspectors, and they are probably in great measure answerable for the spread of sub-contracting and sweating.

Mr. Walker and Mr. Macmahon were the only witnesses who dwelt on the alternative course which is open to workmen of combining among themselves to produce more directly for the consumer, and what they had to say will be referred to further on.

Accordingly, the three recommendations which the working-men witnesses are in the main unanimous in urging on the Committee tend towards restricting sub-contract by depriving the domestic and other small workshops of that practical immunity from inspection which they have hitherto enjoyed. The first recommendation, in which several factory inspectors join, is the registration of all workshops, including domestic workshops, under the Factory and Workshop Act, 1878. These latter are defined by section 16 of the Act, as places "where persons are employed at home, that is to say, in a private room or place, which, though used as a dwelling, is, by reason of work carried on there, a factory or workshop within the meaning of this Act, and in which neither steam, water, nor other mechanical power is used in aid of the manufacturing process carried on there, and in which the only persons employed are members of the same family dwelling there." Increased powers of inspection should also be given. One or two of the witnesses go so far as to ask for the extension of the Act to adult male labour in the boot and tailoring trades. The second recommendation is that sub-inspectors of factories should be appointed from among the working-classes. Mr. Goodman, Mr. Laird, and others, think they would be more likely to succeed in ferreting out obscure workshops—especially domestic workshops—than are inspectors drawn from the classes which supply the bulk of our civil servants, since they would both possess more knowledge of detail, and more easily gain the confidence of the operatives themselves. This view is not shared by the majority either of inspectors or employers. The third recommendation is that all Government and municipal contracts should contain the Factory Clause already referred to in this article. The purport of the clause, as inserted in army contracts, is that all articles should be made up at the contractor's factory only, and no work done at the homes of the workpeople. But in some other cases (*e.g.*, the Edinburgh Municipal contracts referred to by Mr. Maclean) it goes further, and requires that the workpeople should be paid the current wages of the district. "Current wages" appears to be a euphemism for the rate of wages recognised by the unions. It is clear that these recommendations, if put in practice, would release employers who carry on their operations within their

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own factories and workshops, and who employ unionist workmen, from much of the handicapping they at present experience from the system of sub-contract. It would be less easy for business houses working on the contract system to underbid them when it was no longer possible to reduce the cost of production by working overtime, and by avoiding the expense of providing suitable premises for the hands.

Such are the points on which the representatives of the working-men are practically unanimous. Some other views, put forward by individual witnesses, though not so generally held, are probably shared by certain sections of their constituents, and seem, therefore, worthy of notice. Mr. Parnell puts forward the familiar argument that, since the number of men for whom employment can at a given time be found varies inversely with the number of hours each works, a man "who is working fully employed and getting good wages is injuring his neighbour who is not fully employed and is getting nothing" (Question 2900). And he is prepared to reduce the working day to six or even four hours for men working on their own account as well as for others, in order to secure an equal distribution. He thinks a good many men in his trade would agree with him. Mr. Ham, also a cabinet-maker, complains that, for the higher rate of wages sometimes paid, the employer exacts a much greater expenditure of energy on the part of the workman than was the case twenty or twenty-five years ago. Mr. Homer, President of the Chainmakers' Society, claims to speak for a large proportion of his constituents when he asks for legislative restrictions on the number of hours worked by adult men in their own houses, and employing none but their own families.

A common objection raised by employers against trades unions has been that their rules encourage the slothful workman and prevent the clever and industrious man from reaping the full advantage of his powers for himself and his master. Some of the witnesses give us a glimpse of a foundation for this charge. A leisurely mode of working becomes class-patriotic in the eyes of the workman who agrees with Mr. Parnell's opinion. In a "properly-regulated" workshop in Sheffield, Mr. Gall tells us, a man will not be allowed to have more than his fair share of work; if the master is particular about the workmanship on a certain garment, and wishes it to be made by his best hand, he must keep it back until it falls to that man's turn to be supplied with work. This is, however, a shop regulation and not a rule of the trade society, and it is easy to see that some provision for the fair distribution of work among the men is needed in a trade like tailoring, where they all give their whole working day to the master, but each is paid only for the work he actually performs. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, again, have a rule that no member is to earn more than time and a-half at

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piecework, that is to say, that, supposing the rate of pay by time to be a shilling an hour, then a man who is put on piecework must not execute more work in an hour than will entitle him to eighteenpence. Rules like this may be necessary to protect the workmen, and may occasion no friction in large factories where work can be allotted so as to reduce waste of time or labour to a minimum, and may yet prove very harassing to an employer whose business is of a more intermittent character. It is only fair to quote, on the other hand, the excellent rule that exists in the Edinburgh and Manchester and other branches of the Tailors' Union. If infectious disease breaks out in a member's family, or even in the house where he lodges, he is expected to discontinue work and is entitled to receive a sick allowance of fifteen shillings a week just as though he were himself ill. In the saddle trade there is a union, the secretary of which claims for it that it does its best to ensure the competency of its members, and that the best saddlery shops in the trade apply to its office for workmen.

And now we must make a brief reference to the examples of the alternative form of production to which allusion was made a few pages back. In two of these instances the alternative has been put in practice. The first is the Working Women's Co-operative Association. This society was formed by a few business men who wished to ascertain from actual experiment whether, if the middleman's profits were eliminated, the pay given by the manufacturers would be sufficient to afford a livelihood to the shirt worker and tailoresses of the East-end. These gentlemen took premises, and engaged a manager, and arranged to take material from the manufacturers to make up into shirts, at the same prices and under the same conditions as the "sweaters," whose position they were taking. But, whereas the middleman deducted a profit from the sums he received from the shirt or clothing manufacturer, it was the characteristic of this scheme that the manufacturers' payments should go intact into the pockets of the workpeople. The working expenses were defrayed by the gentlemen interested in the experiment. This was the original plan. Obviously it could not, and was never expected, to pay. But it proved that, while the machinists, paid in this way, could make from ten to fifteen shillings a week, the finishers could not earn enough to live upon. Later on, some modifications were introduced, and some portion of the receipts was applied to meeting the other working expenses. Even so, the workwomen received 25 per cent. more than they would have done from a middleman. If the association can be made ultimately to pay its way, the promoters hope to enable their employés to take up shares in it. Mr. Walker, in his evidence on the subject, mentioned one noteworthy incident. A London firm, in sending four hundred knickerbocker suits to be made up by the association, made the customary

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attempt to beat down the price. The association, unlike the isolated workwoman, had capital at its back. Moreover, it was at the time busy. The manager could not only afford to decline to accept the reduction, but raised his price twopence a dozen, *and got it.* "That," says Mr. Walker, "is where our united strength gives us a strong pull." He might have drawn the further moral that in this case the complaint made against employers that they attempt to reduce wages, even when they can well afford to pay them, was substantiated. The second example is very briefly alluded to by Colonel Birt. At the Millwall Docks, of which he is manager, the corn-porters some time since arranged to work together under a man whom they engaged at three pounds a week to take instructions from the Dock Company's officials. But this arrangement broke down, Colonel Birt remarks, in consequence of the men's objection to accept orders from their own employé.

The third scheme exists as yet only on paper. It was propounded by Mr. J. L. Mahon, with primary reference to the chain-making trade, and had been previously approved by a special committee of members of the trade drawn from the Midland Counties Trades Federation. Its distinguishing features are, first, that the capital needed to carry it out should be advanced by Parliament; and, secondly, that the management of the concern should rest ultimately with the operatives engaged in it. There would be a managing committee, elected from among the operatives and incorporated by Parliament, to whom advances would be made by Government, at the current rate of interest at which loans are made to public bodies, for the purpose of establishing and carrying on the manufacture of chains. This board would appoint salaried officers of the ordinary commercial class, to effect purchases of raw material and sales of the manufactured article. The current rate of wages will be paid the operatives, and, in addition, the net profits, after payment of interest, working expenses, salaries of commercial agents, &c., will be divided among them. Thus all middle profits would be saved and go into the workers' pockets. All operatives will have a voice in the election of the board of management. Mr. Mahon, and those who work with him, look forward to the eventual elimination in this way of the capitalist and middleman from the trade.

Of all the many trade unionist officials examined before the Commission, the best general statement of the case for unionism is to be found in the evidence of Mr. G. Shipton, secretary of the London Trades Council. He claims for it the practical advantages that, in the trades where it is in full operation, it has been able, in the first place, to prevent the foreign immigrant element from competing injuriously with Englishmen, and, in the second place, to resist the development of direct sweating, and to oppose sub-contracting with some measure of success. Indeed, he declares

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that in each trade the strength of unionism and of sweating vary inversely. In this opinion he is confirmed by the other unionist witnesses, and by Mr. Burnett, the Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade, himself formerly secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. Mr. Burnett mentions that a custom of sub-contracting in his trade by piece-masters, at a reduced rate of wages, was in 1850 stopped by the union inflicting fines both on the piece-masters and on those who worked for them on such terms. And this is not all. Mr. Shipton affirms that unionism has a direct educative effect on its members; it develops independence of character, for the men learn to depend on themselves for the assertion of their rights, and to provide for their needs out of their own resources by means of allowances during periods of sickness or enforced idleness, to say nothing of the spirit of mutual helpfulness it fosters. Indeed, he considers that organisation is possible and desirable even among the lowest and poorest workers, since the possession of a common fund is not so much the important point as the sense of union and organisation among themselves, which soon makes itself felt and leads to an improvement in their condition. They would receive financial aid from the wealthier unions. Mr. Burnett is equally strong on the advantage and necessity of combination even in these worse paid and less skilful trades. Mr. Shipton remarks that though a considerable mass of even highly skilled labour remains outside the ranks of unionism, yet the influence of the unionist policy extends beyond its own borders, and he acknowledges that unionist successes owe much to the tacit support of non-society workmen. Another interesting point in his evidence is the distinction he draws between what he calls competitive piecework and price list piecework. To the latter, which is payment according to a scale pre-arranged between employer and employed, we are told that workmen do not object; it is against the former system, which sets one man to underbid another, that they protest. In reply to a question as to what is the practice of trade societies when a member through physical inability or old age cannot earn the society rate of wages, Mr. Shipton states that such a man would be allowed to make a special arrangement with his employer, provided he submitted the bargain for the approval of the committee of his union.

It has been claimed for unionism, as we have just seen, that where trade societies are strong sweating is non-existent, or is, at least, not to be met with in its worst form. It would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that unionism is strong and sweating is weak in trades where the processes are carried on by motive power instead of by hand labour. The reason is that motive power is used only on a large scale, and therefore both necessitates that grouping of the operatives together which their representatives have declared to be so desirable in their interests, and also brings the owner within the

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control of the Factory Acts, and is thus unfavourable to sub-contracting. The building trades may appear at first sight to form an exception to this axiom, since they are largely carried on by hand-labour, and yet sweating is stated to be almost unknown in them. But, in the first place, they are carried on largely in the open air, and so those unsanitary conditions which constitute one of the most glaring abuses of sweating are non-existent, while in the next place, in the workshops motive power is employed just as in factories. In either case the workmen associate in groups. In attempting to estimate the net gains of unionism, we have to allow a liberal discount not only for the cases in which its members have been compelled to lower the terms on which they sell their labour, but also for the cases, perhaps more numerous, where employers have successfully avoided acceding to these terms by such measures as altering the nature or changing the locality of their business. The action of the boot manufacturers upon the first and second class statements in migrating to Northampton is an instance in point. But the action of trade unionism is not the only form of interference in the interest of the working-classes which has had an indirectly detrimental, as well as an immediately beneficial, effect on the fortunes of its clients. Parliamentary enactments, made with the same object, such as the Factory and the Employers' Liability Acts, have imposed a liability on employers which many of them have sought to minimise, where the conditions of their trade would permit, by resorting to sub-contracting. And yet few will deny that the working-classes have, on the whole, gained rather than lost by both forms of interference. But to ensure that the largest possible balance should be struck in their favour, both workman and legislator must be endowed with sagacity to realise the conditions of the problem in their entirety, and to perceive what is the precise modicum of restraint required to direct that shy and restive animal the capitalist-employer in the way he should go, instead of impelling him to throw his rider. An unlimited application of the curb-rein is not always the most successful mode of controlling one's animal.

C. H. D'E. LEPPINGTON.

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THE WOMAN'S LABOUR DAY.

ONCE upon a time it required much courage to dispute the truth of an old proverb. For the truth in those days was concrete. You were expected to see it, feel it, confess it, and then hold your peace for ever about it. But in our day Truth resembles Love in this that "Sie Kommt und Sie ist da!" and what her aspect will be we can no more predict than we can foretell what colours will to-night bathe the moors and mountain sides. Of course we may say that except she take one form, and keep to one specified colour, we shall deny her. But Truth goes on convicting as the sun goes on shining, without any consideration for preferences or aversions. She makes choice of strange media, and occasionally shakes all our preconceived notions of propriety. She cares nothing whether screaming be beautiful, or womanly, or well-advised in a female, but will, as lief as not, saddle on the shrillest of shrieks the subtle power that carries conviction. So it comes to pass that in these latter days we are looking Tradition in the face, and submitting hoary aphorisms to a gaze that is certainly curious, though not necessarily profane.

Foremost among the questions which we are now called upon to reconsider is that of woman's place and function in the social economy. Woman progresses, and is showing an uncomfortable tendency to enlarge the area of her power and influence, and to trouble our faith in all the excellent proverbs which were heretofore set in order about her.

What is woman's work? To ask this question is to stir up a vast emotional ferment and evoke references to sundry articles of domestic furniture, among which a cradle and an arm-chair hold honoured places. This emotional ferment is not very explicit, but it is suggestive enough. It indicates that woman has one work of love and necessity to do—a work altogether her own. She has the primary *raison d'être* of maternity.

So much has been said and written of maternal responsibilities, labours, cares, influence, &c., that to repeat any of it is to lapse into platitudes; but one thing is clear—viz., that the task of bearing, nourishing, and bringing up children, does not admit that a woman should pledge herself to any very rigid adherence to the tenets of the Eight-Hours-Day Party. A mother's labours are, on the one hand, the part payment of a debt incurred by her voluntary assumption of the momentous relationship implied by maternity, and,

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on the other, the expression of a tenderness that is almost boundless, because it is purely instinctive. To the strength and limitation of instinctive love do we owe the preservation of our race, and the struggles that attend its evolution.

Not but that maternity is, up to a certain point, a powerful factor in the moral education of woman. The most frivolous girl grows tender and thoughtful when little children depend on her love and knowledge. For them she seeks and finds some measure of latent force and virtue in her own soul, and is thus allured into becoming a better woman. Allured a little way. For in the mere interests of motherhood she must stop somewhere. All mothers, gentle or simple, learned or ignorant, have one thing in common—they love one child or children above all others. They may recognise and confess the rights of humanity, but the strong current of instinctive love seizes and bears the essence of their power and thought into its narrow channel. It is well; it is natural; it is even beautiful. It is our appreciation of the renunciation involved in motherhood which compels us to include therein some sacrifice of spiritual perception and liberty.

Of course there have been exceptions. The mother of the Gracchi quelled instinct when it ceased to ennoble. From the vistas of the past looms down on us the figure of this noble woman, her brows wearing the crown of motherhood, yet luminous with the halo of the saint. The whole gamut of passional feeling gave her at last the key-note of a higher strain. But even the mother of the Gracchi was on ordinary days an ordinary mother. Her house may have been a happy resting-place. It could not have been other than a mother's domain.

It is quite obvious that a mother's domain is no place for the discussion of her right to arbitrary and despotic power. Nature here ranges herself with the woman; and the woman, feeling that only through this broad channel of motherhood has power ever come to her, assumes her rights with a kind of religious confidence. She holds a sceptre for the first time, just when the senses are overwhelmed and the intellect confused by issues and responsibilities that are too great for them. The result is obvious enough. She begins to forget that maternal responsibilities, however great, are quite personal. As an illustration of this we quote the letter of a very kind mistress, whose servants stay with her for periods of fifteen and twenty years.

"It is sad to think," writes this lady, "that the question of a maximum eight hours labour day is actually invading our homes. The ultimate result of such an invasion we cannot foretell, but one thing is clear. By contemplating it, servants are arrogating to themselves privileges which are beyond those of their mistresses—beyond the reach of any conscientious mother in England!"

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It never occurs to this kindly lady that servants are *not* mothers, and that this fact may have something to do with their desire to free themselves from the claims implied in maternity. However natural it may be that a mother should see in every other woman a deputy mother, it is hardly reasonable in her to ignore the fact that the first privilege of celibacy is freedom from the responsibilities and labour conditions of married life. To do so is to lay herself open to some such reminder as the following:

"Madam, I have a complaint to make. I do not work hard. I am comfortable enough. I have plenty of time; but what I want to say is this: My spare time is of no use to me. Five minutes now, and ten minutes again, and *perhaps* a whole hour; but I spend it in listening for your bell. My brothers often work overtime, but they go to evening classes. As for me, I have no spare time of which I can make any use."

This reproof, if in no other way meritorious, would be just. Not only labour power, but the condition of its outlay, time, is now recognised as the capital of every labourer. As ample evidence of this recognition we have the fact that many employers measure the wages by the time expended in labour. But the domestic servant does not live in the centre current of the onward movement. She is a labourer in the mother's domain, and the consideration of subtle distinctions is here obscured by the shadow of the mother and mistress's sceptre. Any successful refutation of world-worn platitudes would involve an irksome exercise of rusted faculties; nevertheless the maidservant may even now note that her mistress is aspiring to lead the new labour organisation in wider work centres than the home. Why does she (the mistress) never illustrate the practicability of more righteous labour conditions in the kingdom where she holds sway? In doing so she would be immeasurably enhancing the significance of her more ambitious efforts. In neglecting to do so she is laying herself open to unpleasant criticism. For in the day when the domestic servant perceives this disparity between her mistress's theory and practice, the domestic sceptre will dwindle into a mere stick. In the home, as elsewhere, it is brute force, not divine authority, which blocks the way.

And now passing from the labour of domestics (which is virtually the drudgery of wife and motherhood), we come to consider a class of workers who are held, very deservedly, in high repute, to wit—hospital nurses.

The hospital nurse is not unfrequently a woman of high rank, who has left a luxurious home, not for hire, but in obedience to some inner impulse of self-sacrificing love. She has probably much sympathy with the army of labourers, but very little in common with them. Not that her lot is easier than theirs. Often it is much harder. But the devotee (and the nurse is a practical

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devotee) desires nothing less than the mitigation of her hardships. The masses are fighting in the dim dawn of a growing consciousness for *rights;* the lady nurse has resigned a thousand immunities and privileges for the better performance of some self-imposed duties. To say that she is an attractive figure is not enough. She exhales the very aroma of womanhood, the beauty of holiness is imputed to her, even when (as not unfrequently happens) compassion freezes in her pain-accustomed eye. In point of fact, she is, in nearly every instance, a good woman, and worthy not of mere deification, but of a little attention.

These are they who have elected to tend the couches of the sick and dying for twelve and fourteen hours daily! Alas! that even self-sacrifice cannot outrun justice with impunity. In the great labour movement she that is not with is against. The problem of our day is one of justice not of mercy, and it is becoming daily clearer that she who does not well and truly consider the first can have no part in the second.

For though nurses number among their ranks certain women of noble birth and independent means, *all* nurses are not devotees or wealthy. Some (and they are not, after all, the least gentle or womanly) have sought enlistment not from choice but as a matter of necessity. Other avenues of industry being closed up, and the need of earning a living becoming urgent, these women have stumbled suddenly into the upward path of sacrifice, and find it abominably stiff climbing. Imagine a girl whose thoughts have never taken any very lofty flight, and over whose life no hurricane of passion or desire has rushed. She is kind, but not heroic; full of gentle impulses, but floating still in the self-centred, semi-sensuous life of happy youth. Let some measure of regard be paid to the in-flowings and out-goings of virtue in her heart, let her have the evening and morning of action, and she will probably grow into that goodly thing, a kind woman. But let her have to scramble into saint-hood—to work twelve hours when she has strength and will for eight—and she will become that sometimes capable, but not altogether lovable being, an average nurse.

Let us think for a moment of the atmosphere in which the nurse's waking hours are spent. Any one who has passed an entire day in a surgical or fever ward knows that the air is charged not only with physical diseases, but with moral pestilence. Such conditions demand provision not only for waste of tissue, but for waste or vitiation of natural feeling. Now, what is the actual case? The nurse stays in this ward day after day, and week after week, leaving it only to take rest and sustenance. Sleep and food she considers necessary (in this she is altogether at one with Mistress Sairey Gamp); but for higher needs she neither seeks or makes provision. Thus, though in the ranks of hospital nurses there are many who

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give evidence of having been at one epoch in their lives women of more than average moral and intellectual strength, there are few who do not testify of that slow degradation which invariably accompanies continuous manual work, that is to say, overwork.

You have to lie in a hospitable-bed to see an illustration of this truth. Pain-stricken and bed-ridden, you are in an excellent condition and observatory for seeing that interesting representative of modern humanitarianism, the hospital nurse. Now you look upon her face. It is (in nearly every instance) a good face. Not one to which you turn eagerly as the faint hind to the bubbling stream (the nurse's heart is deep mayhap, but it has not recently been replenished), but a face remarkable for that it refuses to take on the imprint of the beast. She is not brutalised, thanks to early culture and the remembrance of a baffled vow. She is still a lovable woman. She has survived the perils of the upward path—only lost a great many lovable qualities *en route*.

Lost them because, making haste to be a helper of suffering humanity, she completely lost sight of some elementary laws of life and work. Every effectual word and deed has its seed and ripening time. Continuous effort is made possible (in the moral as in the physical plane) by continual recuperation.

Every great ethical teacher has observed this law of spiritual life. Christ sought the mountain solitude; Gautama sat alone beneath the upas-tree. They did not assume that the spiritual force which made their words and deeds effectual was spontaneously and continuously generated in the heart. Such bold assumption was left to the hardihood of the modern nurse.

This excellent lady does not aspire to heal the sick miraculously, cast out devils, and do like marvellous works. But she does undertake to live in conditions which necessitate large demands on the moral resources of her nature, without any apparent means for the supply of such resources. When she bethinks her to use the means found necessary by the greatest ethical teachers, when she obeys natural law in the self-abnegating world, her patients may become objects of real compassion, not the recipients of an etiolated and sapless charity.

There is a class of women whose grievances are so well ventilated that any allusion to them is like the sudden opening of an emotional tap. These are the "hands," who work in sail, rope, ribbon, match, &c. &c. factories. They are beginning to show a capacity for organisation, and an *esprit de corps* which their more favoured sisters would do well to copy. But as, in the city factory or workshop, the evil effects of overwork are accentuated by the influences of a degrading environment, the city factory girl is no fair representative of the evil effects of excessive manual toil. Let us turn to the "clean country." Of all clean countries, Cornwall,

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washed in burning sunshine, and girdled with white breakers, bears the palm for purity. Here we may see what Nature does, and leaves for man to undo. The kind breezes come and go with their burden of sweet odours, caressing the young foliage, sweeping the tall corn into luminous furrows, and playing with the hair and bonnet-strings of the maidens who split stones behind the mine engine-houses. The girls' cheeks are fresh and ruddy. The beneficent breezes bring them health. But the breezes are not concerned to counteract the evil effects of a ten hours working day.

The mine girl is no saint. She is vain, thoughtless, addicted to loud laughter, and she shows little appreciation of the blessings of devotional seclusion at the close of a long labour day. The hardening of the muscles induces no corresponding toughness of moral fibre, and she steadily balances her deficit of true enjoyment by a lavish expenditure of animal spirits.

The consuming desire of life is in the mine girl as in all other sentient beings. Drive it out with a fork, or a ten hours labour day, it comes running back. Limit its field of action it grows fierce. It is this irrefutable fact which makes it necessary for the manager to unfurl before the mine girl's eyes the banner of the negative ideal. She is required *not to go wrong*.

Cultured persons, desirous of avoiding ways of wrong, find (so they have any appreciable vitality) one necessity laid upon them—viz., the finding of paths of right. Any successful search for these depends on the seeker's possession of two requisites—viz., faith to seek the paths, and freedom to choose them. (It is perhaps unnecessary to observe that by "faith" we mean, not the credulity evinced by the acceptation of unproven maxims or dogma, but that intuition of latent power which is the condition of all aspiration and true progress.) Now the mine girl's area of consciousness is small. Within its precincts only the fundamental facts of material life find place. Now, should she form that practical apotheosis of reason which we call faith? To expect her to do so is to prove that we ourselves have not yet gathered the first fruits of thought. As well exhort a lark to sing above the ether as require a mind to create spontaneously new channels of life.

But let us suppose that, owing to some preternatural vigour of initiative impulse, the mine girl has exercised a measure of faith, and succeeded in introducing some element of reflection into her life of hard-working, and no thinking. The first conscious musings of the self-emancipating soul are neither high nor deep. They resemble the child's observations in the material world being simple notifications of the nearest facts. "The soul, or higher nature, is of some importance. Its interests are not sensibly forwarded by the breaking of stones. Many people say they are, or may be, or ought to be. I do not find that they are"—at this point the infant reasoner

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encounters an obstacle. That freedom of choice which is the condition of progress is not hers. Here brute force, in the shape of capital, bars the way. If any mine or factory girl will not work ten hours a day, and take the moral and intellectual consequences, neither shall she eat. A careful consideration of the import of this mandate will show that any call to abnegation which may follow it is a mere shibboleth of authority.

But inasmuch as our social life is built on a recognition of authority, we are all committed to the echoing of shibboleths. The religious teacher as well as the mine manager takes up the banner of the negative ideal. "*Thou shalt not*" is the base and burden of the Ten Commandments. The modern teacher takes it up, enlarges upon it, explains it, and invariably confuses it with a profound counsel to renunciation urged 1800 years ago by a great ethical teacher. In this work he is ably seconded by a host of truly benevolent persons, who go to and exhaust themselves in teaching the highest and most mystical truths to souls rendered incapable of recognising or proving the most elementary ones. Such teaching is not fruitless. A number of the victims of overwork add religious enthusiasm to the stormy current of their physical emotions. But we have as little reason to hope that the effects of overwork are checked, and the moral and intellectual level of a race elevated by such means, as we have to believe that stimulants are for the masses a complete substitute for nourishment. Here Justice utters her unflinching mandate. "If you wish to help your sister-woman, grant her the conditions which favour the development of her own latent power—a power which alone will enable her to help herself." It is a cold mandate. It tempers the ardent glow in the bosom of the philanthropist. But we are thrown back on it continually by the two-sided success which follows all "philanthropic" methods of help-giving.

Of all women shop-girls have perhaps the best outlook over the economic world. They stand day by day in the theatre of exchange, and in full view of the more intricate details of our capitalistic system of production. There is no single transaction of theirs which may not give them some clue to an accurate understanding of the three following questions: "What is the nature of the service which my employer renders society?" "What is the nature of the service which I render *him*, and for which he pays me?" "What constitutes the 'profit' which he derives from the sale of his goods, and which I do *not* derive from the bestowal of my services?"

Manifestly the shopwoman as well as the trader possesses capital. But whereas *his* capital consists in commodities (or their equivalent in money) which are the embodiment of social labour, and is increased by the mere process of exchange, *her* capital consists in

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a limited quantity of labour power which she is continually advancing and exhausting. Meantime she is receiving wages—that is, payment for services rendered. These wages represent the cost of production of the materials necessary to keep her in a fair state of working health. They include no restitution for vital capital advanced, but simply the means for its more or less perfect renewals. The fact that there is *vital loss* in the expenditure of labour power does not affect the employer's estimate of the value of commodities or of service.

And indeed this vital loss is personal, and affects only the loser. A thousand are ready to profit by it, and to bring the strength of their youth to supplant the straining muscles of enfeebled middle or old age. Here the woman fights (in the vast majority of cases) an unequal battle. Yet women, who suffer more than do men from the evils of our competitive system and the degrading effects of overwork, are slow to hail the dawn of a brighter era, when labour shall be established on co-operative—that is to say on social—principles.

The reason is not far to seek. Woman may even now stand at the gates of an illimitable region of unexplored truth, but the shadows of darkest ages are still around her. The true power of the feminine has been dreamed of, and even named, but it is still scarcely a matter of discussion. Not but that woman has in all ages given evidence of power. It was erratic, doubtless—the most volatile of forces, above all, elusive; but no one thought of denying it. *Cherchez la femme*, said the French philosophers when they had given up looking for primary causes. We are not here concerned to note the propriety of looking for the woman; but we will briefly consider the necessity laid upon her to hide *her force*.

Why was this concealment so imperative? Was it in the nature of the woman to hide within herself the presence of that initiative energy which constituted her feminine, and to fear its open expression? Or was this concealment necessary, and therefore only the result of the intuitive knowledge she possessed that the day of her power was not yet? We incline to the latter supposition. The period of the survival of the fittest in the physical and intellectual world was no time for the unfolding of powers whose action depended on the previous establishment of right and inviolable physical conditions.

Meantime, the denial of the feminine principle brought disastrous consequences to woman. The gravity of her function in the physical world did not save her from utter abasement and exclusion from all that gives meaning or dignity to human life. The very word virtue represented for her, no innate or effectual power, but a specified form of submission and fidelity to man. Art, it is true, held her by the skirts, and great poets, such as Dante, wrestled with

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the consciousness of her influence. But through the long night of bygone ages she remained a thing, rather than an entity, while man assigned to her certain duties, recommended to her certain qualities, and quarrelled for her possession.

Advancing civilisation has changed the letter of such beliefs. Their spirit lingers. We do not despise women as our forefathers despised them; but the tendency to do so still looks through men's chivalry, and reappears in our social prejudices, even when by dint of effort we are expunging it from our law-books. We wish to "direct" the influence of woman—that is to say, we wish to patronise a great natural force. "Women," we beautifully remark, "embodies in humanity the element that is higher than reason." That does not prevent us from reasoning about this element, and fixing with wonderful precision the bounds over which its swelling waves must never pass.

All this proves that we are sitting by the sea-side, and that the tide has not come in. There is much jingling of the keys of office, much opening of long-barred gates, and into the wide and wonderful world of life walks now, with tentative steps, the mother of all living. It is a momentous spectacle. Frail and foolish are woman's first efforts here. But sublime and significant is her presence in the wider arena of life. Like all novices, she adopts to-day the imitative method. What man succeeded in doing she attempts, where he fails she does not consider. Fetters may be removed in a day, but the complete liberation of long latent energy is a slower process.

The great facts of sex! How easy they appeared while woman was enslaved! While she stood beside the man, like the pale shadow of himself, wearing at his bidding the qualities and the vestments that pleased him, who could tell that the counterpart of his strength lay buried in her passivity? Who, beholding her, could dream that the great facts of sex, even then inviolable in the physical plane, would one day rise and reassert themselves throughout the whole world of moral and intellectual life, revealing the feminine everywhere as the receptive and quickening principle, the form-giver and germ nourisher, that makes fruitful because it supplements the male principle throughout all.

Not by the total exclusion of women from any field of action or thought will such revelation become possible. If womanliness is an exotic flowering only in the home, then woman may have a name, but she has no being. We close the home doors with the commendable object of preserving the feminine. But our zeal does not allow us to observe that in compelling woman to take the highest place, and no other, we are withholding from her the experience necessary for the true unfolding of her power, and its full exercise in any place high or low. The secret of woman's degradation is in this persistent wedding of power to ignorance. She sat at the source of

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life, knowing nothing of the ways of life. A help-meet—she was helpless in every sphere of life and labour save one! Doubtless there have been women in all ages who have realised the fierce irony of their position, and knew that their much boasted influence was a mere emotional impulse given by them to men's aims and actions, not the potent, unswerving leading of a mind conscious of far issues, and intent on other than personal aims.

It is evident that the day of woman's power is not far advanced. It is equally evident that the night of her abasement is over. During the last half century she has engaged at fearful odds in the fierce commercial struggle for existence. It was a struggle of brute force, and the woman was of course brutally worsted. Some light, however, breaks in on all this darkness, some stirring of new power and expanding of new faculties, some perception, too, of the spirit she is of. This spirit, mighty to help, is alien to resistance. It flies not over stormy waters, but broods where there is peace. Holding the secret of succour for the weak, it abides in strange, unassailable relationships with all that is effectually strong. And inasmuch as the limitation of the woman's labour-day would be a limitation of that power which is now holding her captive, inasmuch as it would bring her nearer that goal where competition will be replaced by co-operation, thus granting her the economic conditions necessary to the full development of her powers, and the fulfilment of her destiny, it is an aim whose achievement would be the renewal of hope.

MARGARET MCMILLAN.

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THE SCOTTISH AND IRISH UNIONS: A CONTRAST.

THERE are few things more perplexing to the student of politics than the fact that the same nation which achieved an unique triumph in statesmanship in the legislative union with Scotland, has, in the case of Ireland, displayed an equally conspicuous failure. The most enthusiastic advocate of Scottish Home Rule admits that whatever might be the defects of the Union, no measure has, on the whole, been more pregnant with good, not only to Scotland, but to Britain and the empire at large; and the keenest Unionist acknowledges, that, while the Irish Union ought in theory to be a success, and under the best of Governments—the Ministry of all the Talents and all the Virtues—will ultimately be a success, it has hitherto, at least, been a disappointing failure. To find out the cause of this extraordinary difference would be an interesting intellectual problem at any time, but at the present juncture nothing can be more opportune, for there is no other subject the discussion of which will contribute more to a solution of the most pressing problem of the day.

We are confirmed in this view by a letter which may be seen in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, in the handwriting of the Duke of Portland, the Home Secretary in Pitt's Government. It is dated Whitehall, February 9, 1799, and reads thus: "When the question of Union between Great Britain and Ireland came under the consideration of his Majesty's Ministers, the Duke of Portland employed Mr. Bruce, the keeper of the State papers, to collect in his office the precedents in the history of the union between England and Scotland which might illustrate the subject, for the purpose of bringing in aid of the intended arrangement with Ireland the wisdom and experience of former times." If, therefore, Pitt, like the wise and great statesman that he was, thought fit to employ the aid of history in initiating a great constitutional change, much more may we again consider the precedent on which that change was based, now that ninety years' experience of a diametrically opposite result points to the fact that some cause operating in the Scottish, is absent in the Irish, Union, or that in the latter there are counteracting causes of such potency as to nullify any circumstances that would in themselves make it a success.

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In the case of Scotland there were all along deep unifying forces, which might be counteracted for a time by the play of a divisive element, in the shape of attempts at union by brute force, but which at once exerted their natural influence when that counteracting cause was withdrawn. The contrast which resulted from the presence of such elements in Scottish history, and their absence in Irish history, was apparent, not only in the events preceding Union, but, even more, in the way in which the Unions worked. The English and Scotch, having many qualities in common, and being much in sympathy with each other at every point of political importance, found no difficulty in acting together in Parliament. From the very first the line of division in the British Parliament was a party one—not a national one. Members were reckoned as Whig and Tory, not as Scotch and English. We do not mean that the latter distinctions were entirely unknown, but that the national line of division was a very faint one, running across the deeply-drawn party line. Not only was it possible for the Scottish members to amalgamate with the English parties; the two peoples were so much in harmony politically, that there never has been any prominent and permanent divergence in the majorities they have returned to the British Parliament.

A still more important difference consisted in the fact that in Scotland there was no minority established in sympathy with the English, who might thereby have been tempted to use all the strength of the new State in favour of their countrymen. The noblest and the basest feelings would have united to inspire the same policy: the chivalrous instinct of the Englishman to assist the weak against the strong, and the love of domineering over strangers which has made the Englishman hated abroad. Fortunately this danger was averted by the thoroughness with which the heroes of the War of Independence had done their work, but even as it was, Scotland narrowly escaped being thrown into ceaseless agitation by the favouring of a minority. For though England had no sympathisers on purely political grounds, it had many friends who preferred the English system of Church government to the native Presbyterian. Even at the Revolution (as Macaulay's readers may remember) it was long doubtful whether the Episcopal Church would cease to be, and the first few years after the Union witnessed a series of attempts to alter one of the fundamental articles of the Union—that which guaranteed the Presbyterian Church in all its rights and privileges. The Toleration and Patronage Acts of 1712, and the attempt at the concurrent endowment of Episcopacy by the resumption of the bishop's revenues, were flagrant breaches in the Treaty of Union. But those breaches are not to be justly charged on the English Government so much as on the Scottish Jacobite party, which, towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, determined

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the policy of the Government with reference to Scotland. That it was really the patriotic Jacobite party that was the moving spring in this betraying of the National Church is proved beyond a doubt by many passages in the *Memoirs* of Lockhart, the leader of that party.

A third point of contrast arises out of the successful stand which Scotland made against English domination. One effect of this was very clear. Scotland could enter upon the Treaty on an equal footing as an independent power, and stand out for just and honourable conditions. Carlyle says: "A heroic Wallace quartered on the scaffold cannot hinder that his Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it becomes on tyrannous, unfair terms a part of it." Another effect was seen in the political habits of the people. The long centuries of war and watch for independence had trained them to act as one body directed by one will, and had accustomed them to associate in constitutional bodies whenever their national interests seemed to be threatened or neglected. The English were, therefore, not only under less temptation from the non-existence of a minority to override the will of the Scottish people, but were sure to meet immediately with a powerful organised opposition if they attempted it. The intense nationality feeling which had been developed by centuries of conflict, and the traditions of successful opposition to the will of the English, were guarantees against the adoption of a policy which might be taken up more readily and plausibly against a people who had no common traditions as an independent State, and whose whole history was one of subjection. From the very first, therefore, notwithstanding England's great superiority in the number of representatives, Scotland has held its own in all that concerns a State—in legislation, and in the executive, judicial, and administrative departments. Not only has there been a fair proportion of Scotchmen in the administration of the common affairs of the British State, and a just weight attached to the voice of Scotland in Imperial matters, but in what concerns the country exclusively, Scotchmen have had the management entirely in their own hands. For many years Argyle and his brother Lord Islay were entrusted by Walpole with the direction of Scottish affairs; and after them the Scottish Secretaryship was abolished, but only that the administration might be put into the hands of the most capable Scotchman of the day—the Lord Advocate Forbes. So entirely a matter of course was it that Scotchmen were to be entrusted with the management of their own affairs that we find Struthers, in his *History*, written about seventy years ago, saying: "There has existed an unhappy prejudice among British statesmen that Scotland could not be governed but by Scotchmen."

In matters of legislation, from the first, Scottish members were consulted by the English Ministry on Scotch affairs. "Our opinions," says Lockhart, "were asked and followed in most matters

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relating to Scotland; and the Ministry applied directly to us in what they expected or desired from us and our countrymen." This is within the truth considerably; for Lockhart was able to procure the passing of laws which the Ministry themselves supported but did not wish to initiate. Yet, notwithstanding the explicit declaration of Lockhart, and the evidence of these facts, it is often stated that little heed was paid to the Scotch members in the early days of the British Parliament, and that consequently the Union became so very unpopular that a motion was made in the House of Lords in 1713 to dissolve the Union—a motion lost by only four votes. It is true that there were some Acts carried in the teeth of the Scottish members; the Treason Act in 1708, the Malt Tax in 1713, and the Porteous Mob Act in 1736; but the Act that caused the greatest discontent—that imposing the Malt Tax—was really a belated discussion on the international adjustment of trade privileges and taxes, such as had formed the contentious matter in the conferences between the Union Commissioners. The Repeal motion, which was brought forward on the failure of the Scotch to throw out the Malt Tax Bill, was not originated or supported by the pure patriotism to which it is often solely attributed. The origin of it is told by Lockart, its author: "I believed this affair of a Malt Tax would be the best handle to inflame and keep up the spirit of resentment against the Union, the effects whereof I did conclude would tend to advance the King's (*i.e.*, Pretender's) interest." If the Jacobites originated the motion from ulterior motives, the Whig Lords supported it against the Tory Ministry from purely party motives. "Argyle declared himself against the Union with a design to break an egg in the Earl of Mar's pocket. Whether the Scotch Lords did acquaint the Ministry, and that the Whigs suspected their appearance in this affair was only from the outside in order to preserve their reputation at home, I will not take upon me to affirm, though I'm afraid there were some such underhand dealings by some who were deepest concerned in the administration of public affairs; and hence I believe it proceeded that the English did not enter far into the merits of the motion."

When Pitt therefore sought the aid of Scottish experience in his attempt to solve the Irish problem, nothing could be plainer than the lessons of that experience. The whole of Scottish history was a warning against an attempt at forcing a Union by riding rough-shod over the wishes and desires of a whole people; and it proved positively by the success of a liberal policy, which left the management of a nation's affairs in the hands of a nation's representatives, that the bitterest international feud could be made to give place to the most loyal and hearty co-operation in advancing the common interests of the united State. This was the clue which might have guided statesmen through the labyrinth of the Irish problem—a problem,

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it is true, more complicated than the Scotch, yet in its essentials the same, and demanding a solution on the same lines. The points of difference were such as to emphasise the problem: the diversity originally in race and language, and ultimately in religion; the physical separation by many miles of sea; the presence of an English minority, not only in one compact mass in one corner of the land, but in twos and threes scattered over the whole country; and the absence of any traditional body to conserve the interests of the nation. Although this serves to excuse and explain the manner in which Ireland has been governed since the Union, it does not absolve English statesmen for setting at naught the lesson of Scottish history. The one thing essential to the successful working of the Union, the one thing that made the Scottish Union a success, viz., the allowing an effective voice to a people on affairs affecting themselves only, is the very element that has been wanting all along in the Irish Union. If the same authority had been attached to the representations of the Irish members as has from the first been attached to those of the Scotch members, the same success would have attended the one Union as the other. Any one can easily see that this is so by imagining what would have been the result if the Anglican Church had been established in Scotland as it was in Ireland; if Scottish Presbyterians had been subjected to the same petty annoying persecution as the Irish Catholics; and if only one industry—agriculture—had survived the jealousy of English merchants, and that industry had been hampered by the most unjust laws. If the Scottish Union had been worked in this way, there would have been an opposition to it as powerful and as determined as that which is now arrayed against the Irish Union. The manner in which the Irish Union has been worked is therefore deserving of unqualified disapproval; but it does not follow that the Union itself or its authors are involved in the same condemnation. It is open to those who most severely condemn the working of the Union, to admit that Pitt by his great Act took a decided step in advance. The Irish Parliament which he extinguished was composed exclusively of the dominant caste, and it could not cease to be so without throwing power absolutely uncontrolled into the hands of the long-suppressed Catholic majority. If, however, the Catholics were enfranchised not for an Irish, but for an Imperial Parliament, the Catholic majority would receive its natural rights and the Protestant minority would be safe with the help of their allies in the British Parliament. It was with this plan, worthy of Pitt's statesmanship, that the Union was carried; but he did not foresee that his scheme was to be maimed irretrievably by the withholding of Catholic rights, and that the evils of the ascendency, which ought to have perished with the Union, were to be continued in the British Parliament through the greater part of the century.

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It is true that the Liberal party made lukewarm attempts under Melbourne and earnest attempts under Mr. Gladstone to deal justly by the Irish, but only to prove that, though they were willing, they were unable, owing chiefly to the obstruction of the House of Lords. The other party were just long enough in office to show that if they were able they were certainly unwilling to carry out the reforms that were so urgently needed. Hence the history of Ireland since the Union forms an epoch never to be recalled without shame by the ruling party, and without loathing and disgust by those who suffered under it. Now that we are on the eve of a general election it is time for the electors to sit down and reckon up the gain and cost of three generations of opposition to the wishes of the Irish people. They have to consider that all through the century the strength of Ireland has had to be deducted from the strength of the Empire. Not only has an army of thirty or forty thousand men been locked up, and thus an element of danger added in case of war, but even in peace the voice of British diplomacy has been feeble and wanting in authority, owing to a weak spot at the heart of the Empire. The treasure that has been lavished in keeping up the machinery of government in an alien land, where the efforts of the people are naturally put forth not to aid, but to obstruct, the law, would not be looked closely into by a nation which has always been prodigal of its wealth when great ends were to be attained. But for what has all this danger and expense been incurred? Not for any great principle, but merely to delay reforms, which after being passed are admitted by all to be just and necessary. Catholic Emancipation, Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and reform of the Land Laws, are the three great measures which sum up the political history of Ireland in the present century. Each of these three has wasted the energies of a generation in needless heart-burnings and heart-breakings. Yet we may safely defy the whole phalanx of Unionist talent and learning to point out one single advantage which this country has gained by withholding these reforms for a whole generation, or one single disadvantage it would have experienced by yielding at the very outset of the struggle to the plainest dictates of common sense. We do not ask how religion has been furthered by the long delay in the fulfilment of the promise of Catholic Emancipation, and by an Established Church "which produced twice as many riots as conversions;" but how has Protestantism in the interest of which this policy was upheld been benefited in the slightest degree? Does any one imagine that even Protestantism would have been the worse for the early passing of Acts which were the expression of the most elementary principles of political justice? And, as for the Land Laws, under which, at last, a peasant proprietorship is to be created, who has benefited by the delay but the Clanricardes?

So much for the gain to Britain; how stands the account for

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Ireland? If the Imperial Parliament has been slow to pass any reforms such as would have removed the conditions that provoked men into crime, it has shown hot haste in passing endless Crimes Acts, as if the system that numbers nearly as many Coercion Acts as years did not stand self-condemned. The result of all this unsuitable legislation, coupled with the absence of necessary reforms, was seen not merely in a political unrest and agitation, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel, but also in the decline of material prosperity, and when famine came, in the loss of many thousands by death, and of many millions by emigration. Many who are ready to shout treason when a change is proposed on an Act, which the experience of many years has shown to be faulty—an Act carried by bribery and treachery in the life-time of the fathers of many now living—refuse to recognise any patriotism apart from supporting a system under which the population of Ireland has been reduced by nearly one-half, and under which the State has been weakened more than by loss of treasure or territory—by the loss of men who constitute the State.

But perhaps a more favourable view of the benefits reaped by Ireland under the Union may be taken by those who have most reason to take a favourable view—the ruling class, who have had the country in the hollow of their hand to make of it what they please. Through all the vicissitudes of Irish history, there has been but one constant factor; the Irish never have been masters of their own fate or makers of their own history. Under Poyning's Act, Grattan's Parliament, and the Imperial Parliament, the English have always been in the ascendency. The Irish are as the English have made them; yet the latter are never weary of railing at their own handiwork. The vocabulary of vituperation has been exhausted on the Irish by those who have made them what they are. If half of what has been said about them be true, they would be worthless indeed if they did not endeavour to supersede a system which produces such results, their enemies themselves being judges.

Most men will admit that the demand for Home Rule is the natural if not the necessary outcome of such circumstances; but it is open to them still to deny that it is expedient or necessary to grant it. They may say that the very circumstances which have created the demand for Home Rule among men on the other side of the Channel, have converted men on this side to the adoption of an enlightened and conciliatory policy—the policy which has made the Scottish Union a success. They may say with Churchill that the case is entirely altered with the widening of the suffrage under the Franchise Act of 1885, and that under this new system of things with a democratic Parliament, the old system of delay will give place to the immediate passing of all just and necessary Acts, and that no section of the community will have its interests neglected or injured.

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They may say that the case of Scotland is a precedent not for Home Rule but for Union; and that there is a far more urgent need for Union in the case of Ireland, because the minority in that country can receive protection from an Imperial Parliament which it would be hopeless to expect from a local national Parliament. But men who reason thus keep out of sight the fact that a democratic House of Commons may at any moment have any of its Acts nullified by a landlord House of Lords, which has all along been the citadel of enemies to good government in Ireland, which opposed the principle of all the three great measures long after it had been accepted by the Commons, and which, though powerless for good, is powerful for evil by exerting the privilege it has too long possessed of resisting every great reform just up to the point where it begins to be dangerous to its own existence. They overlook the fact that the main lesson of Scottish experience is not that any legislative Union may be a success, but that in order to be successful, there must be not merely no trampling under foot of the constitutionally-expressed desires of a nation, but even a tolerance of what may be thought the prejudices of the weaker party. They do not see that the argument about the danger of a minority suffering at the hands of an unbridled majority recoils with greater force upon themselves. For if the mere possibility of the tyrannical exercise of the power of a majority is sufficient reason for refusing to create a Parliament where such a majority would predominate, much more ought the actual exercise of the power of an unsympathising majority through a course of ninety years to be an argument for putting an end to the exercise of such a power. And the argument that returns with such force on Unionists leaves Home Rulers untouched; for they may say (1) that there is no certainty, not even a probability, of a majority in the Irish Parliament using its power over Ulster in the way in which the Imperial Parliament has used its power over Ireland; and (2) that in case of such a tyrannical exercise of power, the Imperial Parliament would not only be entitled but compelled to interfere, just as much as if any civic corporation in the three kingdoms were to make an illegal use of its powers.

These theoretical arguments and counter-arguments were all that could be appealed to at the last general election; but since then five years' working of the Union under the most favourable circumstances —a *beau ideal* leader, the unwavering support of a united phalanx of friends, and the admiration, we are told, of all the ability and virtue in the country—have given the electors an opportunity of judging, not from theoretical considerations, but from actual experience, of the results that are to be expected from the further continuance of the present system of government. With every desire to see this last opportunity for an Imperial Parliament for the three kingdoms turned to such good account as to obviate once for all the

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necessity of adopting Home Rule, with all its unavoidable complexity and liability to collisions, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that the policy of the Unionist Government throughout these five years has displayed a total disregard of the principles which have made the Scottish Union a success. We admit that the aim of the Government has been to give security to life and property, to make powerless the village ruffian, and to paralyse the arm of the assassin. To it is due, therefore, the praise of excellent intentions; but we deny that the best means has been adopted to secure the best of ends. If the crime and disorder and disregard for law, which have so long prevailed in Ireland, were merely the fruit of an ingrained evil disposition and an incurably degraded character, then, indeed, there would be no hope, and all that Government could be expected to do, would be to restrain the evils it could not cure. But such a policy of despair cannot be held by those who maintain that the disgraceful condition of Ireland arises from the evil system under which it has been governed and continues to be governed. Legislation continues on the old lines of so much ameliorating legislation as suits party purposes, and so much coercion as will not wholly outrage public opinion. In every part of the administration men who are notoriously out of sympathy with the Irish have held place. At the head of affairs we do not find the trusted and honoured leaders of the Irish, but philosophic doubters, who believe in the reports of Irish policemen as firmly as ever any overgrown child believed in the tales of the nursery. As for the people's representatives, we have to look for them, not in the offices of government, but in the cells of the prison-house. And while the men who are naturally the mediators between the Government and the people have been treated with supercilious scorn in Parliament, and with bonds and imprisonments out of it, the wants of the country have been ascertained and the intentions of Government carried out by a bureaucracy that would be a curse to any country. It may be a small matter that the privilege of Parliament has not been asserted for Irish members as it would be for others, and that the rights of the subject have been unnecessarily curtailed in the matter of free speech, free combination, and free public meetings, but it is not a small matter that justice has been strained in every form, that juries are dispensed with in cases where they are peculiarly needed, that where they are allowed they are too often packed, and that magistrates who are not only notoriously biassed, but are incited to favour the Executive by being at its mercy in the way of dismissal or promotion, pronounce sentences upon the men most trusted by the Irish—sentences which are regarded by many not as the awards of justice, but as the mandates of Government. Thus the Government whose chief aim was the diminishing of crime by punishment, has by its attempts to affix the stigma of crime on

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political opponents, removed much of the disgrace attached to convictions and imprisonment, and so weakened the power, on which it relied mainly, if not solely, for suppressing crime. To argue that such abuses are unavoidable under the present *régime*, or, in Unionist language, that these exceptional proceedings are due to exceptional causes, is to prove not that the abuses are good, but that the system under which they are necessary is bad. It is useless to say that such abuses will die out; for fifty years of coercion will not bring this about any more than five years have done. The hopeless thing about the Unionist policy is that however far you project it into the future, you cannot see any reconciliation or harmony springing up between the people and the law. The only way in which to bring the people into harmony with the law is first of all to bring the Government into harmony with the people. "There is one wiser than Napoleon or Tallyrand," say the French, "c'est tout le monde;" so there is one wiser than Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Balfour, that is the electorate. They have shown in the last general election that there must be no doubt about the supremacy of an Imperial Parliament; and they have shown since in many a bye-election that they do not tolerate government in direct opposition to the feelings of the governed. He who will reconcile the two apparently incompatible ideas of imperial supremacy and national freedom will solve the most difficult of political problems, and the most pressing question of the day. If any one by attempting to govern Scotland on the same lines as Ireland has been governed, were to alienate (as undoubtedly he would) the most loyal of citizens and the most energetic of empire-builders, he would earn for himself the greatest obloquy that could attach to any name. And conversely, the statesman who, by satisfying the just claims of the Irish to have an effective voice in the administration of their own affairs, will put an end to the feud of centuries, will undo the spell of international hatred, will convert four millions of determined enemies into loyal supporters of the Empire—thus making a Scotland out of Ireland—is certain to win for himself imperishable fame, and the noblest name inscribed even on the illustrious roll of British statesmen.

JOHN DOWNIE.

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THE LONDON CABMEN—AN IMPROVEMENT SCHEME.

LORD BEACONSFIELD once distinguished the London cab as a "gondola," but whether this was a mere burst of exuberant fancy or a temperate allusion to the normal English climate, and the consequent fluvial nature of the highways may pass. We must discard the romantic "gondola," and adhere to the more homely contraction—cab.

No proposal affecting the cabmen of London can fail to interest—so concerned is the public in them and their cabs. Whatever continental peoples may be, the English—and especially Londoners—deserve the reputation of being a cab-using race, and the individual must be an unsophisticated one indeed, whose experiences do not extend to "cabby." Convenient and undoubtedly respectable as it is to have one's brougham and Victoria; cheap and serviceable as are the omnibuses and road-cars—especially now that they "do" London diagonally as well as at right angles—there would be a deplorable void were the vast cab system to be suddenly lifted from amongst us into a region the inhabitants of which were accounted better "fares," and wholly guileless of the cabman's terror—the matronly umbrella!

It is a large expression, doubtless, but existence would be well nigh impossible without "cabby." There would be no catching trains; no fitting in of engagements; no safe transport at midnight from the club and smoke-room; no comfortable coming home for the holidays for the boys; M.P.'s would tremble at the thought of their horses and property fretting and freezing outside St. Stephen's; bishop, broker, "bookie," all, transitionally considered, would be paralysed. Such a block in our social existence must not, however, be entertained. Bad as "cabby" has been, bad as he may still be, matters would be inexpressibly worse without him; for, as I have said, desirable and comfortable as it may be to have private vehicular appliances, your coachman is hopelessly unregenerate, for emergency purposes, compared with the average London cabman. We may safely accept the condition, that cabmen will be always with us; and the sooner suitable processes are adopted to bring the cab-driving and cab-using sections of society into a closer union and understanding the better will it be for all concerned.

A few figures anent the cabman will demonstrate how great a

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factor he is in the national life. Most of us know the census of the Metropolitan area, beyond which are the thousands of visitors who daily pass through the metropolis; and, when conventionally speaking London is said to be "out of town," there yet remain a few odd millions of folk to transact whatever business peer and plebeian have left behind them. To administer to the wants, whims, and eccentricities of this large population—"eccentricities" is the right word for individuals may constantly be seen hailing and using cabs, yet displaying infinitely more fitness for the shafts than for the insides of the vehicles—to cope with this vast humanity some 15,000 licensed cabmen come to the rescue, while the London Directory gives the names of no less than 216 professed proprietors of cabs, and fourteen builders of these public vehicles. These are large figures, and remembering the number of lives entrusted to the drivers, their risks, temptations, and responsibilities—considering all this we easily recognise that the cab element of London is a great fact.

Nevertheless the general aspect of the cab question is far from gratifying. Drivers are discontented, and the public is badly served. This unsatisfactory position is due to a "system," by which drivers hire the cabs of proprietors at excessive rates, which, when considered in relation with the legal fares, and the generally disordered state of the public carriage question become impossible, and force the drivers into something of the position and character of *banditti*.

Here is the present method. A proprietor has more or less cabs and horses to let out to—as a rule—regular hirers who, to get what is termed the "lot," must pay daily. "No money no lot" is the inflexible law, so that if the driver fails to earn the money on the previous day, and cannot make up the deficiency, his cab is let to an odd man, several of whom attend the cab-yards to endeavour to hire, especially in the London season, when the cabman's profession is at its best. The charge for a "lot" is from 15*s*. to 18*s*. per day, in addition to which the hirer must reckon to "tip" the horsekeeper, washer, night stableman, lamp-cleaner, &c. All connected with the cab-yards are aware that drivers could not possibly meet such charges and "tips" were they wholly dependent upon the bare Parliamentary fares. Behind such legal rates, however, has grown up a custom, the outcome of indifference or stupidity, by which drivers become possessed of more than their legal fares, and it is of such, and whatever else is extorted from timid and inexperienced travellers, that cab-drivers equalise and average matters. It is not surprising that such an arrangement proves unsatisfactory. A process that makes the public the natural prey of the cabmen must prove fatally wrong in result. So long as the driver is forced for life and death reasons to squeeze the passenger as hard as he knows how, and fortified with the notion that the chances are a thousand to one against his setting eyes on any chance "fare" again, is tempted to be abusive to secure this end, so long will the cabmen and public be disastrously

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antagonistic. That such a system obtains admits of no doubt, and unfortunately this has driven many who could afford legitimate cab fares to seek the services of tram, rail or 'bus, rather than be penalised with excess charges. By this course cabmen as individual units have long been gradually destroying their own business. We must keep well in mind, however, that it is the proprietor, not the driver who, capitalising the cabs, is primarily responsible. The cabman is the unhappy agent, and in his struggle to take home the proprietor's charges, Jehu often acts and threatens with disadvantage to body and soul. Strikes and other steps have been tried by the drivers to remedy mischievous points, but no appreciable benefit has accrued. The old story remains—cab-drivers are excessively rented by the proprietors having regard to the condition of the cabs issued, the legal fares and distances, and the fact that the cabman has a living to get, and a future of which to think. Legislative zeal and much competition have made second profits from cab-driving barely realisable, and the only solution of the difficulty seems to be for cabmen to become their *own proprietors*. Some co-operative plan needs to be devised for the cabmen. The profession is a precarious one, and year following year, "cabby" is called upon to face stern facts, and to exercise virtues from which a calendar notable might well shrink. For sixteen or seventeen hours daily he is exposed to all weathers, and, in our not very propitious clime, his class is prone to diseases, which incapacitate and sometimes permanently unfit the men for work. For the want of proper organisation undue competition presents itself at the most profitable time of the year—the racing season, and when London is emptying itself for holidays—and then it is that the proprietors, taking advantage of the large influx of drivers, give the regular cabmen no chance of recouping themselves for the "off" season—the months of August and September and throughout our long winters, when with stress of weather and other circumstances it goes hard with "cabby."

It is to remedy the evils which compass the cabmen's profession that the present scheme about to be proposed, and subject to full discussion, has been devised. By it the driver may become owner, not hirer, of an "outfit," and so rid himself of a ruinous proprietary monopoly. As his own master he will be in closer touch, agreement, and responsibility with the public; fewer hours will be necessary; and, certainly, the scheme would have the effect of improving the class of cabs, and putting a new face upon the cab machinery of the metropolis. Several ladies and gentlemen, together with practical men in the cab trade, drivers and others, are agreed that something of a Cabmen's Self-help Society would solve the difficult cab problem. The idea well deserves the attention of cabmen and public alike; for, while it will benefit the community at large, it will also place a hard-working and absolutely necessary class of men upon a new and sure footing. A fair support from the cabdrivers alone —say, 2500 out of the 15,000 London drivers—would enable those

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concerned in this particular effort to advance the cabmen's interests, to try the scheme, and set about benefiting the cabman's present and future position, without making him an object of charity.

It is intended to designate the proposed scheme as "The Cab-drivers' Self-Help Society," or by some similar title. Its field of operations will be the cabmen's profession, and it will look mainly to cabmen for its development and support. Should the cabmen not sufficiently co-operate, then it will revert to such of the general public as may have become members of the society to secure the benefits of the co-operation. There will be nothing of a philanthropic nature in the undertaking; on the contrary, it will be conducted upon purely commercial lines. The scheme has for its object the strengthening of the cab-driving interests, and the effecting of an improved attitude between drivers and the public. The theory being that, by union under the scheme, and acting upon the principles of co-operation, drivers may be released from much proprietary thraldom, and become the owners and maintainers of their own cabs and horses at a first cost far below what is at present being paid by them, over and over again, for very indifferent "outfits." As builders of its own cabs, and large purchasers of horses and fittings, "lot" purchasing members of the society must manifestly participate in first cost production; and, with an "outfit" on these lines, the prospect of a cabdriver's life at once becomes altered.

Besides the general union and conserving of cabmen's interests prominent features and aims attainable under the project are:

(α) To make cabmen their own proprietors and holders of profits which now go, as an unearned increment, to the proprietors.

(β) To improve the London cab, and substitute a vehicle with less wear and tear upon itself, and more comfort for the occupant—particularly by lessening vibration and noise.

(γ) To reduce cab fares, and encourage a sixpenny fare, so as to increase the number of riders and destroy unprofitable "loitering."

(δ) To establish the Society's stables, yard-men, workshops, cab paraphernalia, &c.; and to trade in cab building and furnishing for the benefit of the members.

(ε) To secure farms as rest and recruit places for drivers and horses; with agricultural, breeding, and other appliances for working, and producing requisites appertaining to the cab business.

(ϑ) To establish sick, burial, and pension funds for cab-drivers.

It is not promised that all this can, or will, be done at one stroke, but it is comparatively easy of realisation because the scheme has the merit of being one which may be worked in easy stages. It is all

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feasible, and the extent of its initial operations, with the question of its complete development, must be left to the cabmen themselves in association with such ladies and gentlemen as may come forward and interest themselves in the idea. The main thing is to get the cabmen to the front, and if they are wise men, and doughty descendants of the Centaurs, they will rally in a body and seek to work out for themselves something of a social salvation.

For the starting of the scheme—2500 cabmen at 6*d.* per day, or 3*s.* per week are required, and this is not a large number where 15,000 men are concerned. By a balloting system—one on precisely the same plan as the building societies adopt, and by a similar system as that under which many a one has become the owner of his own freehold—a "lot" that is a cab, two horses, harness, whip, &c., will each four weeks become the property of each of thirteen of the members fortunate enough to win the ballots—such "lot" being then subject only to those rules of the society which must perforce exist for the mutual protection of its members until the "outfit" be fully paid for by the weekly subscription. The fortunate drawers of "lots," however, will be able to take them upon the streets at once—from which moment they will be emancipated from the demands of the proprietors. The building societies' plan being continued, it is also proposed to sell "lots" to any member of the society in a position to purchase the same without waiting for an allotment by ballot. It has been calculated that through the society drivers may become possessed of their own "stock-in-trade" by paying a little more than half the hire-money for horse, cab, and harness, which they now pay to the proprietors. It is estimated also that in six years and twenty-eight weeks, the first batch of members will have been supplied with lots, and that 2500 of the society's cabs and outfits will be upon the London streets.[1] The

[1] Here an element of danger presents itself—one which I am bound to admit must not be lost sight of. A gentleman whose views upon any questions affecting the public welfare cannot be disregarded is strongly of opinion "that"—to use his own words—"it would be a mistake to make the men owners of the cabs and horses. The property would be sold or mortgaged very speedily. It would, I think be much better to keep hold on all this property, so as to insure it, and to give the men not absolute property, but the right to gratuitous use of cab and horses, subject to any proper payment for keep, &c., and insurance against losses."

This is one of those difficulties which would seem to be an inevitable accompaniment whenever any attempt is to the fore, having for its object the benefiting of the working classes. The suggestion and its precautionary nature is scarcely complimentary to the cabmen. I am aware that their sense of elementary economics, and provident principle is limited, but is it too much to hope that, at no far distant day, the cabmen will improve in this respect. I am sanguine of better things, even from the cabmen, and if they became the possessors of their own "lots," it is, to my mind, as unlikely that they would begin mortgaging them as that a Captain of Her Majesty's Navy would entertain the notion of scuttling his own flagship. Allowing, however, that the owner of a "lot" were to mortgage it: this would not injure the society, inasmuch as, before it could become "absolute property," or convertible material, the subscriptions upon it would have been paid up. When this rule is complied with the fact of a driver selling a well-conditioned cab and horse, which had been obtained through the society, would it seems to me have the very excellent effect only of placing one more improved public vehicle upon the London streets. Nevertheless, contingencies such as these must be borne in mind, and under the rules of the society, ample provision will be made for dealing with them.

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following columns of figures shew the first twelve months working under the scheme, by which 188 cabs are shown as turned out; while the summary of annual totals indicates how the 2500 "lots" are realised:

Four Weeks.	A. 2500 subscriptions: 6d. per day per man, or 3s. weekly.	B. Cabs and Outfit purchaseable from Subscriptions A.	C. Outfit Fund, or 10s. per week extra from owner of balloted cab, &c.	D. Extra cabs obtainable from Payments C.	E. Total cabs from A. and C.
1	£1,500	13	£26	—	13
2	1,500	13	52	—	13
3	1,500	13	78	—	13
4	1,500	13	106	1	14
5	1,500	13	134	1	14
6	1,500	13	162	1	14
7	1,500	13	192	2	15
8	1,500	13	220	1	14
9	1,500	13	250	2	15
10	1,500	13	282	3	16
11	1,500	13	312	2	15
12	1,500	13	344	3	16
1st year	1,500	13	376	3	16
	£19,500	169	£2,534	19	188

Proceeding on the same lines there would be 235 more of the society's cabs afloat at the end of the second year; with the third year another 295; with the fourth a further 369; at the end of the fifth another 462; the sixth 578 more; and in the next twenty-eight weeks 373 others would be added. The Annual Totals for the six years odd would then stand as follows:

Years.	A. Subscriptions.	B. Cabs, &c.	C. Outfit Fund.	D. Extra Cabs.	E. Total Cabs.
1	£19,500	169	£2,534	19	188
2	19,500	169	8,068	66	235
3	19,500	169	14,994	126	295
4	19,500	169	23,664	200	369
5	19,500	169	34,538	293	462
6	19,500	169	48,112	409	578
28 weeks	10,500	91	32,694	282	373
	£127,500	1,105	£164,604	1,395	2,500

It is estimated that each "lot," or cab, two horses, and outfit, complete, would cost £115, at which rate it would require £287,500 to meet the wants of the first 2500 members. A reference to the foregoing annual totals shows that columns A and C provide over

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the six years' subscriptions, £127,500, and outfit fund, £164,604 = £292,104; from which, deducting £287,500 invested, there remains a balance to the good of £4604.

The plan of working—subject to matters of detail to be considered and determined upon—will be as follows:—In the first place the entire scheme will be placed under the proper supervision and control of the "Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1876," and it may be satisfactory for all interested to learn that the Society will be worked and has been planned with the strictest regard to rules drawn up by an independent authority well versed in the workings of co-operative unions. It is expected that by a system of collection at the various cab-shelters in London, the paying and acknowledging of subscriptions will be fully met. Each member of the Society will have a subscription book, on much the same plan as building societies' books, wherein his payment and receipt for same will be entered. The shelter keeper will be in possession of a set of red-coloured books, representing sixpenny, one shilling, and eighteenpenny subscriptions, each book being arranged so that it will answer the purpose of a subscriber's payment book, as well as a receipt and record by which each member's ledger account may be kept at the office of the Society. Address-books of the members will be kept at the cabmen's shelters and the chief office; also, every arrangement will be made for protecting the society's goods and interests.

How far the scheme should be continued and extended when the first 2500 new cabs are upon the streets would, of course be determinable by the exigencies of the time, some six years after the society's operations had begun. Much must depend upon the temper —first of the cabmen, and then of the public, in regard to the scheme. There can be no question, however, of the advantages to be secured by the banding together of the cab interests upon this co-operative principle; the reasonableness and possibility of the plan, too, is beyond doubt.

Nowadays a cab-driver earns, in a week of six days, about £4 4*s.* during the slack time, and £8 8*s.* weekly in the season; say an average all the year through of £5 per week. By joining the Self-Help Society he will be called upon to pay, when possessed of cab and outfit, the following charges weekly:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Subscription	0	3	0
Vested Fund	0	10	0
[1] Stable, &c., Account, at 9*s.* 6*d.* per day	2	17	0
	3	10	0

[1] The Society will eventually provide its own stables and yards for its horses and cabs to stand. Meanwhile, present cab-yards and livery stables would be accessible on these terms.

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which amount, as a minus from £5, would leave the driver with £1 10*s.* weekly for his private expenses; in addition to which he would the while be saving his money in the Society, and perhaps be fortunate enough to win an early ballot, in which case his trading conditions would be considerably strengthened, and in six years the "lot" would become his own property. Attention to certain points, viz., stricter personal economy, fewer stoppages at the "pub.," an earlier morning business hour, and, very often, a much better acquaintance with the geography of London, would put the drivers in possession of a proportion of the necessary funds to maintain their membership.

A word or two about the new cab—for there are thousands of thinking men (and women) of a constructive turn of mind, who may be adjudged to be interested in so prosaic a thing even as an improved cab wheel or spring. Nowadays the railway companies by their omnibuses take bulky and any numerous luggage, so that the London cab becomes now more a necessary instrument for express transit. To the man who is busy about town, it is a necessity, and for his purposes it ought to be a thing of beauty and a joy—well, as long as he sits in it. To this end a much lighter built vehicle that can be quickly drawn without distressing horseflesh will be provided. The present "hansom" averages a weight of 9 cwt., and is trying to the horse to pull. The new cab will be some 3 or 4 cwt., lighter—this by modification of principle and substitution of material in construction—so that the horse may travel faster and further in a day without undue fatigue. Moreover, smaller and lighter horses, which can be bought cheap in South America, will be usable, and these are cheaper to keep than large horses. Here is scarcely the place to go into the technics of cab-building. It will suffice to say that while the new cab will retain the present elegant outline of the "hansom," it will be more roomy inside—carrying three passengers and by an improvement in the principle of the springs the strain of the cab's body will be better adjusted, while there will be an increase in both strength and ease from the spring work. More space will also present itself for an underneath arrangement for luggage to supplant the present hideous method by which a portmanteau is frequently dropped in the roadway and its contents strewed before the eyes of an easily amused public. The chief improvement, however, will be a much lighter wheel, with a ring cushion felloe which, while adding greatly to the "elasticity" of the vehicle, will remove all jarring as the wheel touches the road—a saving alike to the human and equine constitutions. It is expected that the new vehicle will become popular, and inasmuch as india-rubber will be a large factor in construction, the preference it will take over the ordinary cab can well be gauged by riders, who having enjoyed a "spin" in one of the Shrewsbury rubber-tired cabs have exchanged it for a five minutes' experience in one of the nerve-shattering order.

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An ordinary London street cab costs £75. The Society's vehicle, as supplied to the members, will cost some £20 less.

This, so far as cabs and ownership are concerned, is the scheme which it is hoped and believed will, when well in motion, put an improved face upon cab matters in London. Only the broad lines have been given, and details concerning methods of manufacture and cab equipments at cost prices, the division and disposition of the Society's profits, the provident funds, with the development of the farm plan, &c.—such matters become work for a properly constituted committee of members.

The benefits derivable from this undertaking will be many and obvious. Should a sufficient number of cabmen enrol themselves, it will mean an end to the proprietors' monopoly, and no longer will such irresponsible caterers be able to chalk upon the blackboards at their yards their arbitrary day's rates for dirty, and what should long have been obsolete, cabs—barely fit for firewood—which are permitted to prowl about and fester the public thoroughfares. This proprietary monopoly it is, which is in the main answerable not only for the disgraceful class of cab, but also for the unpleasant relations which exist—although expression is not always given thereto—between drivers and public, since to get the proprietor's charges by his fortuitous occupation the driver is forced to squeeze somebody.

When once well in action the driver's ownership would mean death to many irregular processes, extermination for hundreds of wretched public vehicles, and the substitution of a more contented driver. The survival of the fittest theory would operate with the cabmen who as their own masters would find civility and courtesy desirable elements in their business. In brief, under the scheme, we should get improved cabs, better cabmen, cheaper fares, less strife, and another instance of reasonable blending of capital with labour. But, such provident processes as sick, funeral, and pension funds would be an inestimable boon to the cabmen, and be infinitely better than the plan of trusting to public charity.

When Dickens wrote the *Pickwick Papers*, the London cabdriver was a pugnacious pugilistic character, who when the fare was not to his liking, was equal to a descent from his box and an offer to "fight" his customer for some improvement. As late as in and about the year 1869 a bad odour still attached to the cabdriver. Partly through the enmity or stupidity of the police the Metropolitan Police Courts were crowded with recalcitrant drivers, who through the repeated publicity of serious cases came to be regarded rightly or wrongly as little better in design and practice than the garotter. Two hundred summonses per week were not unusual. No longer, however, is the cabman habitually quarrelling with the police and the public. Ameliorating processes have been

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adopted with the result that the cabman is on the whole a good public servant—capable of yet better things. No one will deny that the Christian influences which have been brought to bear upon cabmen have borne fruit. His moral and social condition is eminently better. Much attention has been paid, and very properly, to the "drink" aspect of the cabmen, until now 1300 of the London Cabmen are enrolled upon the books of the Church of England Temperance Society, and sobriety is not only prevalent on the ranks, but drivers themselves are using their efforts to induce their fellow whips to habits of temperance, probity, and thrift. Philanthropy, too, has been at work. There are at least 40 cabmen's shelters in London, 20 of which are visited by kind and good ladies, and 20 have their own libraries. At Pickering Place, Bayswater, is a well managed General Reading Room and Library for Cabmen. There are also Provident, Clothing, Coal, Rug, Money, and Whip Funds, at the service of deserving cabdrivers. These, with the Cabman's Police Court Mission and Benevolent Association, have apparently benefited the cabmen. This work should be continued. More of such libraries as that at Pickering Place, and books for the same are much needed. The number of cabmen's shelters could with great advantage be increased, because thereat cabmen not only find rest, shelter, and diversion, but they can be supplied with hot plain food with liquid refreshment of an order which is not alcoholic. Lady Robinson tells me that money is much needed to carry on and develop this good and pressing work. Yet, with all, we must not drift into the error of philanthropic excess. Much benevolent odour has already gathered round the cabmen, and inasmuch as this has improved the morals of the men, we need not deplore it. Yet it is not judicious, so to bolster him up as to encourage him to look for charitable props. What is required is to get "cabby" to stand upon his own feet—to be self-dependent; and much good will accrue if we can go a step further and imbue his rising race with a spirit of self-respect, and pride—anxious of himself to get along without the aid of benevolent crutches and philanthropic shoreings. It is confidently expected that the Cab Drivers' Self-Help Society will accomplish this; and if the cabmen are wise they will rally round a movement which, if properly supported by them, cannot fail to put an entirely new complexion upon the cab-driving profession. The public is agreed that cabs and cabmen are a necessity, and it knows better now than to treat drivers, as they were treated a few years back, with suspicion, abuse, or scornful indifference. They were the days when the very antithesis to human happiness was personified in the cabman. Now he is, on the whole, a civil, obliging—if sometimes rugged—public servant, one who is more often sinned against than sinning, espe-

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cially when "haggled" with about a question of twopence by millionaires and others, who seem to study this species of economy, yet who are much better able to spare the mite than is the driver to be without it.

All things considered, the London cab-driver is not so black as he is commonly reputed to be. As a Jehu he beats the world, and no other public driver can vie with him in his pace and steering abilities. Then, he is conspicuously honest. Upwards of £100,000 worth of property left by the public in cabs during a period of five years has been deposited by the drivers at Scotland Yard, and thence returned to the original owners. He, too, is merciful to his brute—notwithstanding it is the proprietor's property, and that the system under which drivers hire cabs, coupled with the vagaries of weather and the vexations incidental to the profession encourage an unmerciful man to vent any spite upon his horse. If not a gentleman by profession—and frequently the reverse in his attitude many readers may add—the driver of a London cab is not infrequently a superior man by birth. There is at the present time a son of a judge driving a public vehicle; another driver—not a very creditable one—has graduated M.A. at one of our Universities; one is a University man who has held a distinguished position as tutor, and has been reduced to cab-driving; while yet another is one who can remember his bright days as a captain in Her Majesty's navy, the wearer of eight medals and the *Légion d'honneur*. Such cases are, of course, exceptional, but they point to cab-driving as a resource to which it is comparatively easy to resort in distressful times—whether the ranks of cabmen need replenishing or not. This is not as it should be.

Among the national conceits is that belief of every Englishman that he can drive; witness the repeated instances of lordly youths who, with nocturnal animation transform "cabby" into a "fare," and trundle along with such splendid dexterity that both soon get enveloped in the arms of the law—and when the months of May, June, and July set in, and there is a prospect of the sunny weather (which we are supposed to have) the number of cab-drivers increases amazingly.

Here, then, is a recapitulation of the conditions surrounding the London cab trade, and to be effected by the scheme now propounded. By it public and cabmen alike will be served; but especially will the latter benefit. Through it a great and hard wage-earning section of the community will be made acquainted with principles of economy and provident foresight, the demonstration of these economics assuming such practical and tangible shape as a "stock-in-trade." In this way the cabman may taste the fruits of his labours, which he could never hope to do under the system of hiring of proprietors at the present exorbitant rates. With a prosperous society it might

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be possible to go even farther, and when "Turkey," "Four-in-hand," "Black George," "Porky," and other industrious knights of the whip are too old to work, provide almshouses, wherein the weather-beaten, worn-out driver may pass the sunset of life in unruffled idleness until summoned to answer the hail for a journey from which no traveller returns. The future of the cabman in London depends now upon his co-operative capacity, and if the present scheme can be accomplished it will be a step towards centering the vast cab interests in one great corporate body. The latter achieved and another social knot will have gone, lessening thus much the labours for those who apprehend all such ameliorating work to fall within a citizen's obligations.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE publication of a translation of the *Paläophytologie* [1] of H. Graf zu Solms-Laubach, by the delegates of the Clarendon Press is an important event in the annals of British botany, and one which may be expected to give a new impulse both to the teaching of Fossil Botany, and to such investigations as will contribute to its further progress. As is well-known, this is a branch of palæontology for the study of which the British Islands afford exceptional facilities, and from the days of Witham, Lindley and Hutton, and other early workers, to those of Hooker, Binney, Carruthers, Williamson, Kidston and Gardner, there has been no lack of earnest explorers devoted to it. But its pursuit has hitherto been handicapped by the fact that there was no manual containing a critical digest of the facts already acquired, and which at the same time boldly indicated the limits of our knowledge and our ignorance of the various matters which come within its scope. By the issue of this volume all this will be changed, and henceforth it will be possible to see on the one hand what is already known respecting the morphology of fossil plants, and on the other the direction along which further advances should next be attempted.

To those who are familiar with the character of earlier works on Palæophytology, a striking feature of the present one will be the prominence assigned to the structure of the plants whose morphology is being dealt with. As in the case of recent plants, so in that of extinct forms, not the least important advances made in recent years are based upon careful investigations of their histology and anatomy, and not the least part of the ignorance of fossil plants which still prevails, is due to the absence of specimens in which the structure is preserved. Happily, as the researches of Carruthers and Williamson in this country, and those of Renault, Schenk, Weiss, and Stur, on the continent, have shown, fossil plants with structure are more abundant than was at one time believed possible, and there can be little doubt that when the search becomes more

[1] *Fossil Botany: Being an Introduction to Palæophytology from the Standpoint of the Botanist.* By H. Graf zu Solms-Laubach. The Authorised English Translation by Henry E. F. Garnsey, M.A., Revised by Isaac Bayley Balfour, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

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thorough and systematic, it will be rewarded with a rich, and an abundant harvest. These remarks apply with special force to the plants which are characteristic of the coal measures, and it is with regard to these that the authorities named have obtained some of their most striking results. This being so, it is obvious that in the future Palæophytology must pass to a large extent into the hands of botanists, and that its difficulties can only be satisfactorily grappled with by those who are familiar with the gross and minute anatomy of existing plants. Fortunately, signs are not wanting that workers thoroughly equipped in this respect are turning their attention to the subject, and it may be confidently expected that with this volume as a guide to the most promising fields, valuable additions to existing knowledge will ere long be forthcoming.

Coming to the contents of the volume, it may be noted first of all that it deals only with the *Thallophytes*, the *Archegoniatæ*, and the *Gymnosperms*—*Angiosperms* being excluded—and that the arrangement is neither geological nor that adopted by systematic botanists. Reasons are given both for the restriction and the order adopted which seem to us sufficient, and to make objections to either of non-effect. In the next place an analysis of the contents will show that close upon one-half of the volume is occupied by those plants which are specially characteristic of the carboniferous period—viz., *Lepidodendreæ*, *Sigillarieæ*, *Stigmaria*, *Calamarieæ*, and *Sphenophylleæ*. This being so, the following paragraphs will have reference chiefly to carboniferous plants, additional reasons for so limiting them being found in the facts that here differences of opinion are still most strongly marked, and here the writer is in a position to compare the statements put forward by the author with specimens of the types to which they refer.

Not the least common of the Fossil Plants of the coal measures are the casts, impressions, and petrifactions often spoken of indiscriminately as *Calamites*, but which are now classed as the *Calamarieæ*. At one time they were regarded as forming a single distinct group of plants, whose affinities were generally accepted as Equisetaceous. But when specimens were discovered in which the internal structure was more or less well preserved, important differences in the anatomy of the stems were brought to light. In some the wood was found to afford unmistakable evidences that they had been capable of secondary growth by which the diameter was increased in a way which is comparable to that which obtains in existing Dicotyledonous shrubs and trees. In others no evidence of such secondary growth was met with. Brongniart, basing his views on the hypothesis that vascular cryptogams were incapable of secondary growth, divided the *Calamarieæ* into *Calamitæ* and *Calamodendreæ*, the former of which having no secondary growth he assigned to the vascular Cryptogams, and the latter, exhibiting

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such growth, to the Gymnosperms. Subsequently Göppert restricted the application of Brongniart's term, *Calamodendron*, to one particular type of calamitoid stems with secondary growth, and the limitation has been generally accepted by the French School of Palæophytologists. In accepting this limitation, Brongniart's followers did not abandon the view that the stems in question were Gymnospermous, and hence arose a controversy which has been waged for some time, and is still going on. On the one hand, Renault, Grand' Eury, and Göppert have argued in support of Brongniart's determination, while on the other, Schimper, Williamson, Stur, and Weiss have vigorously opposed it, maintaining that the whole of the *Calamarieæ* must be placed among the *Archegoniatæ*. On both sides there appears to have been rather too much generalising from the few facts at command, and it may be suggested that it would be better to avoid wide inferences until the anatomy and histology of at least a few of the types of *Calamarieæ* have been further investigated.

There is one type, however, viz., that known as *Arthropitys*, on which a definite conclusion is even now possible. This is the only type that is met with in the Lancashire and Yorkshire coal measures, and local workers are familiar with some of its main features. Unfortunately the structure is ill preserved in the majority of specimens, and on many of the points which are of most importance in dealing with affinities, they are absolutely silent. But on rare occasions more perfect examples are secured, and the accumulation of these has enabled the development of the stem of this type to be followed through its primary condition, and for some time after the secondary changes had been initiated. The result is that it may be affirmed with every confidence that within the limits of this type there are, first, stems in which the vascular tissues are represented by the primary bundles only, and in which there are no indications of secondary growth, and, secondly, stems in which to an identical primary structure, there is superadded a zone of secondary wood, greater or less in thickness, according to the stage of development. In the *Arthropitys* type, then, the presence or absence of secondary growth in the stem is simply a question of age, a conclusion which proves conclusively the impropriety of making secondary growth a principle of division, as is done by Brongniart and his school.

If we turn to the strobili, or so-called fruits, which are of greater significance as marks of affinity than the stems, the evidence is fairly conclusive that *Arthropitys* must take rank with the *Archegoniatæ*. In his description of the form which he terms "the true fructification of calamites," Williamson states that the peduncles of three of his specimens were still attached, and that these peduncles are ordinary calamitean twigs of the type to which the generic name of *Arthropitys* has long been assigned. There can be little hesitation, therefore, in associating the strobilus with the stems just referred to, and

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so completing the story of the organisation of this type. In the details of its structure, as given by Williamson, the strobilus has no feature which would warrant its location among Gymnosperms, but points unmistakably to the vascular cryptogams as its nearest allies.

Under the name of *Calamostachys* other strobili are known to occur in the coal measures of Lancashire and Yorkshire, which seem to be most naturally placed among the *Calamarieæ*. The accounts of the internal structure of this type of fruit are, however, somewhat conflicting. From Williamson's description of the species known as *Calamostachys Binneyana* Schimp., it would seem that the structure of the axis agrees with that of the twigs of *Asterophyllites* rather than those of *Calamites*, and in accordance with the views he then held of the affinities of *Asterophyllites* he was inclined to refer *Calamostachys* to the *Lycopodiaceæ*. Since then his opinions have undergone some change, but he still hesitates to define the position of *Calamostachys*. Binney, describing the same form, states that its axis agrees in structure with the stems of what he called *Calamodendron commune*, but which are identical with those *Arthropitys* referred to above. According to him, therefore, *Calamostachys Binneyana* Schimp. is the fructification of one type of *Calamites*, as, indeed, it had been previously determined to be by Carruthers, who described and figured it under the name of *Volkmannia Binneyi*. Finally, Renault sees in this fruit the male flowers of the genus *Calamodendron*, as he understands it—*i.e.*, as a *Gymnosperm*—and speaks of the spores as pollen grains. Such diverse conclusions arrived at by such eminent authorities are most perplexing to those who wish to obtain clear ideas on so important a matter. They may perhaps be best explained on the hypothesis that, in spite of the identity of names, the specimens dealt with have not always been the same. But whether or not this be the explanation, and it is certainly not without difficulties, so far as the samples met with in Lancashire and Yorkshire are concerned, there is some reason to think that, when specimens are obtained with the critical tissues in a perfect state of preservation, it will turn out that they at least must stand as the fructifications of some form of *Calamitæ*, and that in part they belong to *Anthropitys*. Be this, however, as it may, it it seems clear that until we have full and detailed knowledge of the vegetative and reproductive structures of this and the other calamitoid types, generalisations with respect to the *Calamarieæ* as a whole are more or less premature, and can only be of a tentative character.

The case of the *Calamarieæ* has been dealt with at some length, because in many respects it is typical of the state of our knowledge of other groups of carboniferous plants, to some of which we may now refer with greater brevity. The *Lepidodendreæ* were prominent

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members of the Carboniferous Flora, and have been made the subject of numerous investigations from the earlier days of Palæophytology. Speaking broadly, their general organisation and structure may be said to be fairly well known, though on many points of detail, and some of these important ones, further knowledge has become a pressing desideratum. Among other interesting anatomical features, the existence of a secondary increase in thickness which has been found to occur in the stems of some types, is not the least significant. For a long time botanists, whose studies had been confined to existing plants, were unwilling to believe in the occurrence of this phenomenon ; but thanks to the persistency of such investigators as Williamson, the fact has been established beyond the possibility of a doubt. As a matter of fact, it is now demonstrable that secondary growth occurred in the stems of some *Lepidodendra*, both in the vascular tissues and in the cortex, and that by means of two meristematic zones, to which the name of cambium may be justly applied. It is common knowledge that in many Dicotyledons with secondary growth there are two zones of cambium, an inner and an outer, the former of which gives origin both to vascular and mechanical tissues while the outer restricts its operations for the most part to the formation of cork. In sharp contrast with this, the inner cambium zone of the *Lepidodendra* in question gave rise to vascular tissue only, with its accompanying medullary rays, while the outer developed considerable masses of mechanical tissue, and in no case, so far as we know, the least vestige of real cork. In this way it came about that the mechanical tissue formed a hollow cylinder near the periphery, and was not located round the central axis as is the case in most woody Dicotyledons. Not only so, but the chief increase in the diameter of the stems was caused by the activity of the outer cambium, that due to the inner being relatively small.

As in the case of the *Calamitæ*, this secondary growth in thickness has been regarded by Brongniart, Renault and other French palæophytologists as a proof that the stems in which it is found are not really *Lepidodendra*, but rather *Sigillariæ* which should be referred to the *Gymnosperms*. So far as this applies to the type known as *Lepidodendron selaginoides*, Carr and Will. (*L. vasculare* of Binney), it may be objected to on the best possible grounds, as all who have examined it in different stages of development have been convinced that the presence or absence of the secondary growth in question is merely a matter of age, as is that of *Arthropitus*. Against its general acceptance Solms-Laubach has argued most convincingly in what is one of the best chapters of his volume, and it is difficult to see how, in the face of the evidence he adduces, the Gymnospermous affinities of any *Lepidodendra* can be hereafter maintained. As he points out, both the structure of the stems and the characteristics of the fruit or strobili, have more points of agreement with the

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Lycopodiaceæ than with any other division of the vegetable kingdom, and to that group they must therefore be assigned. This matter disposed of, at least as far as present knowledge will permit, it would be well if attention were now turned to the working out of details which still await explanation, and to the delimitation of the so-called species which, owing to imperfect knowledge, are becoming more and more perplexing.

Of the fossils known as *Stigmariæ*, several magnificent examples of which have recently been housed in English and Continental Museums, there is yet much difference of opinion, and it is difficult to reconcile some of the conflicting views put forward by the best authorities. That they were the subterranean parts of massive arborescent plants has been known for many years, but whether they were morphologically roots or rhizomes does not appear to have been decided in a way to command unanimity. In this country Williamson has long maintained that they are roots, but on the continent there is much scepticism as to the correctness of this conclusion. In his treatment of the subject Solms-Laubach gives an admirable summary of the facts relied on by both sides, and criticises their inferences therefrom with an ability which only comes of a masterly grasp of the details involved. He seems to consider that there can no longer be any doubt that *Stigmariæ* "are simply members of stems of *Sigillarieæ* and *Lepidodendreæ* which performed the function of roots," and that the best explanation of the facts known is obtained by regarding them as leafy rhizomes.

Of the other groups dealt with by the author—*Filices, Sigillarieæ, Coniferæ,* and so on—there is no space to speak, though they are all full of interest and not without importance from a biological standpoint. Nor can we dwell upon the curious stem-forms and other fragments, described in the last two chapters as of doubtful affinity, and whose systematic position cannot as yet be determined. One of these, however, is of such exceptional interest that it can scarcely be passed over in silence, and that is the stem known as *Lyginodendron oldhamium.* At the time when the *Palæophytologie* was published, there were some grounds for believing that this was the stem of a fern, as its remains were usually and intimately associated with the petioles of a fern described as *Rhachiopteris aspera.* But the organic connection of the two had not been then observed, and with commendable caution Solms-Laubach placed *Lyginodendron* among other fragments of uncertain affinity. Since then the two fossils have been discovered in organic union with one another, and Williamson has been able to demonstrate that *Rhachiopteris aspera* is the foliar rhachis or petiole of *Lyginodendron.* What adds greatly to the interest of this discovery is the fact that *Lyginodendron* was capable of secondary growth in thickness, so that the

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Ferns must now be added to the other groups of Carboniferous Archegoniatæ, in which this phenomenon has been observed.

From what has been said, little though it be, it will be obvious that this is no ordinary volume, but one that should be in the hands of palæontologists of all classes.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

M. De Roberty, in *La Philosophie du Siècle*,[1] has undertaken an arduous and formidable task. It is no less than to submit to unfavourable criticism the three ruling philosophical systems which are, one or other of them, held by nearly all the thinkers of the present day. The critical philosophy of Kant, the positive philosophy of Comte, and the evolutionary philosophy of Herbert Spencer are the subjects of our author's investigation. This present volume can only be considered in one sense a fragment of De Roberty's work. It forms the natural continuation of his studies in ancient philosophy and the metaphysics and psychology of the Unknowable; and it is also intended to serve as a preparation for two other works which he has in hand. We are not, therefore, in a position to pronounce an opinion on his system as a whole, but, nevertheless, there is a certain completeness and thoroughness in the present work, from a critical point of view, which makes it deserving of careful consideration. That it will not readily be welcomed the author is fully aware, and if he does not succeed in it in proving his position, he admits he will expose himself to the reproach of superficiality. Superficial he certainly is not, for he appears to have seriously studied the systems he criticises, and the reproach of superficiality is only due to those who condemn a system of which they have but slight knowledge. If he does not succeed in convincing those who accept one or other of the popular philosophies, at least he is entitled to a patient hearing. Though M. de Roberty accomplishes his task in a volume of moderate size, his criticism is so precise, and his language so exact, that in the space at our disposal it will only be possible to give a brief outline of his study.

Two presumptions in particular he undertakes to dispute—the first is that which refuses to accept, amongst the doctrines constituting the philosophic originality of the nineteenth century, any speculative constructions which have not taken form in the three

[1] *La Philosophie du Siècle.* Par E. De Roberty. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1891.

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contemporaneous and flourishing systems of criticism, positivism, and evolutionism. And the second presumption is, that these systems themselves are varieties of a unique species, the strictly parallel manifestation of a common stock of beliefs and general hypotheses.

The order in which our author deals with his subject is as follows: The first division of the work is devoted to a summary of criticism, of positivism, and of evolutionism, and a succinct review of their most striking affinities. The second part consists of a comparative critique of the leading conceptions of philosophy, its nature and its end as conceived by the three great doctrines of the century. He then examines the essential conditions which guarantee, or which falsify the employment of the philosophic methods most in use. He then proceeds to consider the general ideas of the same schools on the nature and end of psychological science, and on the links which connect it with philosophy, properly so-called. And in the last chapters, he examines the problem of the evolution of philosophy. This is a sufficiently comprehensive undertaking, but not beyond the ability of the author. It is not necessary or possible to follow him through all the intricacies of this elaborate programme, but in his summary of the modern systems he does not hesitate to dispute their originality, and finds a striking analogy between the three type-forms of ancient metaphysics, and the three principal directions of contemporaneous philosophy, and asserts the profoundly metaphysical character of the new doctrines. His view is that the new philosophies are not strictly scientific, but hypothetical, and therefore metaphysical.

"It is to the injudicious application of the hypothetical method, employed concurrently with the direct procedure of the vulgar reasoning, that we owe the great metaphysical and theological constructions. The positive philosophy which admits the hypothesis of the unknowable, which erects the relativity of knowledge into a fundamental dogma of our conception of the world, which preaches the direct methods of common-sense, which tends to a sociological or moral monism, still satisfies itself, as do criticism and evolutionism with which it has all these points in common, with a new transformation of ancient modes of generalisation."

M. de Roberty's general indictment of current philosophy is that while professing to be scientific, it anticipates science and remains purely hypothetical. That its conception of the universe, as a whole, is based upon sciences which are yet incomplete, especially the sciences of psychology and sociology. He argues, therefore, that philosophy before it can justify its claim to be scientific must wait for more complete scientific results than have yet been attained. It is not a question of the validity of the use of hypothesis in scientific investigation, he simply refuses to accept as a complete philosophy, a conception of the world which is

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based upon a partial knowledge. The defect of positivism is that it confounds philosophy with science. The same criticism is offered to the evolutionary philosophy of Spencer, and this is worked out under seven separate objections which are too long to reproduce, but in general, he charges Spencer with treating an interminable string of particular hypothesis as so many demonstrated truths, and upon these, he bases his great synthetic formula. In the chapter on the Intellectual Series, he comes into direct conflict with Comte, whom he accuses of taking the reaction of philosophical development on scientific evolution for an original or initial action.

In place of the three conditions of Comte as governing the intellectual and social evolution, M. de Roberty would substitute four principal categories of facts: (1) The evolution of ideas which have for their object the analysis of objects of all kinds, and their partial synthesis or reunion in groups more or less vast; (2) the evolution of ideas which follow the unity, or universal synthesis of phenomena; (3) the evolution of ideas which tend to reproduce in an artificial manner, the emotions naturally excited in us by the objects of the two preceding evolutions; and (4), the evolution of ideas which seek to satisfy the wants created by the three preceding evolutions and their objects. Considered independently, these can be called four classes of knowledge—scientific, philosophic, esthetic and practical. The particular evolution of these four classes direct, in the last analyses, the complex total of phenomena which we call the evolution of a society. He disputes Comte's position that the progress of the human race is directed by the kind of philosophy held and maintains that it is the evolution of scientific ideas which act most directly and powerfully upon the diverse parts of the social evolution. Though both philosophy and industry react upon the scientific evolution. There is much in M. de Roberty's criticism that commends itself to us, and even those who do not like to see their favourite theories attacked may learn something from so able an adversary.

The University Extension series of handbooks, published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., are a necessary supplement to the lecture system which is now so widespread, and we hope useful. To provide the students with manuals of a trustworthy character and at a moderate cost is the aim of the publishers. Mr. Granger has contributed the volume on *Psychology*[1] to the series, and in a short compass has given a fair outline of it from a scientific point of view. As a rule he avoids controverted points, and confines himself to a delineation of the science as it is generally accepted. With regard to the physiological aspect of the subject, he is content to say that after making use of all the assistance afforded

[1] *Psychology, a Short Account of the Human Mind.* By F. S. Granger, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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by mechanics, electricity, chemistry, and physiology, in the explanation of physical processes, and after making legitimate use of analogies drawn from these branches of science, there remains a residuum of facts that cannot be accounted for by considerations drawn from external sources. This is at present only disputed by so few that it may be accepted without much hesitation. The opinion of Dr. Moll, which he quotes on the point, is less satisfactory: "In hypnosis the muscles, the organs of sense, &c., are abnormal in function only because the mental state is altered." This ignores the fact that hypnosis is at first produced by a change in the physiological condition. We can recommend the book as a whole to those who are desirous of obtaining an elementary knowledge of the subject.

The Path Towards Knowledge[1] is a somewhat misleading title for Dr. Cunningham's volume, which consists of a collection of "Discourses on some Difficulties of the Day." They are written from the point of view of a liberal-minded member of the Church of England, but contain nothing very striking, though they are marked by reasonableness and good sense. From a present-day point of view the papers on marriage and population may be considered the most important. On the marriage question he adduces very good reasons for holding that monogamy, or, as he prefers to call it, Christian marriage, is the best for society. And on the population question he maintains that it is not the mere increase of population that is responsible for social evils, but unhealthy social conditions. That relatively large populations are politically desirable no one can dispute, and socially no doubt they tend to increase the aggregate wealth of a country. In a second paper he discusses the doctrine of Malthus, which, both by reason of advocacy and criticism, is very much to the front at present. He inquires whether it is true that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence increase, and takes it that this can mean no more than that population is capable of increasing, &c. The conclusion generally drawn from the principle of Malthus, he rightly maintains, needs historical proof. Considered historically, he finds only that "population has generally increased up to the RELATIVE LIMIT set by the power of procuring subsistence at any given time and place;" and generally as the population reaches the limit, the limit is removed further back, and the population follows it. In some cases no doubt population increases beyond the relative limit of production, and social degradation necessarily follows. But this is not the universal experience, and present tendencies do not lead us to fear it will be. Dr. Cunningham naturally does not consider that artificial checks upon the increase of population will remove the causes of social

[1] *The Path Towards Knowledge.* By W. Cunningham, D.D. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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degradation. The writer's theory of population is the reverse of the Malthusian, for he holds that it is not population that presses us towards the absolute limit of production, "but our eager race towards the absolute limit gives scope for the increase of population in the rear." This certainly seems to us to need qualification, as, for instance, colonisation, which is one form of the race towards the absolute limit, is generally occasioned by the *pressure* of the population in the rear. Other papers are on Socialism and Money, Charity, and Faith. There is also a criticism on Positivism regarded as a religion, and two addresses on Presbyterianism and Unitarianism.

Dr. Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*[1] will be welcome to the large class of readers who take an intelligent interest in Biblical criticism. The general conclusions of recent criticism are tolerably well known, but it is not easy for the majority of readers to find information as to the facts upon which they rest, or to get a clear knowledge of the details by which the conclusions have been obtained. This information, or, at least, a considerable portion of it Dr. Driver presents in this volume.

In Dr. Driver, too, we have the assistance of no mere compiler or reproducer of other men's ideas. His work is his own, and his conclusions are his own, though they are in general agreement with the advanced rather than the conservative school. It must be understood that our author is concerned only with the literature of the Old Testament, and does not profess to deal either with its history or theology. Even then the limits to which he is confined are very narrow, and we are impressed with the skill which has given not only a general view of the composition of the Hexateuch in one hundred and fifty pages, but has illustrated it by a detailed examination of the text. The same careful treatment is applied to each book of the Old Testament in succession, and though occasionally Dr. Driver seems to halt at affirming the most advanced position, it is perhaps due to a reserve which in the present state of the knowledge of the subject is pardonable. The volume will be found most useful to all who wish to investigate the subject for themselves. Praise is due to Messrs. Clark for projecting this new International Theological Library, of which Professors Salmond and C. Briggs are the joint editors.

Mr. Hulme has produced an entertaining volume on *Symbolism in Christian Art*,[2] a subject of more than mere artistic interest. In his explanations of the origin and use of symbols, many of which are still familiar to us, and some still in use, he gives us the results of

[1] *An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.* By S. R. Driver, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

[2] *The History and Practice of Symbolism in Christian Art.* By F. Edward Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

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a wide research and exhibits not only considerable antiquarian knowledge, but a sympathy with ways of thought and expression which belong to the past. The volume is illustrated by a large number of woodcuts, which are fully explained in the text.

We have received the first volume of a new and cheap edition of Maurice's *Sermons*,[1] which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing. Though nearly forty years have elapsed since these sermons were delivered, there is a vigour and freshness about them which ought to secure for this reprint of them a hearty reception. Their strength lies in the application of religious principles to the practical life, more than in the moderate heterodoxy which helped to make the Lincoln's Inn preacher famous. This edition is uniform in size and appearance and price with Kingsley's sermons issued by the same firm.

SOCIOLOGY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

POLITICAL economists, in building up their science, have generally ignored purely ethical considerations. This was inevitable when the nature and distribution of wealth were dealt with as material merely for scientific analysis. But now, when the main elements of economics are known to every student, it is desirable that the relation of ethics to the other science should be clearly defined. An attempt to show this connection has been made by Mr. Herbert M. Thompson, in a readable little book entitled *The Purse and the Conscience*,[2] which, perhaps, might have been more appropriately called *Money and Morals*. The author admits the unsatisfactoriness of the competitive system, owing to a variety of causes, amongst which are included bad laws, ill-disbursed charity, a fluctuating standard of value, the Bankruptcy and Poor Law systems, monopoly, and commercial immorality. He, however, has little faith in Socialism as a substitute, believing that self-interest is the main-spring of action with most people. Quoting Mr. Hubert Bland, who says that "the coming struggle between 'haves' and 'have-nots' will be a conflict of parties each perfectly conscious of what it is fighting about, and fully alive to the life and death importance of the issues at stake," and that the "free self-consciousness" which will

[1] *Sermons preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. Vol. i. New edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

[2] *The Purse and the Conscience.* An attempt to show the connection between Economics and Ethics. By Herbert M. Thompson, B.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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give the economic changes political expression, "will be generated by the hunger, the despair of to-morrow's dinner," Mr. Thompson observes that, in his opinion, these are "not new principles at all, but the distressingly familiar principles of greed and grab." This is most unjust to Mr. Bland and to the English Socialists generally. Natural discontent with undesirable social conditions is not "greed," and the fact that poor men are dissatisfied with their hard lot does not prove that they are either envious or ungenerous.

Taking it for granted that the ill effects resulting from the imperfect working of the competitive system consequent on the faulty nature of its environment and other causes are not likely to be immediately or ever removed or reformed, Mr. Thompson suggests the following courses of action as tending to do away with such ill effects:—(1) Self-denial as regards luxuries; (2) discouragement of a disproportionate love of possession; (3) responsibility towards others in the regulation of our affairs; (4) a combat with the social power of wealth; and, lastly, application of ethical considerations to economic problems.

The work leaves a great portion of the subject untouched, and may be described as a clever essay dealing with a field of inquiry on which many volumes might be written.

The republication of *The English Republic*,[1] the work of Mr. W. J. Linton, one of the most remarkable men of the century in some respects, cannot fail to interest thousands of readers. Mr. Linton was born in London in 1812, and commenced life as an engraver in wood. His love of liberty led him to sympathise with many revolutionary movements, and all the circulars of the "Garibaldi Fund" were designed and engraved by him. He issued, in 1839, *The National*, a kind of miscellany, consisting of extracts from writers of liberal views with comments by Mr. Linton, who also supplied original articles. In 1848 he brought out a paper in the Isle of Man, entitled *The Cause of the People*, an enterprise with which Mr. G. J. Holyoake was associated. In 1850, in conjunction with Thornton, Leigh Hunt and George Henry Lewes, he started the celebrated weekly newspaper called *The Leader*. Owing to differences of opinion between Mr. Linton and his two distinguished colleagues, he severed himself from this undertaking and began, in 1851, the publication of *The English Republic*. Four volumes of it were printed, and the present editor has, with Mr. Linton's permission, reprinted such of the essays as were thought most applicable to the hour. Mr. Linton is also a poet of no mean power. He is now residing in New Haven, in the United States. It is a curious fact that Mr. Linton's definition of "the Republic" bears a striking analogy to Comte's social organism, the difference being that the

[1] *The English Republic.* By W. J. Linton. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Kineton Parkes. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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Englishman goes in for pure democracy, while the Frenchman introduces a spiritual providence composed of great teachers, and a material providence, consisting of men eminent in politics and commerce. Mr. Linton's explanation of what is meant by "equality" in the eyes of the true Republican is excellent. He takes the case of two children, one of whom is born with a talent for painting, while the other is utterly devoid of it. Would the principle of equality require that each of the two children should be a painter? No. "The true equality would be to give each child the space, the material, the culture most fitted to his growth, and support, and improvement: that each might be nurtured and educated to the utmost capacity of his nature, even though one should grow to be far greater than the other. . . . . The equality we desire is at the starting-point, and to keep the course, not to check the career of the fleetest, and make all reach the goal at once or not at all."

The analogy between the social scheme of Comte and the Republicanism of Mr. Linton is also shown in the following passage: "As well might the atoms of a diamond, or the several parts of a flower, deny their position with regard to the perfect diamond or the flower, as man deny his position as part of humanity, disclaiming the duties which such position entails, refusing the service to which he is bound, with the poor current excuse 'that it is not his place' to perform such dutiful service. The common expression intimates the common duty. It is man's *place* to serve humanity; the place of the part in subservience to the whole." One of Mr. Linton's grand principles is "the holiness of work." Here he is at one with Carlyle, who was by no means a champion of pure Republicanism. In dealing with the question of the rule of the majority, Mr. Linton overrides the difficulty by laying down that "the conscience of a whole people is never at fault." This is an example of "begging the question," and, furthermore, it is not universally true. What about the conscience of the Aztecs, or, let us say, of the ancient Carthaginians? Read Flaubert's *Salammbô*, and see how much conscience there was in the majority of the countrymen of Hamilcar Barca! The true proposition would be that the majority in a civilised country would probably be nearer to a sound judgment on ordinary matters than the minority. But the minority, as things go, are often right, and the majority egregiously wrong. Mr. Linton is, of course, an advocate of universal suffrage, and he quotes with approval the Jacobin Constitution of 1793, and Lédru-Rollin's formula, "The people exercising its sovereignty without limits in a permanent manner in the electoral assemblies"; in other words, "direct government of the people by the people." This definition of the word "Republican" is noteworthy: "A Republican is one who objects to any fraction of the nation ruling; who would have the whole nation its own ruler." This principle is scarcely practicable,

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and is certainly rather inconsistent with the notion that the rule of the majority should prevail. It is impossible, save in theory, to obtain unanimity of opinion. How, then, can we have the voice of "the whole nation" uttering itself without some discordant notes? The "government of the people by the people" resolves itself in practice into "the rule of the majority." And there may be such a thing as "a tyrant majority." Subject to these strictures, Mr. Linton's exposition of Republicanism is admirable—a little too rhetorical perhaps, but full of sincerity and earnestness. Mr. Kineton Parkes has edited the work very carefully, and with great intelligence.

Much has been written about the American Constitution; but few works on the subject display so much accuracy, depth, and comprehensiveness as a little volume, entitled *The Unwritten Constitution of the United States*,[1] by Mr. C. G. Tiedeman, Professor of Law in the University of Missouri. The author undertakes to show that "the same social forces which create and develop the ethics of a nation create and develop its law." Mr. Tiedeman is led by his search for nice distinctions to use the phrase, "the morality of ethics," which is something like saying the "morality of *morals*." He is comparing ethical with legal conceptions of right; and what he really intends to convey is, that law (in the jurist's sense) always sinks to a level of morality short of the ideal standard. It is quite true in the abstract that "the fundamental principles which form the constitution of a State cannot be created by a governmental or popular edict," and that "they are necessarily found imbedded in the national character." This doctrine, Mr. Tiedeman says, is admitted in its application to "the so-called unwritten Constitutions, like that of England;" and his object is to show that it is virtually true of the American Constitution, and all other "so-called written" Constitutions. Mr. Gladstone's statement as to the British Constitution being "the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history," and the American Constitution "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," is challenged by Mr. Tiedeman, who lays down that "Constitutions are effective only so far as their principles have their roots imbedded in the national character." But Mr. Gladstone was apparently only referring to the difference of the two Constitutions as regards their actual origin and history. It would be idle to deny that the American Constitution answers to the description of a "paper Constitution," though certain principles must have antecedently existed in the minds of its framers. Much of the essence of the British Constitution is to be found in that of the United States; but in the rigidity of the latter, notwithstanding the inter-

[1] *The Unwritten Constitution of the United States: a Philosophical Inquiry into the Fundamentals of American Constitutional Law.* By Christopher G. Tiedeman, A.M., LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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pretative and restrictive power conferred on the Supreme Court, there is something quite opposed to the elastic and expansive spirit of the Constitution of which, despite its obvious defects, Englishmen are justly proud. Mr. Tiedeman's account of the President's position in the American Constitution, and his discussion of the question of State rights and American citizenship, must be read to be appreciated. It is impossible to summarise his exceedingly able analysis within the narrow limits allowed to us. In his concluding chapter he claims that "the written Constitution has in it elements which fundamentally change the character of the government, and which the unwritten Constitution cannot possibly claim." Professor Dicey's view is quite antagonistic to this; but there is a great deal in Mr. Tiedeman's contention.

Mr. W. Marsham Adams has in his book, *The Drama of Empire*,[1] done something for the philosophy of history. We have few works giving a comprehensive survey of the social and political development of mankind. Schlegel's *Philosophy of History* is a book permeated by dogmatic absolutism. In fact, this branch of historical science is still in its infancy.

Mr. Adams commences his little treatise by laying down that "there never was a more unphilosophical observation written by philosopher than that which attributed to the course of Empire a perpetual tendency towards the West." In fact, he considers the very reverse true of nearly every Empire, ancient and modern. This is too sweeping a generalisation. It is certainly the fact that civilisation has culminated in the West. Mr. Adams makes the mistake of attributing too much potency to custom and tradition, and too little to the workings of the human spirit itself. Inquiries into the history of primitive man show a vast diversity in the practices of the various races of mankind. It is impossible to trace any solidarity between the various tribes of men further than this —that human nature has always obeyed certain fundamental laws. Customs perish, but man remains. The object of the student of history should be to penetrate through the husk of usage, and even of law, the real development of the human family. There are volcanic forces in humanity itself, regarded as an organism, just as there are in Nature. Mr. Adams takes too little heed of the hidden fires whose eruption explains some of the most startling events in human annals.

It is also to be regretted that the author has not availed himself of the light thrown on the early history of man by biology and geology. He assumes the Scriptural and other records bearing on this part of the subject to be substantially accurate. The result is

[1] *The Drama of Empire.* By W. Marsham Adams, B.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Limited.

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that he has produced a work of much interest, but based on imperfect investigation.

A good translation has been published of Fustel de Coulanges' *Origin of Property in Land.*[1] The immense learning which M. de Coulanges has brought to bear on the subject entitles his arguments to the utmost consideration. He questions the theory that the English people, when they arrived in this country, were composed of a stalwart host of free men, governing themselves by popular national councils, and living together in village groups of independent yeomen. Mr. Leebohmn's *English Village Community* practically supports M. de Coulanges' views. It is now very probable that the development has been one from servitude to freedom. There is, as Mr. W. J. Ashley points out in his introductory chapter to the work, "no clear documentary evidence for the free village community in England." The result of the entire inquiry is to leave the matter involved in the greatest doubt. One thing seems clear, however—that there is no proof of the existence in early times of a universal system of agrarian communism.

The work of Bismarck's life has never been fully appreciated. His relations to Socialism form one of the most interesting studies in modern European politics. In a work on the subject by Mr. William H. Dawson,[2] the author of *German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle*, the effort made by the late German Chancellor to improve the condition of the masses is generously applauded, and it is shown that the conventional idea of Bismarck as a "man of blood and iron" is exploded. The German Emperor never understood the great statesman, whose power was too great for the Kaiser's egotism, and it would be well if a German translation of this book were placed in that restless young ruler's hands.

American democrats are scarcely qualified to appraise the value of the French Republic. We therefore advise every reader to take Mr. W. H. Hurlbert's work,[3] of which a French version has been sent us, *cum grano salis.* He says that "the Republic has never in France been the work of the French people." This platitude contains only a small grain of truth. Evidently Mr. Hurlbert is trying to square his "facts" with a theory of his own, which is rather shallow, and could, no doubt, be easily rebutted by any French politician of ordinary capacity and honesty.

We recommend all who take an interest in that strange, dreary land, where Russia has inflicted so much suffering—Siberia—to read

[1] *The Origin of Property in Land.* By Fustel de Coulanges. Translated by Margaret Ashley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

[2] *Bismarck and State Socialism.* By William Harbutt Dawson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

[3] *Voyage en France d'un Democrate Americain pendant l'année de Centennaire.* By W. H. Hurlbert. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

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M. Edgar Boulanger's *Notes de Voyage en Sibérie.*[1] It is full of information, and the illustrations are excellent. The author modestly claims to write only for the French public, but his work is an immense collection of valuable facts, and shows keen observation and conscientious accuracy.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THERE is no task more difficult, and as a rule more thankless, than that of editing the work of some great standard author. Not only are minute knowledge and intimate acquaintance with contemporary history needful for the successful achievement of such a task, but the ideal editor must be able to give such notes and explanations as will help both the general reader and the student at the same time. That such combination of qualities is possible has been proved by recent editions issued by the Clarendon Press, and is yet again proved more entirely and conclusively in the edition of Machiavelli's *Il Principe*[2] recently published under the editorship of Mr. L. A. Burd.

It is impossible within the limits of a brief notice to do justice to the accurate and painstaking scholarship which Mr. Burd has expended upon this edition of Machiavelli's great work; we can only very briefly state what he has done to make his author intelligible and interesting to English readers.

In the first place Mr. Burd has removed the grest obstacle which lies in the way of an intelligent reading of the *The Prince*—namely, the continual references to the history of Italy during the author's lifetime, by most carefully explaining in foot-notes all such references as they occur. He has further compiled an historical abstract of Italian affairs covering the whole period of Machiavelli's life from 1469 to 1527. This analysis which fills barely one hundred pages contains not only a full account of Machiavelli's life, but gives also in outline a history of Italy. It is made complete by the references to authorities being added from time to time. Genealogical tables explain the complications of the great Italian families, which have puzzled generations of historical students. In short, Mr. Burd has made no small contribution to our knowledge of the history of Italy.

[1] *Notes de Voyage en Sibérie.* Par Edgar Boulanger. Paris: Société d'éditions Scientifiques.

[2] *Il Principe.* By Niccolò Machiavelli. Edited by L. Arthur Burd, with an introduction by Lord Acton. Clarendon Press. 1891.

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But he has not sacrificed *Il Principe* to his historical knowledge. Everything is made subservient to his one aim of helping us to see what Machiavelli meant, and why he wrote it. Hence, we are given quotations and references to his other works, notably to the *Discorsi* and the *Arte della Guerra*, wherever comparison or illustration is possible. In this way we can form a clearer view of what Machiavelli's system of statecraft really was. Further, Mr. Burd has added notes showing what in many cases were the sources from which his author drew inspiration. It remains only to add that the book has an excellent introduction which contains many things of value. In it we are given a "Bibliographical Note," which tells the story of *The Prince*, as it was published in Italian, Latin, French, German. It is interesting to notice that after Latin translations, which are by the far the most numerous, *The Prince* was translated an equal number of times into English and French, though the earliest French translation appeared nearly one hundred years before that of Edward Dacres, who published the first translation into English in 1640. Further lists are given of critical books and studies, as well as of books dealing with the history of Machiavelli's times. The remainder of the introduction is occupied by what may be called two essays, both of extreme interest. The first of these discusses the purpose and object of *The Prince;* the second gives an account of the early criticism which the book encountered.

With regard to the first of these points, Mr. Burd shows that the origin of *The Prince* is to be found, not in personal ambition, but in the condition of Italy. Split up into innumerable States, naturally distrustful and jealous, Italy had become a prey to foreign invaders. Machiavelli looked forward to the coming of a deliverer, who should expel the foreigner, reform and unite Italy. For such a prince he wrote his book of statecraft, telling him how to gain power, how to keep it, how to rule; and his theory of successful rule was based on what he had himself seen. Small States and frequent revolutions had led, as Mr. Burd points out, to the idea that the individual character of a ruler was all important. He must, to be successful, use to the full all the arts known to Italian politics; "he must be entirely free from emotional disturbance; he must be ready to take advantage of the existing state of things; he must be strong enough to sin boldly, if his country's welfare depends upon it; in short, he must rise as rival factions had risen at Florence, or at Milan." Hence Machiavelli has eliminated sentiment and morality. He did not see it round him as a political factor in his own day; he wrote as a practical politician, not as a moralist; and consequently deliberately disregarded one side of human nature. It is true, however, as Mr. Burd points out, that it is unfair to argue from his silence that Machiavelli had lost all consciousness of man as a

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moral being; at least we have no proof that would support such an argument.

It is impossible to touch on the second equally interesting essay, which forms part of the introduction. It contains a summary of the criticism which *The Prince* has provoked from its first appearance to the present day. In conclusion, we must add that Lord Acton has written a preface to this edition, in which he has collected opinions of great men concerning *The Prince*. We may quote from it as a summary of what can be said of Mr. Burd's work: "Mr. Burd has undertaken to redeem our long inferiority in Machiavellian studies, and it will be found that he has given a more completely satisfactory explanation of *The Prince* than any country possessed before." This praise backed by the weight of Lord Acton's extraordinary knowledge and scholarly reticence, may at first sight seem excessive, but will appear not one whit too pronounced after the reading of Mr. Burd's introductions and notes, which combine the most detailed knowledge and the most sympathetic treatment of a difficult subject.

Our admiration for Mr. Burd's work has led us to treat at too great length of *The Prince*, we must now pass on to the consideration of other books; although the transition is not an easy one. *New China and Old* [1] can only claim a place in this section as being a summary of Archdeacon Moule's missionary experiences in China during the last thirty years. The book gives a good general picture of China as it now is, its town and country life, its government, its religion. Archdeacon Moule shares with the editor of a Chinese paper from which he quotes, a hopeful view of the future of the empire, although, unlike the patriotic editor, his joy at the prospect does not prevent his sleeping. Not only do the Chinese possess fighting power, but also cohesion and some sense of patriotism. There can be no doubt that with regard to these two latter points, the opinion of one who has known China for thirty years is of great value, since it can be based on comparison of things then and now; and Archdeacon Moule's opinion is deliberate that the sense of patriotism is growing, and that selfish indifferent isolation is gradually passing away. Cohesion is supplied by the twofold bond of a common written language, Wen-li, and by ancestor worship, which would be destroyed were China divided.

The discussion of the religious aspects of the Empire has naturally interested our author most. He draws a melancholy picture of Buddhism and Taoism, both corrupted and choked by the undergrowth of superstitions which has sprung up round them. The strongest religious sentiment of the Chinese is ancestor worship, which presents, says Archdeacon Moule, an almost insuperable obstacle to the Christianising of the country.

[1] *New China and Old.* By the Ven. Arthur E. Moule, B.D. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

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Such in brief is *New China and Old*, fairly interesting, containing the impressions of an ordinary traveller, and pleasantly illustrated. It is, however, badly arranged; there is a tendency to work round to old points, and often wearisome repetition, especially concerning religious life in China.

Under the title of *British Folks and British India Fifty Years Ago*,[1] Mr. John Hyslop Bell has written a book which is in part a history of Indian administration, and in part a history of Joseph Pease and his contemporary friends. The book is a record of the best work done by the Society of Friends, work done quietly yet well, with which is associated many names still honoured, though their title to fame is too often forgotten. Mr. Bell tells the tale of the beginning, growth and final success of the movement which sprang up after the Act of 1833, which partially destroyed slavery, with the object of removing the oppressive measures which crushed the natives of India, of improving the condition of land, and, above all, of cultivating the land for the benefit of the people. With this movement were connected such men as O'Connell (to whose honesty of purpose Joseph Pease bore emphatic testimony), Clarkson, Wendell Philips, Cobden, Bright, Forster, and above all, Joseph Pease. The movement became connected with the Anti-Corn Law League, and was successful in 1843, when slavery in India was abolished.

Many letters from and to Joseph Pease are printed by Mr. Bell, as well as extracts from speeches. These, we cannot but think, might in many cases have been omitted; some indeed are of great interest; but many are of such a kind as are common in all political or social movements, and have no special value. This is the chief fault of Mr. Bell's book; it is too long, in places even wearisome; still, as a record of the golden days of Quakerism, it is of interest. The reading of the book suggests the question, why has the Society of Friends passed into decay? Where now can we find the same quiet earnestness and love of mankind, which fills every page of this history of Joseph Pease and his contemporaries? We will not attempt any answer.

We are glad to see that Professor Graetz's labours on Jewish history have been made accessible to the English reading public. Under the title of *History of the Jews*,[2] Mr. Nutt is publishing what is a condensed reproduction of the whole eleven volumes of the original German work. The task of translation has been undertaken by several persons, the whole being revised and edited by Bella Löwy. The two first volumes alone are published, the remaining

[1] *British Folks and British India Fifty Years Ago.* By John Hyslop Bell. Manchester and London: John Heywood.

[2] *History of the Jews.* By Professor H. Graetz. Edited and in part translated by Bella Löwy. Vols. i. and ii. London: David Nutt. 1891.

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three will complete the work, and will bring the history down to 1870. Hence we seem likely to possess in English, what we have so long needed, a continuous history of the Jews from the earliest to present times. The two first volumes bring down the history as far as 500 A.D., and do not form, we should imagine, the most useful part of the history. It is impossible for us to attempt to give any idea of Professor Graetz's treatment of his subject in such space as we have at our disposal. He has given, however, the rationalistic view of Jewish history, with which German historians have made us familiar. On many points, we should disagree with his opinion, but it is difficult to do so since we are never told what are the authorities for any statement. The notes which appear in the German edition are omitted in the English. We are told that "historical students can read the notes in the original"; if this be so, why have troubled to translate the book at all? By this omission of authorities, Professor Graetz's book is made useless; the student will not read it, and no one else will buy it. Thus, for example, what has struck us most in reading these volumes is that their author does not seem to have any definite opinion as to the value of the Old Testament as an historical record; he seems in fact to reject or accept at pleasure. This difficulty would be solved at once if we had before us the original notes and authorities for statements. Surely, it is possible for this error to be rectified. Surely, we may plead that if Professor Graetz's great work is worth translating, it is worthy of a better fate than is at present in store for it in English form. To publish a history, which inevitably must be largely controversial, without notes and authorities, is either to make it unsaleable, or to prevent it having the least value or weight with those who read it. From both fates, Professor Graetz's book may be rescued in a second edition of these volumes, and in the first of the forthcoming ones.

Very different from the last mentioned book is *Macmillan's Bibliographical Catalogue*,[1] in which everything possible is done for the comfort and satisfaction of the reader. This catalogue contains lists of all the books published by the firm since its foundation in 1843 up to the end of 1889. The lists are arranged alphabetically under each year. The title-page of each book is reprinted, and a list of reprints and new editions given. There is also an excellent index at the end of the book.

The firm of Macmillan existed as early as 1843. It, however, soon removed to Cambridge, where its headquarters remained until 1863, when it settled in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Thus the book forms in some sort a continuation of the *Life of John Murray*, which we recently noticed. In turning over the pages of this catalogue,

[1] *A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan & Co.'s Publications from* 1843 *to* 1889. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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we are most struck by the names of the authors for whom the firm published. During the first five years of its existence F. D. Maurice, Kingsley, Trench, and J. C. Hare were put under contribution, and must have helped on the new publishers in no small degree. In the lists of reprints and new editions it is interesting to gauge in some slight degree, though the guage is inaccurate since editions vary in number, the popularity of various writers. No writer except Canon Kingsley seems to equal Miss Yonge in popularity and in the regularity of the demand for her works. On the other hand, odd books sometimes have caught the public taste. *John Inglesant* performed the (as far as we can see) unique feat of passing through a new edition once a month for four consecutive months, and in addition being reprinted six times during the following eight months. Lewis Carroll, though the editions and reprints of his books are many, does not quite equal this record of Mr. Shorthouse's. It would be interesting to notice other books, and the story of their popularity, but that we must leave to the readers of the *Catalogue*. In conclusion, we must express a hope that other large publishers will follow the example set them by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and give us records of progress equally interesting and useful. We must add that the book is well printed, on good paper, and easy of reference.

As throwing some side-light on the later Revolution epoch when Napoleon I. was rising to power, and on the continental history of the earlier half of the present century, M. the Vicomte Adrian Maggiolo has published a not uninteresting biography of *Pozzo di Borgo*.[1] Of Corsican nationality, like a greater contemporary, Paoli, he passed his best years in the service of the Russian Emperor, and in consequence, though an admirer of Napoleon's genius, was compelled to oppose his military ambition. Di Borgo, as a diplomatist knew pretty well the different Courts of Europe. An observer of men and manners, his reflections and his letters have entered into the field of literature, where at least one distinguished French *savant*, M. Villemain, has, in his *Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature*, revealed Count Pozzo at his best. For the present day, it must be confessed, the memoirs of a background character possess but a mediocre power of appeal to the public attention. Nor will the fact that M. Maggiolo's point of view is anti-republican predispose the ordinary French reader to give more than a cursory perusal to the work. On the whole, the biography is well written. If the matter had been condensed into a couple of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it might have been deserving of greater praise.

Those who have seen with pleasure the revival of autonomous

[1] *Pozzo di Borgo.* Par la Vte. Adrian Maggiolo. Calmann Lévy, Editeur, 3 Rue Auber. Paris. 1890.

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states in South-Eastern Europe will do well to read through the modest little pamphlet or book which has recently been published in Bucharest and Paris. *Charles I-er de Roumanie*[1] is a pleasant, straightforward narrative of political and economic progress; but it is also more. The opening pages tell in summary the story of Roumania and Moldavia before the present century. The year 1829 marks the beginning of political existence and national feeling in these lands, owing to the treaty of Adrianople, which ended the war between Russia and Turkey. But troubles followed, until in 1866 Charles of Hohenzollern was elected Prince of Roumania. On May 10 (22) he entered his capital. Eleven years later on the same day the independence of Roumania was proclaimed, and again on the same date in 1881 Prince Charles was crowned King. These are the three great dates in the reign of Charles I., and speak of great political advance; but alone they convey little idea of the real importance of his reign. The author of this pamphlet has much to say of material and economic progress. Prince Charles busied himself with all that would tend to make his adopted country prosperous. Railways were made, credit revived, economic measures proposed. In this connection it is interesting to notice how the export trade of Roumania has been affected by the protective duties of her near neighbours; her trade has moved from Austria and Germany to France, England and Belgium. There are many interesting facts contained in the appendices at the end of the book relating to the constitution, population and resources of the kingdom.

We have received the new edition of *Fortunes Made in Business*,[2] edited by Mr. James Hogg, revised, enlarged and issued in cheaper form. The book is already known, and we need do little more than call attention to its reappearance. The biographies of such men as Isaac Holden, Sir Henry Bessemer and the Peases, can teach many lessons of perseverance and upright endeavour. Such lessons Mr. Hogg claims that his book teaches, and he at least has proved that fortunes in business cannot be made by those of even ordinary intelligence, and further that men, who are honest and upright, may yet grow wealthy in spite of competition. The lives of men such as are here collected may well be written, provided that their object has been, not riches as an end in itself, but benefit to mankind by improved methods and processes of manufacture. This Mr. Hogg has, we are glad to see, realised; he has chosen men whose names are known rather for their inventions and improvements than for their wealth.

Looking-glass for my Poli-Comedie Actors in Europe.[3] Such is the

[1] *Charles I-er de Roumanie.* Vingt-cinq Ans de Règne. Paris: Guillaumin & Cie. Bucarest: Ig. Haimann. 1891.

[2] *Fortunes Made in Business.* By various writers, edited by James Hogg. Illustrated. New Edition. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh.

[3] *Looking-glass for my Poli-Comedie Actors in Europe.* Bombay. 1891.

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strange title of a still stranger book. What "poli-comedie" means we have not been able to find out, nor yet exactly what the author's object in writing his book may have been. Was it to publish some letters, which the editor of *The Times* had refused, or merely to vent Dr. Viccaji's indignation against the English? Of the causes of this indignation we cannot find in this book adequate explanation; in fact, we cannot understand our author at all. His unpleasant habit of writing English sentences, half of which consist of French phrases, together with his abrupt, interjectional style, makes his book unintelligible. For all that, we cannot but think that had Dr. Viccaji shown a little less irritability of temper, and been a little more disposed to look upon our faults in Indian administration as arising possibly from ignorance rather than malice, he would not have been so harshly treated as he thinks he has been. Surely, too, over three hundred pages of closely printed matter is excessive allowance in which to tell even a poli-comedie. We trust we are using the word in its right sense.

BELLES LETTRES.

Fantasy,[1] by Mademoiselle Matilde Serao, is an admirable work of its kind, and has the advantage of being well translated. Like so many contemporary novels, it is painful reading, so that while the critic is compelled to recognise the ability of the workmanship, he is not disposed to praise it *con amore*, as he might an inferior performance which had served to while away the time more pleasantly. The scene opens in a convent near Naples, where a number of girls of good family and position are receiving their education. Here we make the acquaintance of what may be called the good and the bad heroines of the forthcoming story—the former, simple, practical, and devotedly affectionate—a thoroughly wholesome nature; the other, hysterical, false, pretentious, emotional in the worst sense—in a word, *une névrosée*, who dominates her companions by the false glitter of her defects more than by any sterling qualities, of which, indeed, she has none. Afterwards, we find the good heroine, Caterina Spaccapietro, happily married to a stalwart young country gentleman, while Lucia Altimare, the vicious hysterical *poseuse*, whose *physique* by-the-by must, from the description, have been

1 *Fantasy: a Novel.* By Matilde Serao. Translated from the Italian by Henry Harland and Paul Sylvester. London: W. Heinemann. 1891.

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much like that of Sara Bernhardt, is living a strangely independent life in her father's house in Naples. She has entered on an entirely new phase. Her rapt ecstatic piety has been thrown to the winds, and now passion and violent emotions are the only things she dreams about. Her character, with its tawdry aspirations overlying and gilding profound selfishness, is admirably drawn. She is one of those dangerous, baneful, women, endowed with strange powers of seduction and domination, and with nerves instead of a heart. The life of Caterina and her husband Andrea Lieti is a charming idyll, and the robust personality of Andrea, the simple, good-humoured, loving young giant, brimming over with strength and animal spirits, is a masterpiece of characterisation. One is grieved and indignant that the subtle, defiling, serpent, in the form of Lucia Altimare, should enter into the poor little paradise of the happy young couple, and turn all its love and joy into estrangement and misery, ending in a tragic catastrophe. We shall not detail the successive stages by which the grievous *dénouement* is reached, for they constitute the whole story, which, painful as it is, must be allowed to be very skilfully told.

There is an old adage that "good wine needs no bush;" but, on the other hand, the presence of the most conspicuous of bushes does not necessarily argue the absence of merit in the wine to which it invites attention. So when we find "a new and original drama,"[1] inserted, like the meat in a sandwich, between two essays, equally "new and original," no doubt, but perhaps somewhat lengthy, it would be rash to conclude that the play had not sufficient independent merit and force to stand by itself without the aid of its supporters. But really when, casting aside all prejudices or prepossessions, one reads the play itself, it turns out a lamentably poor affair. Not only is it the pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack, but the bread is of very poor quality. Mr. Jones seems to have chosen his characters, not from real life, but from the stock *répertoire* of the stage. There is the pious, noble-minded, unsuspicious father, the light-headed daughter, easily dazzled and led away, but full of virtuous instincts, which, if they do not save her from falling, bring her to an early grave, and so furnish the dramatist with a harrowing *dénouement*. Then there is the honest manly lover, belonging to her own humble rank in life; and, finally, the traditional gentleman seducer, who, in Mr. Jones's *réchauffé* is, to make matters more completely "original," a captain in the army. All these time-honoured *dramatis personæ* play their accustomed parts in *Saints and Sinners*, as they have in scores of previous dramas, without ever, so far as we can perceive, deviating by a hair's-breadth from the orthodox traditions. In presenting such a work to the reading public, it is surely

[1] *Saints and Sinners.* A new and original Drama of Modern English Life. In five Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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idle to discourse about "the future of the English stage;" it is with the past that Mr. Jones is concerned; for it is from his predecessors that he has taken his characters, his plot, and his situations.

Fifty Pounds[1] unfolds itself at first rather slowly, and one begins to think that Miss Coleridge is for once hardly up to the high level that one has a right to expect from her. But, as the tale proceeds, it constantly gathers interest. In a book like the present the world depicted is necessarily circumscribed, but then it is depicted so well, with such absolute fidelity as can only be attained by close observation, backed by the gift of aptly employing the fruits of observation—and, after all, in describing the narrowest sphere of human action, insight into human nature may be manifested, and even in children's stories such knowledge is always flashing out here and there, when Miss Coleridge is the writer. Often the work is unnecessarily fine, *mais cela ne gâte rien.* In the story we are now considering, simple as it is, there are many touches of a truer realism than can be found in the writings of most of the so-called realists, for it is the outcome not of microscopic examination, but of keen intuitive insight.

It has become the fashion, of late, to disparage M. Georges Ohnet, but who, among his detractors, could have written *Serge Panine*, or could produce a story of such sustained interest as *Dette de Haine*,[2] M. Ohnet's most recent novel? It is a charming story; the style is, perhaps, not always faultless, but the skilful delineation of character, and the powerful presentment of the poignant incidents which naturally arise from the contact and mutual action and reaction of such characters, give the book that deep human interest which is the distinguishing stamp of Ohnet's fiction. His rivals, many of whom think themselves so vastly his superiors, owe their success, some to the minute analysis of essentially morbid and exceptional natures, others to bringing into unwholesome prominence the lowest and foulest side of ordinary humanity. But M. Ohnet has attained his wide popularity without appealing to prurient curiosity, or to that *nostalgie de la boue* which sells thousands of copies of many a work of fiction, merely for the unmitigated grossness which the buyers count on finding in it. From first to last, he has chosen for his leading parts, not monsters of perversity, nor curious "cases" of diseased nerves, but men and women much like other people, and for that very reason the vast novel-reading public has a fellow-feeling for their loves and their hates, their littleness and their greatness, their occasional heroism, and even their crimes; and so the stories of their lives sell by the hundred thousand.

Monsieur Fred[3] is one of "Gyp's" lightest and most amusing

[1] *Fifty Pounds.* A Sequel to *The Green Girls of Greythorpe.* By Christabel R. Coleridge. With four full-page Illustrations. London: National Society's Depository. 1891.

[2] *Dette de Haine.* Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Paul Ollendorf. 1891.

[3] *Monsieur Fred.* Par Gyp. Cinquième édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1891.

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sketches. Monsieur Fred, or, to give him his formal designation, the Duc de Nevers, is a youth of nineteen, who, his father having died early, has been brought up by his mother, and educated at the Jesuits' College. The utmost pains have been taken to keep from him any knowledge of evil. He has been daily sent to school, and fetched home in his mother's carriage, with a confidential servant in attendance, and the Duchesse believes him to be as pure and innocent as one of the angelic host. She had nourished a similar belief with regard to his father, who had been brought up in precisely the same way, and the presumed innocence of the father and son are about equally well founded. All the Duchesse's relatives—her aunts and her sisters, and still more their husbands—know what to think of the late Duke's spotless purity, and have their own opinions about M. Fred's saintliness. The expedients and petty deceptions—all of the most transparent kind—*cousus de fil blanc*, in the French phrase—to which the poor lad has resource, *pour tirer des carottes de maman*, out of which to pay for his *menus plaisirs*, form the staple of the little story, and are infinitely amusing to read, when set forth with "Gyp's" inimitable *verve* and gaiety. Some of the scenes between Fred and the mother of a certain too fascinating Madame Blanche de Châtou, by her true name Joséphine Chamot, reminds one of Ludovic Halévy's, "M. et Madame Cardinal," and is hardly less humorous than similar scenes in that masterpiece of Parisian humour.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Swinburne will be grateful for the homage paid to his genius in the translation by M. Gabriel Mourry of the *Poems and Ballads*[1] which first brought the author of them into repute. Born into a storm of execration, these lyric outpourings of a youthful mind seeking to express its emotions, were defended by Mr. Swinburne at the time, in terms with which we have no reason to quarrel. Since, however, he afterwards practically disinherited them, and now looks back upon them as an early folly, their re-edition and translation savours of literary indiscretion, especially as Mr. Swinburne is still living, and that M. Guy de Maupassant, whose popular pen has been requisitioned for a preface, publishes the details of an interview obtained many years ago, which do not appear to have the sanction of all the parties concerned. The translation itself is excellent; nay more, though in prose form the poetry is preserved. M. Mourry's command of vocabulary is precise and abundant. His sense of form is just, and his musical perception accurate. It is scarcely too much to say that the ballads lose little or nothing by their change from English to French, and the precaution which the translator has taken to hyphen and separate

[1] *Poèmes et Ballades de A. C. Swinburne.* Traduits par Gabriel Mourry. Avec Notes sur Swinburne par de Maupassant. Albert Savine, Éditeur, 12 Rue des Pyramides. Paris. 1891.

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the verses and lines, brings the reader as close as he possibly can come to the original.

In *Le Roi Stanko et la Reine Xénia*"[1] we have a scarcely veiled recital of the dissensions which led to the divorce, and subsequently to the forcible expulsion of his queen by King Milan. The narrative, which is supposed to be written by a Russian maid of honour, bears the stamp of truth, though the writer's sympathies are entirely Russian. The Court life of the little south-eastern State, as described by "Outis," is nothing less than squalid. One might think one was reading about the Court of the King of Bonny.

[1] *Le Roi Stanko et la Reine Xénia.* Par Outis. Paris: Paul Ollendorf. 1901.

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THE DRAMA.

We were much interested in the revival of Dion Boucicault's Irish drama, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. It is distinctly a play for the people, rather in the Adelphi sense of the word, and so, perhaps, its appearance on the once hyper-classic boards of the Princess's stage was rather unexpected. But though it is a play of passion throughout, exceedingly Irish in conception, racy of the soil, and melodramatic in form, it is decidedly one of the author's best works, and will not flourish and then be forgotten in a season, but live for many revivals. It is scarcely necessary to give an epitome of a play so well known as this one is; however, it may be useful to remind such of our readers who are not regular theatre frequenters of the chief outlines of the plot.

The period in which the action is supposed to take place is the end of the last century, and Beamish McCoul is one of the leaders of the people. He had fled the country, but returned to carry away with him his betrothed, who was the ward of Colonel Bagenal O'Grady, a magistrate, who, though his heart is full of Irish sympathies, is loyal to his Sovereign, and is obliged to co-operate with the English authorities in suppressing the rebellion. He hides in the cabin of Arrah Meelish, nicknamed Arrah-na-Pogue, or Arrah of the kiss. Arrah is also to be married to Shaun-the-Post, so called because he has been the driver of the mail-cart, and both weddings are to take place the day after the action commences. Beamish McCoul's property has been confiscated on account of the part he has played in the rebellion, and on the night before his departure from the island, which is to be effected after he has been secretly married, he meets Mr. Michal Feeny, a process-server, an admirably drawn character of the Irish renegade type, and finding him in the possession of the half-year's rents of his estate, relieves him of the money, and is thus enabled to make a wedding gift of several bank-notes to Arrah. Unfortunately, the name of Michal Feeny is written on the back of one them, which leads to discovery, and consequently to the dramatic situation, which from this point might almost be guessed by the audience as the plot of the play is gradually unfolded. Arrah is discovered to have harboured a man of bad character and a thief in her house. The English forces arrive at the moment the whole village is in festivity on the occasion of Arrah's marriage. To save

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her reputation, Shaun accuses himself of the theft, and the next scene consists of the court-martial on and death condemnation of the supposed thief. Here come the most pathetic scenes of the play—scenes which, unless very carefully rendered, are apt only to illustrate the extremely fragile barrier that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. We are bound to say that in none of these scenes were we in the least disposed to laugh. The audience were worked up to fever-heat with sympathy for the character of an Irish patriot about to be immolated by the power of an English garrison. The situations were intensely dramatic. They were really powerful, and in our opinion had not any savour of the blood-and-thunder pieces regularly supplied to harrow the feelings of the London public. Shaun hears his broken-hearted wife singing softly in her despair; he escapes from his prison cell, scales the outer wall of the tower, on the turret of which Arrah is seated. Michal Feeny has also crept up to the turret, and the ludicrous and the horrible are strangely blended together, as the ruffian blurts out his passionate attachment for the heroine, and is rejected with scorn. He discovers Shaun climbing up the tower by means of the ivy clinging to the walls, and seizes a heavy stone to hurl upon him; but Arrah interposes, and a struggle ensues, in which the man prevails. The audience are thrilled as he rushes with the piece of rock to the parapet, but to be cast headlong down into the river below by Shaun.

In the mean time McCoul has given himself up at Dublin Castle. He receives his freedom, Shaun is saved, and so ends the play.

Such is a brief outline of Mr. Boucicault's famous drama. There is a good deal more which we have not space to detail. We must congratulate Mr. Herberte Basing on his choice. It is a play for the people; but it is by no means loosely or carelessly put together, and if we were to attempt any comparison of its merits with other such, if we might use the term, human dramas, it would rather fall into the category of the productions of M. Sardou, or of Alexandre Dumas, than with the plays of its kind we see placed on the London stage. There is much in its stirring scenes that is classical, therefore abiding, for it is very realistic. Of course it has in it something of the impossible, though little of the improbable, if the time and place of the action be considered. Irish life at the close of the eighteenth century was intensely dramatic, and such episodes as the author has availed himself of throughout the successive scenes of this play are not *invraisemblable;* on the contrary, they are exceedingly realistic. We gain, indeed, a curious insight from following these episodes into the peculiarities of the Irish character—its devotion to the leaders of the people—in fact, its hero-worship and its self-sacrifices, and its intense credulity. There is no suggestion of anything throughout which would be a falsification of history, so frequently a

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fault with plays that base their dramatic situations upon events of an historical character.

Miss Ella Terriss gave a very excellent rendering of the part of Arrah Meelish. The heroine, in her reading, was tender, refined, brave, but without the smallest dash of the "strong-minded female." Among the minor parts we must especially commend Mr. Henry Bedford's impersonation of the Sergeant, as the loyal soldier who sets obedience and duty before everything else, but cannot help shedding tears over the hard fate of Shaun; also the well-intentioned but inhuman Major was well played by Mr. Basset Roe. A word of commendation is due to the supers, who put a spirit and dash into their acting very seldom seen in their humble capacities, but which added materially to the success of the play.

On the whole, with the exception of the scene in the barn, in which the village revelry was made too long, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, as put on the stage at the Princess's Theatre, is distinctly a success. We have always claimed that the stage has an important mission to perform in the life of our great towns. *Arrah-na-Pogue* is distinctly an educational drama, and we feel sure that all those who witness its succeeding scenes with an intelligent interest, cannot fail to carry away with them a better appreciation of the peculiarities of the Irish character than they had before.

In striking contrast to Mr. Boucicault's play for the masses stands Mr. Haddon Chambers' successful drama, *The Idler*, now revived at the St. James's Theatre, for the classes. Every character in this admirably rendered piece is essentially a drawing-room frequenter. It portrays the hollowness of drawing-room life, its pessimism, the yearning of the gilded youth of the West-end for something higher than the life they seem almost condemned to lead. Mark Cross, the idler, is, with some defects, a noble fellow; and Mr. George Alexander must receive our warmest congratulations for his excellent rendering of the part. Author and actor combined together have succeeded in exactly hitting off, in the character of Mark Cross, one of the most curious productions of London society in these *fin-de-siècle* times. Mark Cross has been in love with Lady Harding, who has married Sir John Harding, during his absence in America, and Mark enters upon life with a broken heart, and his whole existence becomes an aimless one. Sir John Harding, before he came into his title, had also been out in America, and had in a quarrel accidentally killed, but was supposed to have murdered, the brother of Simeon Strong, a millionaire, who, coming over to London, and being introduced to Sir John, at once recognises him and prepares to take proceedings to procure his extradition. Herein lies the main plot on which the interest of the drama depends, though there are other subsidiary details, such as the marriage of General Merryweather with Mrs. Cross, and the betrothal of Simeon

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Strong to Kate Merryweather. The point of the plot lies in the interposition of Mark Cross, who had saved Simeon from drowning, and by this act obtains authority over him, which deters him from his purpose of bringing Sir John Harding to justice. Mark, however, is seized with a sudden evil impulse. He will only save her husband on the condition that Lady Harding consents to elope with him. She consents for a moment, but once her husband is safe repents of her folly, and throws herself upon the mercy of Mark. It is exactly the *ruse* a clever woman of the world would think of, in order to save the man she loved, regardless of the injury she inflicts upon another. Here is the crisis of the action. The better nature of Mark Cross at this point prevails over the evil. The drama winds up satisfactorily to all parties, save to the "Idler," who is left alone at the close of the last scene. The curtain falls upon one of the most powerful, real, and artistic situations we have witnessed upon the London stage for many years, and Mr. Alexander fully rises to the intense meaning of the almost tragic *dénouement*. Mark is alone; his life still aimless, and his heart broken. In his efforts to secure the happiness of Lady Harding he has thrown away whatever hopes he had for his own future. He has saved the life of his successful rival, and rendered his own hopeless. There is something in this act of Mark's which shows the resignation of a truly great character, but more of the careless apathy which seizes upon the aimless man of the world. Simeon enters suddenly, tells him he is a good fellow, but must give up loafing, little able to see into the agony of a soul such as that depicted in the character of Mark Cross. Mark is playing with a revolver, pondering in his mind whether it would not be best to end at once a useless existence; but his mother, who has lingered near, observing his distracted mien, guesses his thoughts, interposes, and the revolver falls upon the table. He motions her to leave him, and she retires. The servant enters; Mark bids him pack up for a long journey. The servant inquires whither he is going. "God knows!" ejaculates Mark, as the curtain falls.

There is also a passage of great intellectual strength and pathos between Simeon Strong and Mark Cross, in which the latter dissuades Simeon from carrying out his oath of vengeance for the supposed murder of his brother. It is rather a peculiarity of this play the number of highly dramatic situations which take place between men. If we were to set to work to pick holes in the construction of Mr. Haddon Chambers' piece, it is a defect that would meet our eye at once. Scenes of passion in which the feelings of gratitude, affection, and kindred sentiments are played upon, are exceedingly difficult to render on the stage when the male element is alone in possession of the scene. In this case, owing to the excellence of the cast no passage of such dialogue fell flat, but it is

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unwise of an author to make such scenes either numerous or lengthy, or to build the interest of his piece on the passionate expression of feeling of one man on account of another.

Lady Monckton's acting was throughout of a hyper-refined character, she excelled in the tender passages of the dialogue with her son. And Miss Lily Hanbury, in our opinion, made a distinct hit as the petulant and discontented young lady of the period. The *mise-en-scène* has been attended to with great care; for artistic effect we may especially point to acts iii. and iv., executed by Mr. Harker, and representing the chambers of Mark Cross.

The *Idler* is followed by the production of Mr. Frith's one-act dramatic sketch, *Molière*. We think the sketch would have been better as a *lever-de-rideau* than as an after-piece. There is, perhaps, nothing in the dramatic writer's work more difficult than to write a successful play in a single act, which is not of a humorous nature. There are few things harder to produce than a scene from the highly cultured and artistic life of the period of the "Grand Monarch." We cannot say that the sketch, *Molière*, is altogether satisfactory, though there is much in it of exceptional merit. The costumes and *mise-en-scène* have been produced with a studious regard for the minutest details. The acting of Mr. Alexander in the death scene has been much improved since the first night performance, but still, as a whole, it is heavy, which is not French. The impersonation of the character of the Marquis of the *ancien régime*, by Mr. Ben Webster, positively aggravated us beyond measure. Surely a marquis at the Court of Versailles, ultra blackguard as he might have been, would always be a highly cultured, refined, polite being. He would make the most biting remarks, but in the most gentlemanly manner; in fact, to be low, coarse, or vulgar would be the single crime a man of his position could never commit; but yet it was this vulgarity of expression and action that Mr. Ben Webster seemed to think characteristic of the part, which marred the otherwise artistic *tout ensemble*. Still, on the whole, the sketch is an effective one, but we are inclined to think that the audience of the St. James's Theatre would depart far more impressed in mind, if the last words of the *Idler* were, as they left the theatre, still ringing in their ears.

We cannot close our remarks on the autumn theatrical season without giving a short notice of Mr. Leopold Wenzel's *Orfeo*, the classical ballet which has had such a successful run at the Empire Theatre of Varieties. It was a plucky venture to attempt a ballet of this description, in which the special features are of a serious nature, the character of which is one of solemnity and grandeur, and we are exceedingly rejoiced that it has been such an unqualified success. The music is weird and full of expressiveness, and in the

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construction of the score, in the modulations of the themes, in the descriptive character of the *leit-motif*, it betrays the hand of the scientific musician and the serious composer. The orchestration has been carefully studied ; we should say that in the management and grouping of the instruments that the composer had a distinct *penchant* for the style of Meyerbeer. At one time the score is light and tuneful, at another it surges and swells into passages of great grandeur, at no time is it commonplace or trivial, and it is throughout descriptive. Miss Lanner has surpassed herself in the originality of the tableaux; all is pleasing, graceful, and artistic; and the meeting of Orpheus and Eurydice in the halls of Hades is a situation which carries away the audience from the intensity of pathos rendered both by action and music. The entire work would be suitable as an *entr'acte* at the Paris Opera-house. We trust that the success of the *Orfeo* will embolden the management of the Empire to further efforts in the direction of this higher sphere of art as applied to the *ballet*. Perhaps we may hope to witness one of the works of Leo Delibes at this theatre.

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EFFECTS OF THE DOCTRINES OF EVOLUTION ON RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

FROM the beginning of man's history, as man, for nearly six thousand years to our definite knowledge, for very much longer—thousands of years longer—in all probability, there has been the painful, pathetic, pitiful, despairing struggle of man's mind to *know*, to learn something concerning himself, something concerning the Infinite, something about Nature, and his relation to Nature and Infinity. Age after age has passed and left him still groping in the dark—still yearning for knowledge of the Unknown, and the Unknown and the Infinite have seemed to mock him. His children and children's children have arisen and prosecuted the search with equal vigour; they have died and passed away from their friends into the Unknown, and the Unknown still mocked at the search of those remaining.

This primitive man has asked himself, "What am I? Why am I?" with more or less pertinacity and satisfaction as the strength of his intellect was developed. And the trees bended down over him and whispered strange, spiritual, rustling whispers: there was something living about them—something animate and human. The clouds up above passed over him slowly, awfully; but they did not speak to him, they made him feel afraid. The great glaring sun passed over him fiercely burning; and the clear, cold stars twinkled silently. But those trees spoke to him: they whispered when he passed beneath them, and he fell before them, loved and worshipped them. Where is the shadow of his brother who lies sepulchred near him? Where are the shades of his father and mother? He has seen them asleep many times, and wondered what that strange sleep could be, why their senses had gone, why the invisible self had left its body; and he has seen them dead, lying as though asleep, but without breath, and that invisible self never came back to any one of them. Where are they? The trees bended down and whispered to him, he felt the Invisible waft past his face, and bowed down in awe before the rustling voices.

Century after century has worn away, leaving man still struggling for knowledge of the Unknown, and the Unknown has seemed to mock him. He has gained an intimacy with the face of Nature, deeper than which he has been unable to see; and upon that knowledge, narrow and superficial, though slowly ever-widening and

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piercing deeper, he has formed ideas and built up religions, which have grown in complexity as this superficial intimacy increased and his mentality developed. The religions supplied the place of the former pitiful speculations, and the superficial knowledge of Nature blinded the eyes of man to the eternal facts which stared in the faces of his simpler-hearted fathers and filled them with wonder, longing, and dismay; but, with all this, men have arisen in every age with the penetrating eyes of primitive man, seeing things as they are, and not after the manner of those whose familiarity with the platitudes of knowledge-veneered ignorance has satisfied their minds, and have wondered and striven to learn something of the Unknown independently of theory and speculation, and, with the exception of the gift of the veriest mite of knowledge, they have died like their forefathers, with the Great Unknown still mocking them.

Great men have lived in every time and place during the progress of human knowledge, each great man seeing deeper than his fellow-men; each recognising that the knowledge already attained was more or less superficial; each adding his unit of mental discovery and energy to the aggregate of learning and wisdom; each striving to lead his fellows into the deeper mysteries of Nature; each blinding them to the consciousness of their ignorance by the addition of new truths and fresh discoveries in the laws of cause and effect—till the evolution of intelligence and science culminated in the great teachings of Evolution itself.

This great doctrine, capable of illimitable research, directly influences the various kinds of men in their consciousness and comprehension of the eternal, in ways and degree according to its adaptability to their peculiar casts of mind, their natural and religious bias, and their capability to understand and be elevated by the results of its teaching. It directly influences men morally in different ways, for reasons approximating in character to those which govern its influences upon the mind. The doctrine of Evolution, more than any other doctrine of science or religion, affects materially the religious, social, and moral sentiments of those who study its teaching, or who gain a smattering of its laws. For no heresy does so effectually wipe out the traditions of our faiths and social morality; no heresy which has greatly affected our different creeds is so well founded, so firmly established upon thorough investigation and sound principles. Nor, on the other hand, are there many human teachings which, added to a religion, as the doctrines of Evolution may be, have the power of raising the estimate of the Eternal, and consequently the estimate of all sound principles regulating human life, in the mind of man, and directly strengthening the motives for patient, persevering morality in life.

That class of men in which the influences of this doctrine have the noblest effect is constituted of those whose minds rise above the

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bigotry of special creeds, who see deeper than the technicalities of terms, whose penetrating gaze strikes into the individualities of things themselves. It is composed of those who, not content with the dry, incoherent language of conflicting scientific books, which grazes the understanding, yet leaves but a superficial image of the objects of which it treats—listen to the deep, still, lasting voice of Nature; who gaze upon the awful wonders, and trace through æons with their imagination the slow steady development of life; who see the world—not by the aid of cramped mentality alone, which can never grasp in its visual conception more than the veriest particle of this world, but by the help of actual, expansive, hill-dotted scenes, laid out below their eyes, magnified into greater sublimity by their knowledge of its finite comparative insignificance, and read its history backwards to the time when by concentric force its aggregating particles had formed into a molten mass; who boldly wander on, their senses giddy with the Infinity under their contemplation, and watch the process of evolving planets, stars, and universe; who, staggering further, come upon the dark, illimitable, incomprehensible Unknown. To such as these the eternal and the infinite become realities to such a degree as they manifest themselves to no other class of men; they reach the utmost bounds approachable by the intellect of man; stand face to face with the Great Eternal; bow in awe and humble submission to the Unknown: it is a reality transcending all possibility of knowledge and imagination. They reach the same point attained by their forefathers; they have travelled further, and their eyes are keener than those of the old savages and semi-barbarous religion-builders; they see more clearly, and apprehend larger views; but at this point they are as blind as all who have travelled before them—blinder, perhaps, for they see the impenetrable darkness more vividly.

In proportion as their Ego is in harmony with the *soul* of Nature—in proportion as they love her, and are conscious of their ignorance of her mysteries—in proportion as they recognise the impenetrability of the eternal, the origin of the whole universe, they will bend in adoration before the intelligence of the Unknown.

The influences upon another class of men who learn the doctrines of Evolution are of a nature extremely different from those attendant upon the deeper thinkers. Of an ordinary cast of mind, not actuated by any desire to penetrate through the varied strata of ignorance, falsehood, superstition, and error, to the depths of eternal truth; unaccustomed to think deeply, or to see clearly beyond mere appearances; satisfied by platitudes at all times, with no power of discriminating between terms and the objects for which they stand, they are easily satisfied by the dead, unreal, lifeless aspect of evolution, which a shallow knowledge of the doctrine is very apt to produce. Terms are the great backbone of their creeds. In terms

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they have founded their religious beliefs and warred in the provinces of theology, terms which they do not understand, and of which they could give no adequate explanation: moral terms have guided their lives and political terms form the groundwork of their ideal constitution; scientific terms constitute the profundity of their knowledge, and when they attain to any degree of familiarity with the teachings of Evolution they are not a whit nearer a truer knowledge of Nature than they have ever been to a proper cognition of the objective realities implied by the much abused and misapplied terms they thought they understood.

Assured of the depth and extent of their knowledge, they favour the subversion of the old doctrines by the new in their understanding; the old faith gives way, because of its seeming inconsistency with recent discoveries in thought and nature; possibly it is with secret rejoicing that the old creeds are thus ousted from the position from which they dominated, but it is with serious detriment to the integrity of their moral worth. With ordinary individuals, not conversant with the philosophy of ethics, unless in a shallow, inadequate manner with its terms, religion forms the sole basis of a moral character. Whatever kind of religion it may be, it is the controlling power over the erratic tendencies of the moral faculties of the majority of mankind to run riot or decay; it is the sustaining principle of the moral life, and upon its loss disease and mortification rapidly ensue. The natural uncontrolled propensities are not toward moral excellence; without active interference retrogression is a certain consequence, and religion is the only agent which, with the mass of mankind, has ever shown any decisive influence in the direction of moral perfection. Thus the shallow devotee of the doctrines of Evolution ensures to himself, by embracing its tenets, a precarious moral constitution: the stay of his morality is gone, and in its stead he has a handful of scientific terms!

What the ultimate result with regard either to the individual or to the mass of such superficial inquirers is likely to be is most uncertain; the tendency and the immediate results are seen in every example to be met in ordinary life. It would be preposterous to assume for an instant that those who could think but so slightly, whatever their knowledge of terms might be, could form an adequate idea (adequate as compared with the extent of such an idea in the mind of an individual of the former class) of the meaning and infinity of the Eternal: it would be an absurdity to assign to them a vivid conception of the eternity of effects consequent upon a single act; and, since mere knowledge cannot directly instigate any one to action, it cannot be supposed that other agencies which would incite better men to self-control on account of their fellows would have more than a minimum effect upon the conduct of these who have loosed the curb from all their natural propensities, be such what they may.

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Another class of individuals, upon whom the knowledge of the doctrines of evolution has an injurious effect, may be called the religious class, or, more truly, the narrower religious class. As stated before, it must be remembered that, though other heresies have an effect something of the same nature as that of Evolution upon different minds, Evolution alone is here treated, as being pre-eminently the most powerful and the most modern of great "irreligious" teachings. This last class is composed of persons who are really in earnest, and are, therefore, deserving of sympathy and charitable leniency. They have been brought up to see with narrow views, to think in a cramped, timorous manner, if they think at all. The old Hebrew story of the creation has been inculcated upon them as a literal truth, to depart from the belief in which is to involve themselves in an inextricable network of complicated doubt, from which with their limited sight they can find no way of escape; the Bible from cover to cover is the inspired word of the Unknown, the only revelation of any worth, oftenest the only revelation at all. The bare outline of Evolution, which is the most that such can grasp, and the revelation that men of great knowledge, wisdom, and sobriety are convinced of its truth, bears terrible evidence to their minds that something is amiss, and that there are fatal obstacles to the faith in which they were nurtured, which they loved—fatal obstacles to their happiness. The childlike faith in the mysteries of the Almighty which raised them above the petty affairs of life is ruined, and they become miserable beings, alternating between belief in their creeds or nothing, if they think; or, if they in a common fanatical spirit refuse to think, they return with greater blindness to the religion of their heart, and cling more tenaciously to the threadbare garments of Pharisaic bigotry with which it clothes them. Instead of ennobling themselves and their religion, they reduce it to a pitiful system by which they hope to escape from the inevitable consequences of universal law, and from the fancies of disordered imaginations. To these, the new truths enunciated in the doctrines of Evolution, as many other scientific theories, are the wiles of the devil; they cannot think of the steady, irresistible, slow, persistent unfolding of Nature regardless of all accidents, modified entirely, perhaps, by apparent accidents; though illimitably grander and more wonderful to the searching mind, these bigots prefer the theory of the spontaneous existence of the universe by the magic of a word; it costs them less effort to con the process of a magical creation, than the attempt to follow the eternal changes toward beauty and perfection. The Eternal, though much confessed and spoken of as regards their immortality and Almighty God, is spoken of in words; it is an eternity of the future, hazy and indiscernible, where contemplation of the vastness of the prospect is unguided by any landmark to manifest its extent; it is an eternity

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of words only, and must remain so till the eternity of the past opens its grand vistas to the sight and enables the mind to conceive what the eternal of the future may become. Perhaps it would be well to remark here, upon the subject of a magical creation, that wonder-working is the sesame to belief with ordinary men, and the dread which many, very many, religious fanatics manifest concerning science, and especially evolution theories, is that they are about to explain mysteries! They feel a horror at the idea of a religious mystery being unveiled, a lurking suspicion, poor souls! that underneath pure, naked Truth may stare at them in a different guise from the beloved, ragged, flimsy, gaudy drapery with which they have almost smothered her. Can there be a surer criterion of the mentality of men than this? Some boldly hurling aside the clouts which hide the beauty they desire to see, while others, with prudish, cowardly fear, tremble to see their cherished mystery unveiled.

Neither this religious class nor the careless class form any really intelligent idea of the eternal. The former believe in words, the latter think in terms, and both arrive at merely nominal conclusions. The vastness of the universe is not spread out before their gaze, for how can a shallow thinker attain to such an eminence of thought? And how may a believer, to whom there is but a span of six thousand years behind him, and further than that nothing, to whom the future is a golden blazing blank, grasp the tenth of an idea of eternity?

From the mountain-top or from the summit of a hill, with an expanse of land laid out beneath the view, the germ of a more comprehensive and intenser conception of the infinite may develop with greater surety and more ease into a wide, deep, intense, true contemplation of the vastness, awfulness of the theme. Or even, as a commoner scene, let us take that viewed from one of the sandhills at the side of the sea. Stretching out before us and below us, as we sit upon the rush-covered eminence, there is a long broad line of shining sand; the tide is out, far out, and we can only see a thin line of blue in the distance sparkling under the blue sky and the burning sun; the shore reaches far out, and we can see the bend in its surface: little pools of shining blue sea-water are scattered over it, larger in size but smaller to our vision as we trace them to the open sea: beyond is the water, where the constant everlasting voices rise and fall, though in the distance we cannot hear them: then comes the horizon and the limit to our vision. We can see from our position an extent of the earth's surface not visible except from higher eminences, not always so much then; we can see a span greater than often lies under our immediate contemplation, we can comprehend at one glance a mass of the earth constituting—say, about one-thousandth part of our island, perhaps! Beyond lie expanses thousands upon thousands of times greater, each one of which we may contemplate in turn (for no man has ever compre-

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hended at once more than a minute portion of this globe—it is beyond the power of our faculties to do so), until, after long reflection and mental labour, in imagination we have compassed the whole earth.

Before us lies the long shining blue-pool-dotted shore dimming as we follow it into the distance, up above is the great burning brilliant sun, round which the vast expanses we have been contemplating revolve as a very little body: other planets, too, each with its vastness of scenery for any possible inhabitant, revolve around it too, and have done so for ages, since their incalculable millions of atoms aggregated to give them their present form. No amount of thought can give us an adequate idea of the immensity of this solar system of ours, which is lost as an atom in the midst of the universe of stars and planets and other celestial bodies, of which probably we have not the faintest conception, nor the most shadowy idea of their existence. Were it possible to achieve such an act as to conceive an idea of its immensity, there still remains the truth to face that what we have conceived as the universe is but an *atom* in a huger universe; and this huger actuality a cipher midst Infinity! And here, in the attempt to grasp huger and huger existences, we are brought to the very verge of our powers, as to the edge of a precipice; hazy so far, but here a distinct edge, a sharp, defined limit to thought; and down below and beyond black darkness and impenetrable gloom.

The shore stretches out before us still: we compare the one with the other, the cipher with Infinity: the cipher is real to us, and, comprehending its appearance and size, the thought of the Infinite dies out of our mind. Up above is the sun still burning that shall in some millions of years have dissipated all his heat, no more eternal than the insect we cruelly crush with our heel into the sand, in comparison with Eternity little different from it whose life has consisted of a day or two, while the existence of the former extends over millions of years.

A bee with its deep hum buzzes past us—a bee, whose conformation, instincts, and beauty have taken millions of years to evolve; the sea-gulls fly over our heads screaming, high up against the blue sky, a feather of one of which is the result of a combination of more circumstances than those apparent ones which have builded nations; the sand we sit upon, the rushes and wild growths which cover it, the red and black-spotted little beetles which swarm over this rough verdure, the white and Emperor butterflies which sport in the warm, life-giving air, the lark that soars singing above our heads invisible, are all the result of evolutionary circumstances compared with the history of which all our present histories of nations, tribes, times, and all which is known of the existing world and its different phases during the last six thousand years are as a lesson in a child's primer.

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And yonder, in the midst of the brilliant yellow of the shore, there moves a longish speck. Slowly it moves along, stopping constantly, as though to examine, after its nature, the objects in its course—a small, tiny object, whose form we can scarcely distinguish. It comes nearer and nearer, growing larger, but still a dot in the midst of the plain of sand. As it grows larger in its approach we see it more clearly, longish, erect, with a little knob upon the top like the head of a pin; it stoops and rises, moves on, stops, stoops, rises and moves on again, an atom in the midst of this expanse, which is itself an atom of the comparatively atomic earth. We can discern it clearly now, and with a little feeling of humiliation, perhaps—it is a man! The man is a naturalist, and not only does he profess to understand the constitution, the elements, the wonders of nearly every object contained within the extent before us, but that little knob, about the size of a small stone, compasses in its mental grasp the workings of the universe! That minute knob contains everything short of Infinity! Yet professedly it cannot conceive the idea of an atom! With all its boasts of knowledge, with all its theories and systems, which are but the classification of observed results, of the veriest particle of any object of the earth it knows absolutely nothing. It travels over the face of the heavens as it does over the sands before us; it remembers objects it has seen before; it recognises similarity and difference; it gives names; it burrows in the muddy confusion of terms; it talks glibly of evolution and scientific fact, which latter it forgets is mere recognition of similarity; it denies the possibility of an Almighty agent; and yet of the essence of one single object of the earth it knows absolutely nothing. The things for which are substituted terms are mysteries as great, in their existence, as they ever were to the most benighted savage who ever wondered helplessly about them. Their surfaces are better recognised by long-continued use, their relationship to each other, to us, the uses to which we can put them are better understood; but of themselves, the reason of their existence, their origin, their ultimate destiny, we have no more actual knowledge than the primitive, naked, half-human savage.

Thus we have seen that in the evolution of man's intellect, after passing through various stages of ignorance, semi-barbarism, and a sort of knowledge, after wondering, praying, thinking, building up philosophical theories and religious systems, he has at last discovered in his mental search the laws of evolution, to the detriment of many old-fashioned philosophical teaching and theological dogma: we have considered briefly the effect of this newer teaching upon the moral life of man, and found that in the case of the majority of individuals, owing to an insufficient comprehension of the eternity of causes and effects, and the processes of natural action, and on account of the retrogressive tendency of ungoaded nature, when their particular creeds had been apparently damaged or destroyed by the

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innovation of this doctrine, there was either a lapse into carelessness and moral confusion, or a reaction from such startling announcements towards a more bigoted and biassed fanaticism. We saw that only in the instance of larger-minded men who strove to deal with existences instead of terms, who grappled with the awfulness of eternity unfolded to their minds in the wonders enunciated by the doctrines of evolution, whose souls were in harmony with the soul of nature, and, by an inevitable consequence, with the Almighty God, who respected neither creed nor theory in their search for truth, whose minds, darkened by no superstitious dogmas, received the full light afforded man, could the absence of special and narrow religious dogma be fully substituted, with regard to moral excellence, by the enlightenment which follows the teachings of evolution and the illumination by science in general.

And since the stumbling-block to the fanatic and the careless arises principally from incapability of comprehension, and a substitution of things by empty terms, it may be fairly assumed that a larger knowledge of the wonders of Nature, her workings, origin, and development (so far as may be possible), and the exercise of the mind in the contemplation of the evolution and vastness of the Universe and Infinity, in defining clearly the meaning of words, and principally of theological terms, which often upon examination prove contradictory and absurd, would enable even these to embrace such teaching in admiration, and to remain strong in principle and religion, though that religion and those principles be somewhat changed.

RICHARD CROSBIE.

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FEDERATION, THE POLITY OF THE FUTURE.

It may seem a common-place thing to say that the only sources of inductions in politics are the lessons of history. These are only substitutes for the experiments, by means of which so much has been effected in the physical sciences. Naturally, the lessons of history, not being in the power of the investigator, afford a much inferior basis to the arguments to be drawn from them than are experiments in those sciences where circumstances can be more or less directed, by the elimination or combination of the different conditions, to the particular object of inquiry. Still, such as they are, the lessons of history, weighed as accurately as possible, form the only field whence inductions may be attempted, and deductions made for the guidance of the statesman, with the aid of the principles of jurisprudence, morals, and political economy, which, for his purpose, are subsidiary only, acting very much as tools in the hand of the workman engaged in making a machine.

Broadly speaking, then, history shows that families became grouped in village communities or tribes by common interests, and the perception of the advantages to be gained by combination in protecting those interests. The further step of combining communities to form states, in the general acceptation of the term, whether the result of voluntary combination or violence, may be taken to have demonstrated the additional advantage obtained from this larger aggregation. The common interests in question in both cases, as far as the public are concerned, are, of course, the security of life and property. These had to be defended against two dangers —namely, the lawless within the society, and the violence of neighbouring independent societies, bringing into existence a police and an army, however constituted and maintained. That the step taken in combining those village communities into states very much exceeded in its gains to the villages the loss of their independent action may be taken as proved by the existing map of Europe, and this in spite of defects in the constitution of those states, into which it is not necessary to enter. It must be assumed that those constitutions are in accordance with the views of the majority of the inhabitants of the several countries alone concerned, who alone have the right, as they undoubtedly possess the power, to regulate their own affairs

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in their own way. But they have this right and power necessarily in their own affairs alone. As no state, however, has confined itself to internal affairs, the necessity for armies and navies has been everywhere recognised. Before England was under one sovereign, each of the kinglets of the Heptarchy had to maintain a separate force of this kind; and before the union with Scotland the same course obtained between the northern and southern kingdoms. The gains resulting from these successive combinations, the work of centuries, in our own country, are seen to have followed a similar policy in all countries. It may therefore be inferred that the combination of separate sovereign states into larger states is universally beneficial to the several states so combined—that the balance struck between gains and losses results in a very decided balance of gain, both in the security of life and property, and in the increased wealth resulting from such security, coupled with enlarged freedom of their commerce. These grounds were, in most cases, far from being adequately perceived by anybody concerned, and accordingly force of arms in some cases, and bribery in others, appear to have been the most usual means employed in carrying out such a policy, from which indeed the peoples of the separate states, as in Scotland, for example, apprehended the most disastrous results to their freedom and wealth. Looking back, then, on the union of England and Scotland, there can be no doubt that both countries are freer and wealthier united than they could have been singly, with lines of fortifications and custom-houses on each side of the border, and large armies watching each other there, and with constant alarms arising from increases of tariffs and forces on either side—not to mention separate foreign policies. So far as union has proceeded throughout the world, these beneficial results have followed, within the scope of the union, that have accrued to the English and Scotch, where the joint state has been rationally administered and loyally accepted—that is, where it has been fairly tried.

So far the different states of Europe have got in this beneficent course since the fall of the Roman Empire; but each separate existing state has the same kind of jealousy of its neighbours that its own component parts harboured towards each other at some past time. Now, if this were a question of engineering, where experiments on a small scale give a formula of universal application, we should no doubt proceed to further combinations by pure inference from our induction. The items of prejudice and pride of race, differences of language and of systems of laws, as well as various influential opinions of those who think that, however much their state as a whole might gain, they personally, or as a class, would lose by such a step, operate as a drag on an improvement which otherwise is clear. Hence anarchy is practically held to be an evil only up to a certain point—namely, where international affairs have to be con-

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sidered. That which has been held to be the greatest evil between individuals, families, counties, provinces, or former ancient kingdoms, by the combination of which each state has been built up, is held to be the best thing possible in a business point of view between those states—nay, has, under the specious titles of independence and patriotism, been raised almost to the level of a cultus. With the progress of invention, however, by which London and St. Petersburg are brought within as many hours of each other as Land's End and John o' Groats were formerly, it would hardly do to say plainly that anarchy, so dreadful between John Doe and Richard Roe, is the *summum bonum* between England and Russia. Accordingly, we have diplomatic services, whose highest function is the manufacture of treaties, by which the so-called public law of Europe is to be regulated in the main. We have, further, a series of text-books by publicists, who have collected and expounded leading cases and valuable principles for the establishment of an International Code. Nothing need be said here about private international law, which may easily be regulated in this way. Nor do I depreciate the labours of those ornaments of the law who, from Grotius down to our own day, have, so far as a layman imperfectly acquainted with their writings may judge, been generally in advance of the opinion prevalent in their day, and done much to mitigate the grosser atrocities of war, or even turn the disputants from violence altogether, as in many arbitrations. This enlightened application of learning would probably, in the course of time, do much to abate the evils attending the present system of the adjustment of international differences. How long that time might be we have only the course of history to guide us in determining, though it may be thought that in these matters, as in the physical sciences, improvement is going on at an accelerated rate. As a check to optimism of this sort, we have the competition in armaments and in tariffs going on under our eyes, and it is to be feared both at an accelerated rate. As far as tariffs go, political economy has clearly demonstrated their folly, by showing that they necessarily diminish the wealth of the country imposing them—diminish the real annual produce of its land and labour in the aggregate. This has not, however, prevented nations from putting their trust in custom-houses any more than if Adam Smith had never lived, except perhaps in our own country, though even here the trust in Protection was implicit for fifty years after the publication of his *Wealth of Nations*. It is not extinct even yet, as may be seen by the Fair Trade propaganda, which is nothing but Protection under an alias. The question is whether a nation is more likely to prosper surrounded by wealthy nations under Free Trade or by poor nations under Protection; for that an increase of wealth must result from Free Trade, as a curtailment of wealth is the only possible result of Protection, where its restrictions are effective, is as certain

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as anything that has been established by reason and experience. The progress of invention has been so great in our time that the effects of Free Trade on England have been much concealed by it—that is, the Protectionist of to-day attributes the improvements, which no one can fail to see, to the progress of invention *alone*. If, however, the ten years on each side of the repeal of the Corn Laws be taken, it will appear broadly from statistics that a great advantage accrued from that policy both to the public and to the revenue of the country. The Protectionist at once answers this statement by saying that no country but England believes it. Let us see.

Under the *ancien régime* in France the country was divided into three divisions, each with a tariff of its own. It was one of the great advantages that accrued from the Revolution of 1789, not only in the eyes of Frenchmen, but of the whole world, that those barriers were thrown down and commerce made free throughout France. The old arrangement made of France three separate countries, practically, for in such a case the political unity has no significance economically. This shows that even according to foreign opinion the result of adding together the three divisions of old France and comparing the sum with the aggregate from united France has proved the benefit to that country of Free Trade. We have the same phenomenon in Germany and Italy. But on what principle is it to be affirmed that what has been a benefit to the several parts of these countries is likely to ruin the several states of which Europe is composed by being extended to the whole of that continent? Yet on this principle, whatever it is, Protection depends, and many a war has been entered into on no other grounds; thus the waste of war has been added to the waste of defective economic principles. There is nothing else that could justify for a moment the immense military preparations everywhere going on, than the supposed fact that Protection is beneficial to the people practising it. Nor is it easy to see how foreign nations act consistently on the principle of taking care exclusively of the producer, instead of adopting our method of confining the attention to the consumer. As Adam Smith pointed out: "The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it." The more this trouble is lessened the better it must be, surely, for everybody. This is amply acknowledged abroad in the adoption of labour-saving machinery, and to negative the principle would seem to require logically a return to the distaff and the manual copyist of ancient times. It obviously makes no difference to the problem that somebody else—the producer—is employed in furnishing the commodities, for this is merely the division of labour, a principle the advantages of which are universally acknowledged, and free exchange is the method by which the division of labour is most efficiently carried out. There is no benefit to German subjects

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from the acquisition of the Reichsland—apart from the dictates of strategic science—beyond the fact that they can trade freely with it; and one would think that the empty notion of governing so much more territory would not tempt men in the possession of votes, who have themselves to go and fight, to indulge in such a very expensive delusion.

This Protectonist theory, such as it is, makes the several states eager to found colonies and establish chartered companies, for the government of different portions of Africa and other unacquired countries, with which trade may be carried on to the exclusion of other states. *We* have considered ourselves forced to do the same by reason of the restraints put on our commerce, not only by foreign states, but by many of our own colonies, on whose account we bear such heavy liabilities. If there has, however, been any one thing proved by experience in the history of human affairs, it surely is the bad policy of granting charters to such companies. The granting to a company, founded for purposes of gain, of privileges to trade with uncivilised peoples, little removed from the status of children, and to govern these peoples absolutely, who are the customers of the company, is a policy that might have originated in Bedlam, or a less reputable place. This is quite apart from the consideration that the company commonly has advantages over other traders of its metropolis. All these things, supported by men who have commonly more influence with their government than the rest of their fellow-subjects have, and who are supposed to be experts in statesmanship and political economy, merely give an advantage to themselves and their shareholders by a species of monopoly; do immense harm to general interests everywhere, and cause quarrels to spring up between states. One such quarrel eventuating in war loses to each belligerent in a single campaign a hundred times more in value than the capital of all the companies combined, besides the loss of life, which no money can replace; and commonly leaves a leaven of hatred and a thirst for revenge with the loser, which faciliate the resumption of hostilities on a future occasion. In this connection it is curious to read in the late Mr. Bancroft's pages of the question of the Hinterland having been a bone of contention among our North American colonies prior to the War of Independence. One can readily imagine what a military history that peaceful but land-hungry federation would have had by this time, if its founders had not succeeded in forming a confederation on rational principles. They have had, indeed, one huge war among themselves in the course of a century, but the cause of it having been removed, there seems no danger of a reappearance of what is a common incident in European politics, unless, indeed, their fiscal policy, or its product—a rank growth of socialism—may lead to it. Generally, however, it may be said that the United States

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to-day are more firmly established than they ever were; and this, it seems to me, from the increased size of the federation. If, for example, England and France were federated, the danger of a rupture would be at a maximum, and it would decrease in proportion as they were joined by other states—Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, &c.—the minimum of risk being attained by the poet's inspiration of a "federation of the world." The principle here is the same as in existing state governments, where all citizens stand with wealth and life for the protection of the life and property of each, the guarantee of security and unbiassed justice to each citizen being obviously greater according as the total number of citizens increases. It is notorious that there has been very little invention in such things, that even the federal system of the United States is merely a substitution of a common authority of their own for the distant authority exercised by the English government in colonial days. But why, after the adaptation has been working with so much success for a century, there has been no attempt to use it elsewhere on a large scale is not easily understood. Had it been a new discovery in the experimental sciences, it would at once have been accepted everywhere. Why not, therefore, in politics? Must we say that, with all our boasted mental acquirements, a new country, for the most part peopled by farmers, certainly without any leisured class, was able to achieve on the morrow of a great convulsion what all the learning of Europe cannot compass in a time of profound peace? To be sure, there is in Europe additional friction, arising from diversities in language and institutions, but these have not prevented united action in the wrong direction—have not prevented, that is to say, combinations on the most gigantic scale for carrying on war. The Swiss Confederation is tri-lingual, and manages to rub along; parts of Germany are under the French code of laws; we ourselves have in Scotland a different system of law from that obtaining in England; and the same is the case with the State of Louisiana, for example, in the United States. The very fact of a federation existing in Europe on a large scale would do away with the causes of nearly all international quarrels. Our proceedings in Egypt, for example, are looked upon with jealousy, even though we are undoubtedly doing good to that country, and by consequence to all interested in it, simply because it is an *ex parte* interference. Were such a mission in the hands of a regular European executive, there could not be the slightest suspicion of bad faith, for, every state being represented there, English or French interests would be of no more or less consideration than are the interests of England and Scotland in our Parliament, or its committee of management, the Cabinet. It is just here that the present system breaks down, for it provides no adequate machinery for carrying on such improvements, though these may be required in everybody's interests—no machinery commanding

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the confidence of European public opinion generally, which has been so often deceived by plausible pretexts of philanthropy and advantage in similar circumstances. We do not believe in Russian philanthropy when exercised on the Turkish Empire, and it is not wonderful that France does not believe in our Egyptian article. Once establish a federation on equitable principles, rigorously abstaining from interference in state politics, and with properly constituted executive and judicial authorities, in which European opinion could have confidence, and the same results would follow that have been evident in the United States. We are indeed so unacquainted with quarrels between the American states that we are apt to forget that they are separate states at all, with separate legislatures, executive officers, and law courts quite independent of each other and of Congress, save on the points reserved by the United States constitution, which withdraws but a comparatively small field from their legislative activity. The Federal army and navy indeed are insignificant, but everything else, both in the state and national government, is on the grandest scale. I do not allege that we could adopt bodily the provisions of their federal constitution, though it would furnish the leading principle for a European federation. It really does not matter to anybody, for example, whether the different states of Europe are monarchical or republican so long as they co-operate honestly in the general scheme: and that would be a large departure from the letter of the American model. The gist of the problem is to get the several nations into a federation by which all separate armaments shall be abolished and a federal army embodied by congress, whose only *raison d'être* towards the constituent states shall be to enforce, if necessary, the decisions of its supreme court. Thus a sanction would be given to international law which it cannot have without federation, for without force the very conception of law vanishes. This idea of a European federation appears to have been mooted in Cobden's lifetime, because he repudiates the notion in one of his speeches, opining that it would lead to more interference with state rights than the present system. I do not know on what he grounded his opinion—probably the recollection of the very different Rusian intervention in Hungary may have had something to do with it—but it cannot rest on the experience of the United States. Naturally, congress must be supreme in its own domain, and in so far there would be interference necessarily; but if the constitution were drawn in an enlightened manner at all resembling the American one, the results could not fail to be beneficial to all states alike—most of all to those at present groaning under the terrible tyranny of the conscription. There is a good deal of talk in a general way about the increase of European armaments, but, as we ourselves have no conscription, the subject is one of rather languid interest among us. It is not considered how the enormous armies of the Continent are impoverishing the

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states that support them. There can be little doubt that not even the wealthiest state can permanently support such a strain. We shall therefore gradually see ourselves surrounded by a congeries of bankrupt states, a very hot-bed of strife and revolution. But our own armaments having to be kept, at any rate on the water, in something like a proportion to those of our neighbours, there opens out a horrid vista of increased taxation, poverty, and the conscription. Under these conditions it is just possible that trade, which follows a good many other things besides "the flag," may depart from our shores and take up its abode in America. That is to say, the enormous expense of war and preparations for war may easily outweigh the extra expense of living in America due to the circumstances naturally incident to a prosperous new country and the artificial enhancement of commodities caused by erroneous fiscal arrangements. Then Socialism, Communism, Chauvinism, and the other nostrums of political quacks will make a rich harvest out of the Old World. The natural revulsion from such a state of matters towards authority will mean the setting back of the clock to times that one would fain have hoped had passed away for ever. The greatest good of the greatest number is the very antithesis of all this, and is only conceivably attainable by representative institutions extended to international affairs. Let men take thought in times of moderate tranquillity like the present, and arrange their affairs on a rational basis. Had Boulanger been a man of the genius and disposition of the first Napoleon, there is no saying where Europe would have been by this time. Englishmen may reflect that such a strain on their mere finances could not be superadded to the existing National Debt, the legacy of former wars, without making a burden too heavy for our country to bear—certainly too heavy to bear and prosper. Our generals seem practically unanimous in thinking that we should not be able to escape the conscription—the Blood Tax—an impost that we have not been accustomed to pay, and which would make an unwelcome inroad on the sacred doctrine of the liberty of the subject. By federating Europe this liberty may be easily conserved and wealth everywhere in it incredibly increased. Such a policy may not be easily carried, but it is easy in comparison with what will have to be attempted without it. If it is supposed that the colonies and dependencies of the different countries—our own included—are an obstacle, let them be all put into hotchpot to be administered by congress—at any rate, as far as they are crown colonies; those having representative institutions may elect to join the federation or be allowed to go their own way in peace. Those amongst us who are so enthusiastic about colonial possessions ought to consider the existing position of affairs. If it was an absurdity for the Imperial Parliament to vote the money of the old North American colonies in aid of the defence of the empire including

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those colonies, what is it for a self-governing colony to vote that we shall wage war on a neighbouring state or buy out her treaty rights for the colony? This is a case that may easily occur on a serious scale and lead to very awkward consequences.

On the reduction of the different state armies, existing professional interests ought to be liberally dealt with, and so far as military men are unnecessary in the formation of a federal army, it would be good policy to disband them even on full pay, so that no dangers might accrue from a sense of hardship on the part of men who might give trouble. Stinginess in such a case would be little short of suicidal even on the meanest grounds.

Should these arrangements, crudely outlined as they are, be taken up seriously, and worked out in a generous spirit by the various states interested, there is no height conceivable of prosperity and comfort to which Europe might not attain in the course of a very few years. To suppose that the scheme is argued in the interest of our own mere advantage in trade is to ignore the principles of political economy, which show that the benefits of trade are necessarily reciprocal. There might, in the first instance, be a great advantage to this country, which would have the effect of raising prices here abnormally, and therefore of bringing in a healthy competition from other quarters. It is simply nonsense to suppose that we could for any length of time secure a monopoly in trade and manufactures; but the abolition of the economic waste going on upon unproductive war expenditure is bound to improve the trade and manufactures of all nations. And as our increased exports—on the supposition that England would export more freely—must necessarily be remitted for to this country in foreign products, because there is no other way by which our goods could be paid for in such quantity, foreign countries could have nothing to complain of even at the outset.

There are, besides, such international works as the Channel Tunnel, which are blocked by present circumstances. Federation, by removing all danger of war, would make it as simple to construct such a greatly improved road to the Continent as if the tunnel joined two states of the American union, by vetoing effectually any invasion of either country by the other with or without that facility. It is simply scandalous that such a scheme, whatever its financial merits, should have to be interfered with for such a reason at this time of day

While it is obvious that Imperial Federation of the British Empire would cover many of the defects in our relationship with the colonies, it is equally apparent that it is open to the fatal objection of merely making us a more formidable factor in the field of international anarchy. Suppose the colonies undertook to share equitably the great cost of imperial defence in the present state of things throughout Europe—and that is a very large assumption—England would

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be entirely dependent, in case of war, for the supply of food on the fleet, any accident to which would place us at the enemy's mercy. Even without actual hostilities, however, our additional strength would cause another increase of foreign armaments to meet the case of war with us. This process has taken place invariably on the increase of armaments of any European state, and may be taken to be as certain as that the sun will rise to-morrow. But all the benefits accruing from Imperial Federation may be secured by European Federation, *plus* a reduction of military liability, which Imperial Federation would not only not reduce, but increase. There is nothing to prevent the self-governing colonies from joining in a European Federation, and thus enlarging the basis of that institution enormously, and cutting off in a corresponding degree the chance of an outbreak of violence in another direction, which could not fail to have serious consequences to the colonies at any rate.

European Federation might also, by a carefully drawn constitution, similar to that of the United States, be made to exercise a healthy corrective action on state legislation, as has been the case in America. Among other probable benefits of such an agreement may be mentioned the simplification of the Irish Home Rule question by modifying the dangers to the Irish minority of Home Rule, which, in the ceaseless oscillations of party government here, cannot now be looked upon as for ever impossible of fulfilment. The dangers apprehended from that proposal of a return by an Irish parliament to Protection and of separation entirely at no distant date, with a system of hostile foreign alliances, would also be set aside; not to mention the risk of communistic or socialistic legislation at St. Stephen's apart from Ireland, but no doubt stimulated by the example of socialistic legislation applied to that kingdom by the Imperial Parliament, whether initiated on plausible principles of legislation, considered good in the special position of Irish affairs, or in the dangerous course of "log-rolling" not unknown to the competitions of party among us. Mr. Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*, has pointed out that in the opinion of many of the ablest men in America our legislation stands in great jeopardy from this want of control; and the opinion of these men, derived from the experience of representative institutions on the widest popular basis during the entire duration of those institutions in their midst, is entitled to the attention of all thoughtful men.

Summarising the foregoing, we find that it is imperatively and urgently necessary to put an end to war and the growing competition in war preparations. Mere arbitration, being at the option of parties, whether stipulated in treaties or not, and less reliable than regular judicial proceedings, is an inadequate remedy; therefore, no statesman responsible to his country for the protection of the interests committed to his charge could venture to reduce armaments,

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relying solely on arbitration. Imperial Federation would have the effect of increasing instead of diminishing war preparations. Finally, European Federation, by this process of exhaustion, would appear to be the only effectual remedy, and its beneficial effects, whatever might be the difficulties in the way of its adoption, would be probably :—

1. Reduction of European armaments to a comparatively insignificant amount.

2. Abolition of the conscription wherever existing—that is, throughout Europe, with the exception of England.

3. Immense reduction of taxation—in our case £25,000,000 (allowing £6,000,000 for share of federal service votes)—a liberal allowance.

4. Extended area of Free Trade, with results to Europe as a whole of benefit analogous to those resulting in France, Germany, and Italy, for example, from a similar policy within their borders.

5. Greater steadiness in state legislation, arising from rules of legislation contained in the constitution to be agreed on by the constituent assembly. By taking the United States constitution as a guide, there would be assurance of correct principles, with a possibility of obtaining that republic as a member.

6. Simplification, if not complete solution, of our Irish difficulties.

7. Settlement of all international works and undertakings, such as railways, shipping, fisheries, colonies, protectorates, &c., in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of quarrels beginning, which is more important than allaying such quarrels when they have sprung into existence.

That all these results might be secured by federating Europe is not a mere theory, since all of them have been secured to the United States of America by a like policy. It is therefore the bounden duty of all men who desire the advent of the time when

> " Man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be,"

to give the subject their earnest attention, and if they find the above reasoning just, to put their hand to the work with all their might while the existing peace affords the opportunity to bring it to a successful issue.

CHARLES DONALD FARQUHARSON.

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A SERMON AT THE HAYMARKET.

THE recent adverse verdict of the public and critics upon the first appearance of Mr. H. A. Jones's latest play, *The Crusaders*, is not altogether a matter of surprise to those who have carefully studied his very successful dramas, *The Middleman*, *Judah*, and *The Dancing Girl*. It is not too much to say that all three plays ran a varying risk of being wrecked upon the same rock as that upon which his last piece has struck. Whilst it is a legitimate object for the dramatist to try to teach moral lessons by his work, it should be but a subsidiary one—as soon as dramatic effect becomes subservient to this purpose the play will lose in popularity.

Although one gladly recognises the superiority of Mr. Jones's work, it is impossible to help feeling that this is his weak point. The theatrical public are accustomed to receive, and are entitled to expect, something more than a mere moral lecture, and it is because Mr. Jones has recognised this in the past that his dramas have, on the whole, had so great a success, and that *The Dancing Girl*, after some months' nightly representations, still continues to attract large audiences. In *The Crusaders*, by ignoring this principle, Mr. Jones seems to have imperilled the popularity of an undoubtedly clever play. The author's anxiety to unduly push his didactic teaching to the front has caused him to neglect the necessary dramatic effects.

In *The Dancing Girl* he was more successful, for, whilst great moral principles underlie it, the dramatic situations are so cleverly worked up to as to prevent the lessons taught being brought into undue prominence.

We propose in this article to attempt to show what we believe were Mr. Jones's objects in writing *The Dancing Girl*.

As the author of some of the most popular and successful plays of recent years, Mr. Jones has distinctly and intentionally raised the taste of the ordinary theatre-goer. Most of his dramas have been written with the view of attacking social abuses or of satirising pharisaical pretensions. There is no doubt that he is looked upon by many as a kind of stage preacher, and, when we consider the immense numbers of people of all ranks who nightly come under the influence of his ideas, it is not an exaggeration to say that his forcible preaching has a greater influence than that of the most popular divine of the day. In criticising a drama, it is customary to regard the literary merits of the play less than the number and

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strength of the telling situations and their connection with one another. This, however, does not really exhaust the subject, and more regard might be paid to the object with which it is written in those cases where a distinct motive is evident.

Many modern plays, being absolutely wanting both in literary merit and depth of feeling, which it is sought to hide by elaborate scenic display and startling and unreal *dénouements*, would not repay such criticism. This, and not any want of inclination to appreciate higher things, probably accounts for the frequent silence of the critics on this head. It is for this reason, also, that so few of the successful plays of modern times would pay for the expense of publishing in book form. Without saying that the literary merits of Mr. Jones's works are superior to those of his contemporaries, no one, who has witnessed the representation of the plays above named, can doubt that in depth of thought and earnestness of purpose he easily distances them.

Perhaps in the endeavour to ascertain the motives actuating the author of a play, one is apt to imagine more than he himself intended, but in these days of subtle analysis such a fault can hardly be considered fatal to good criticism. Ruskin has led us to see beauties in Turner's painting, of which it may be Turner himself was perhaps unaware. The Browning Society has pointed out thoughts in some of Browning's poems, of the existence of which, it is said, the poet himself was quite ignorant. In attempting, therefore, to give a sketch of the objects which, it appears to us, the author of *The Dancing Girl* might have had in his mind at the time he wrote it, and the conclusions to which he wished to point, we do not say that they are necessarily those of Mr. Jones, but only that his work is suggestive of them. If the impression which this drama produces upon others be what we wish to portray as being the impression produced upon us, then we think that we may fairly say that Mr. Jones is answerable for it. An artist who paints truly and worthily an incident showing such feelings as pity or love does not know how it will affect the minds and actions of those who see it; but the emotions which his work has aroused and the actions which result from them are clearly traceable to it, and to that extent he may be said to have intended both.

It may be that in *The Dancing Girl* Mr. Jones intended only to portray more or less accurately various phases of modern life, but if his auditors draw wider and deeper lessons from his work, he nevertheless is the author of them.

There appear to be two main ideas running through the whole play, the first of which is distinctly of a socialistic character, and the other religious.

We are accustomed to hear much of the injustice of the inequality of worldly possessions. The evil results of the extreme poverty of

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certain sections of the community have been vividly and forcibly brought before the public mind. Mr. Jones has given us here a striking picture of the evils of the converse side of the question, and one which has not been so widely discussed hitherto. He shows that the possession of immense and unnecessary wealth in the hands of one individual produces results quite as disastrous to its possessor and to those associated with him as does extreme poverty. Unselfishness and sturdy independence are marked traits amongst even the very poor.

If we examine the characters of the Duke of Guiseberry and his friend, the Hon. Reginald Slingsby, with their respective incomes of £30,000 and £15,000 a year, we find the former weak, sensual, and lacking in the moral courage to meet his difficulties, and the latter unmanly and grossly selfish, accentuating the fact that, whilst poverty draws out some of a man's best qualities, wealth crushes them. The author does not represent these men as being unusually debased and licentious, but simply as men of ordinary characters spoilt by the possession of too much wealth. There is a much deeper truth than many of the audience perhaps recognise in the Duke's pathetic complaint that Fate was against him when he was born a Duke with £30,000 a year, and not a "greasy little cad." His entire disregard, as a landlord, of unpleasant duties imposed upon him by his wealth arises from the same cause, and is another instance of its evil effects.

We do not know whether it is intentional upon the author's part, but it is certainly true, that the Duke's poverty brings about an increase in his personal energy and his feelings of responsibility, which culminate in the final erection of the promised breakwater.

The selfishness and effeminacy produced by wealth, although humorously represented by the Hon. Reginald Slingsby, are none the less vividly painted.

At a time when his greatest friend is most in need of assistance and sympathy, this man neither sees nor hears anything, except his own petty trouble, and when put to the test is found wanting. His intense selfishness culminates in his mean refusal to honourably fulfil his engagement to marry, because by so doing his personal comfort would be affected by the loss of a favourite valet.

These two characters, which are carefully drawn, and intended to be true to life, show how the natures of average men can be injured by the possession of needless wealth.

As in the play the Duke's career is made to affect the lives of all in contact with him, so it would do in real life.

The higher feelings of his confidential servant, Goldspink, are so blunted, that he ultimately regards his master simply as a fool, whose very generosity entitles him to be robbed with greater impunity.

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The assumption of superior intelligence, coupled with great ignorance, so often to be found in the servants attached to wealthy houses, is laughably illustrated in the conversation of Charles. In the relations between the Duke and Drusilla Ives, Mr. Jones has courageously attempted to point out one of the greatest and commonest evils of too much wealth. Its deadening effect upon her nature is brought out by her action upon the two occasions when the question of her marriage with the Duke is discussed. The first time her great desire is to be his wife, not so much on account of the position, which she then thinks little of, but because of the opportunity it will give her of redeeming her past. Fifteen months later, wealth and luxury have so completely deadened every wish to be better than she is, that her love for the Duke is dead, and she refuses his offer, because to accept it would involve the loss of those pleasures which wealth has made part of her nature.

In the three characters of Drusilla Ives, John Christieson, and David Ives, we believe Mr. Jones wishes to teach his second lesson. The Quakerism of St. Endellion, with its narrow sectarianism, symbolises those dogmatic religious creeds, established in direct opposition to our human nature, and their worthlessness in times of crisis. Its narrowness and needless restriction of healthy enjoyment is responsible for the ultimate social wreck of Drusilla, who chafes against its monotony, rather than any inherent depravity in the nature of the girl.

John Christieson, who has been reared in the same school, finds his religion powerless against the love-spell under which he falls, and which causes him to lose his self-respect. He regains it, not by the influence of his religious belief, but through the memory of his promise to his dying father. In the momentous interview between David Ives and his daughter, the natural instincts of the father so far triumph over the acquired beliefs imposed by his religious creed, that he is willing to forgive all if she will but return with him. He curses her only after she has refused this last appeal.

The working out of these two ideas engages the principal characters in the play, but some of the other *dramatis personæ*, introduced primarily for dramatic effect, seem to teach lessons of their own, though not so obvious as those we have just pointed out.

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FREE TRADE: THE NEW YORK REFORM CLUB.

THE "Democratic" party in the United States had more than once called for vastly more radical legislation upon the tariff question than that demanded by the National Convention, which represented that party in 1888. But when these earlier demands were made, the majority of Americans had not yet been awakened by the Presidential message of 1887. After that message was placed before the people, the tariff question became the sole issue, and the slightest utterance of any political party on that question was significant.

While Mr. Cleveland was making up his mind to the courageous policy of throwing this apple of discord into the political arena, a few active members of the New York Free Trade Club were discussing the wisdom of reorganising that body in such fashion as to strengthen its membership and extend its influence. The Free Trade Club was made up of many recognised Democrats, a strong body of Mugwumps, and a few Republicans. So long as no one esteemed the question of tariff reform a burning issue, men of almost any political complexion could belong to such an organisation. Embodied in the constitution of the club was this declaration:

"The only commercial policy which is in its nature permanent and unchangeable, and which therefore assures stability in all kinds of business, is Free Trade between nations as between the States of the Union." The constitution further declared that "the only tax on imports which should ever be tolerated by a free people is a tariff for revenue only;" and that the greatest burden now borne by the American people is the "unjust and unequal system of taxation called a protective tariff."

The first intent of those most active in the movement for reorganising the Free Trade Club was to continue it under its old name and for its old purpose, while strengthening it by the introduction of the social element, and by the enlargement of its membership. When, however, a committee of the club came to consider the question of reorganisation, it was found that many members were opposed to the use of the term "free trade" as indi-

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cating too narrow and perhaps too radical a programme; and after much discussion it was finally decided that the name of the new organisation should be the Reform Club. The name thus adopted is an index to the broader field of action outlined in the constitution then agreed upon and still in force. That instrument proclaims in its opening paragraph that the club is organised to promote honest, efficient, and economic government. A few lines further on, the constitution declares the club's immediate purpose to be the reform of the tariff "by reduction or abrogation of so-called protective taxes, especially of those either so discouraging to imports as to yield to the Government but a small revenue when compared with the enormous subsidies thereby compelled to be paid by the people at large to the favoured few, or so enhancing the cost of materials to manufacturers as to bar them from the markets of the world." It is further proclaimed that the club welcomes to membership persons in substantial agreement with its attitude towards the tariff, "including those who are yet more distinctly concerned in promoting a non-partisan civil service, sound currency, the business administration of cities, or the improvement of electoral methods." All this has been taken to mean that no person not definitely committed to tariff reform shall be eligible to membership, but that such persons will be looked upon with especial favour if they be interested also in the other reforms here indicated. The constitution forbids the recommendation of any person to office by resolution of the club, of its trustees, or of any committee of either. This provision, however, did not prevent the adoption at a club meeting of a resolution disapproving a conspicuous democrat's candidacy for the Governorship of New York.

Formal articles of incorporation for the new club were issued January 9, 1888. Among the persons named as incorporators were Anson Phelp Stokes, first president of the club; Everett P. Wheeler, his successor in office; George Haven Putnam, publisher and friend of International Copyright; John De Witt Warner, now Congressman-elect for one of the districts of New York City; William M. Ivins, formerly City Chamberlain of New York, and widely known by reason of his published articles setting forth the enormous sums expended in municipal elections; Robert B. Roosevelt, Minister to the Netherlands during President Cleveland's administration; and E. L. Godkin, editor of the *New York Evening Post.*

Shortly after the articles of incorporation were issued, and before the club had taken possession of its house, the board of trustees issued invitations to a large public dinner. Several hundred persons were present, and the speakers included half a dozen of the most conspicuous tariff reformers in the United States. A few weeks later the club opened its house—a large and comfortable, though simply furnished, dwelling in Thirty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue.

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About the same time Mr. James Russell Lowell delivered, at the invitation of the club, his lecture upon "The Independent in Politics."

Almost from the moment of opening the house the social side of the club began to develop unexpected strength. At the same time the propaganda was actively begun. This work was, and is, carried on through the medium of committees, and, as in all such organisations, the bulk of the labour and responsibility falls upon a few men. Of these committees, that upon tariff reform is the most important. For three years past its chairman has been Mr. John De Witt Warner. This committee is divided into seven sub-committees: those on New York City, New York State, other States, Press, Industrial Statistics, Congress, and Literature. Each sub-committee has for its chairman a person of tried ability, and each of these chairmen usually nominates his fellow-sub-committeemen. Members of the sub-commitee also are members of the general committee. The executive work of the sub-committee is carried on at the committee offices of the club at 52 William Street, a point in the down-town district, within easy reach of the men most actively engaged in the propaganda. The chairmen of sub-committees are lawyers and business men actively employed for most of the day in their own affairs. Nevertheless, nearly all give some hours per week to the work of their committees. The committee offices are in general charge of a young woman, who superintends a working force that varies with the activity of the propaganda. In the busiest time forty or fifty young women are employed here in preparing the publications of the club for postage, attending to correspondence, and collating the political facts obtained by special agents.

The sub-committee on Literature employs an expert as editor of *Tariff Reform*, a fortnightly publication devoted to the examination of specific questions arising out of the general tariff discussion. Some issues of this periodical have attained an enormous circulation, not only in their original form, but through republication in the newspapers and in the *Congressional Record*. This sub-committee has established friendly relations with Tariff Reform bodies all over the country, and with many local committees of the Democratic party in nearly every State of the Union. Thus the Reform Club has come to be regarded by such bodies and committees as the safest fountain-head of "campaign literature." The publications of the sub-committee on Literature are sent by thousands into every doubtful State, and are even bought in large quantities at a slight advance upon the cost of production by various bodies engaged in the Tariff Reform propaganda.

The work of the sub-committee on New York State admirably illustrates all that is best and most energetic in American political methods. This sub-committee early set about the task of obtaining

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a complete annotated poll list of New York State, exclusive of a few large cities. This list contains the names of quite seven hundred and fifty thousand men, together with the residence of each, his occupation, his party relations, and his attitude towards the tariff question. To all this is appended accurate information as to party leaders, the general interests of each community, and the extent to which the vote in any locality is believed to be open to corrupt approach by politicians, or to coercion by employers. This list, and the accompanying data, have served as a basis for the propaganda of the sub-committee. Whenever a general election is approaching, the sub-committee sends speakers into doubtful Congressional districts. The speakers are usually members of the club, men that volunteer to give to this work from three days to a week, or even longer, in the canvass that precedes every Congressional election. The speakers are instructed to discuss principles, not candidates, and in a recent series of meetings throughout the smaller villages of half a dozen rural counties, posters announced that the question to be considered was, "Is the Tariff a Tax?" a form of statement, however, that deceived no one into the expectation that the side of protection would be presented. A picturesque feature of this sub-committee's work was the series of joint discussions at county fairs in September 1890. Such debates were held at more than forty fairs in various parts of the State, and heard by audiences varying in number from one thousand to five thousand persons. Several of the most distinguished Democrats in Congress spoke for the Reform Club, and the side of protection was presented by well-known Republican speakers. The debates attracted widespread attention, and were reported at considerable length in even the newspapers of New York City. It was at one of these discussions that an ex-Congressman, who presented the side of protection, exclaimed in a flight of eloquence designed to fire the American heart: "Why, my friends, forty years ago you never put a knife into your mouth at table without seeing upon it the brand of Sheffield."

The sub-committee on other States has for its field those States that are classed as "doubtful" on the tariff question. Relations are established with all political bodies friendly to tariff reform, and, if possible, annotated poll lists of doubtful States are obtained. Each member of the sub-committee is assigned to superintend the propaganda in one or more States. Speakers are sent to doubtful Congressional districts; the publications of the club are widely distributed among voters, and, when it seems best, agents are sent out to consult with local political leaders, and to collect information that may be useful in prosecuting the work. In the canvass of 1890, much attention was devoted to the State of Iowa, and the sub-committeeman in charge of that State prophesied just such a

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transformation of its delegation in Congress as the election brought about.

Through the work of the sub-committee on the Press, nearly one thousand newspapers of varied character are supplied with sound tariff reform matter. This committee employs an editor, and the matter that he prepares is distributed through various publishing agencies. One concern in New York, whose business it is to serve many daily and weekly papers with stereotyped plates, sells to nearly two hundred newspapers at profitable rates the matter furnished by the sub-committee on Press. Three years ago the same house was unable to induce its subscribers to purchase any tariff reform matter. It is known that the matter sent out by this sub-committee is inserted in papers that aggregate a weekly issue of 1,000,000 copies. The circulation of daily papers publishing the committee's matter is very large.

Of the other sub-committees, that on the New York City busies itself in providing speakers for meetings held indoors and out all over the city. The so-called "cart-tail" meetings have been a curious feature of this work. These meetings are held at street-corners, and the speakers address their hearers from waggons drawn up near the side-walk. It is the business of the committee on Industrial Statistics to collect, collate, and prepare for publication facts bearing upon the relation of the tariff to industrial development. The fruits of this sub-committee's labours appear in *Tariff Reform*, and in other publications issued by the club.

The work of the committee on Tariff Reform is not suspended during the lull that follows a general election. The publication of the fortnightly *Tariff Reform* continues the year round, and at all times the committee offices in William Street are maintained in running order. The matter prepared by the sub-committee on Press likewise continues to appear in even the dullest political periods.

The cost of such a propaganda as the committee of Tariff Reform is engaged in can hardly be taken as a fair index of the effect of its work, but it is interesting to know that the committee has expended within three years between seventy-five thousand and eighty thousand dollars, of which at least sixty-five thousand dollars was subscribed by members and friends of the club. The ordinary income of the club, arising from dues and admission fees, is not applied to the propaganda.

It was the first thought of those that founded the Reform Club to make it a strong propagandist body, with the social side subordinate and incidental. They believed that a modest club-house could be maintained for ten or twelve thousand dollars per year, and that the membership might be indefinitely extended

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without the creation of greater domiciliary needs. In all this, however, their calculations proved to some extent incorrect. Almost from the opening of the club-house its *café* became the rendezvous for the best known free-traders in the city, and the discussions that went on over coffee and cigars were such as were to be heard at no other social gathering in New York. The regulations as to the admission of guests were of the most liberal sort, and it was habitual with members to bring in their friends to hear the talk of the *café*. By such means the fame of the club spread, and in consequence its growth was extremely rapid. After two years' occupancy of the first home, the club began to discuss the necessity for new quarters. By this time the resident membership had reached 700, and the non-resident 500. There was a strong party opposed to removal from the quiet quarters in which the club had begun its career. It was urged that should the club take a larger house the social side would be unduly magnified to the injury of the propaganda. It was especially affirmed that any such change as that contemplated would necessitate a decided increase in the annual dues, and that this would restrict the growth of the club at least among a class of young and enthusiastic tariff reformers thought to be particularly desirable recruits for such a body. The advocates of change triumphed, however, and a new site at the north-east corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street was purchased for the club. This site commands an admirable view of the finest urban picture in the United States—the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Part of the land purchased was occupied by a large dwelling. This was remodelled in such fashion as to adapt it to club purposes, and on the land adjoining at the rear another building of equal size was erected. The club took possession of the new quarters early in November 1890. The house contains, besides the usual drawing-rooms, dining-room, grill-room, *café* and library, lodgings for twelve or fifteen members, and an audience-hall capable of seating 300 persons. The library, as yet small, promises to be one of the best collections of economic works in the United States. It is admirably housed in a large room especially well adapted to such a purpose.

The membership of the Reform Club now numbers one thousand residents, and nearly as many non-residents. The entrance fees and the dues are still comparatively low, and the prospect is that the membership of each sort will be nearly doubled by the next Presidential election. No political body in the United States is of a more mixed complexion than this club. It includes a large number of Democrats, many of the most conspicuous Mugwumps, a considerable body of Henry George's followers, and a few men still calling themselves Republicans, but hopelessly out of sympathy with their party. The attitude of the club upon the tariff question has

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been progressively radical; and it is more and more difficult for any but declared free-traders to be elected to membership. The list of resident members includes ex-President Grover Cleveland, Charles S. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, David Dudley Field, Henry George, Parke Godwin, John Jay, Carl Schurtz, Horace White, Felix Adler, Professor Hjalmar, Hjorth Boyesen, George Carey Eggleston, Captain John Codman, Horace Deming, Frederick R. Coudert, and a host of other men distinguished in various walks of life. In the non-resident list appear the names of Thomas F. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State; George H. Bates, the Samoan Commissioner; Edward Atkinson, the statistician; Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio; Edward Eggleston, the novelist; Professor Eliot Norton, of Harvard; William E. Russell, Governor of Massachusetts; Professor Sumner, of Yale University; David A. Wells, the political economist; and many persons of local distinction.

The tone of the Reform Club is unusually broad and liberal, while at the same time the policy of the men most active in furthering its specific objects is in the highest degree practical. It is generally recognised that for some years to come the energies of all must be directed chiefly towards the reform of the tariff. Nevertheless, when the movement for ballot reform was in need of immediate and energetic support, the Reform Club acted cordially with other bodies, including some that are unfriendly to tariff reform, in furtherance of this object, and many of the men most useful in this particular crisis were then actively engaged in the chief propaganda of the club. The club fully realises that the Free Trade battle has only just begun, and that the remarkable tariff reform sentiment evidenced by the election of 1890 does not justify any relaxation of effort. The work of education will be systematically carried on from this time up to the opening of the Presidential campaign in 1892, when the effort will be redoubled to place the entire national government in the charge of men pledged to reduce the tariff. The educational work is aimed at Democrats and Republicans alike, for the friends of Free Trade have a lively realisation of the fact that their hope lies not only in loosing Republicans from their adherence to Protection, but in liberalising the mass of the Democratic party. Much is expected from the extension of the non-resident membership. It is becoming more and more a matter of course that reputable Democrats all over the country shall join the Reform Club. The local jealousies of New York are little felt elsewhere, and the club has come to be recognised as a worthy representative of the national tariff reform sentiment. Mr. Cleveland's nomination for the Presidency in 1892 is with the Reform Club an assumed necessity.

EDWARD N. VALLANDIGHAM.

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OUTCASTS OF PARIS.

PARIS is the cradle of fashion and fashion's chosen home. The French capital must have its constant supply of novelties as regularly as its dinner. Not only is there a fashion in dress, but also in sentiments. Public emotions take direction from the dominant idea. Hypnotism succeeds Hyacinth, and all Paris changes its chatter.

During the present year the picturesque vagabond has been to the fore. All Paris has busied itself with the social question. The air has been thick with every manner of scheme and nostrum for dealing with the ragged fringe on the costly coat of commercial prosperity. Rival religions have been busy. Philosophers have been deep in the work. Politicians and Government officials have prepared all sorts of plans and propositions. The journalists have had their fling in the shape of a press refuge and a press poor relief fund. Busiest of all has been the ever restless Municipal Council, which presides over so much of the destinies of the great town as the council is able to wrest from the grip of a mighty national Government; for the two administrations are ever at loggerheads. The Municipal Council is taking the question of outcast Paris in hand in a wholesale manner. The councillors cannot be said to have achieved much systematic provision for the whole subject, but they have managed to keep the public conscience in a state of great unrest, implanting a firm conviction that "something must be done."

England is a Protestant country, and it had not long put on its Protestant thinking cap before it found that some substitute must be found for the hospitality which Mother Church always offered to wayfarers, however vicious such hospices might have become occasionally. Hence the poor law of Elizabeth. France is neither Protestant nor Catholic, but parti-coloured in religion and in its social arrangements, and its institutions are mere makeshifts of war time; for it is in a constant state of siege over the fundamental bases of its society, and there is no system which inspires its social fabric in all particulars. The Catholic, as well as the Protestant and Jew, is given a subsidy for preaching empty phrases, but is not allowed to develop the network of religious houses, which of old were the resort of all wanderers. To-day a stranger found in the streets of Paris who asks for a morsel of bread, or a place to lay his head for the night, is hauled before a magistrate and branded as a

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criminal for life on his *casier judiciaire*. The very person who in the olden time was marked out as the peculiar object of pious solicitude and tenderness, the stranger within our gates, has now become the proscribed beast to be hunted with all the venom of human hatred. Shameful as are the mendicity laws of England for a country which prides itself upon being deeply religious, they are yet founded upon a theory that the casual ward offers a never-failing asylum to those in want of shelter and food. In France there is no such pretence of public provision for the outcast, and yet the outcast is followed with even greater severity than he is in England.

A few years ago the Municipal Council sent a roving commission to see the way in which foreign countries coped with vagrancy, and as a result two refuges for male vagrants have been established—one on either bank of the Seine; but these only allow a sojourn of three days, and are far below the requirements of the great crowd of applicants who knock at their doors. Besides these a special provision has been made for certain women to sojourn for a long period: by partial work at this home they pay for their keep, and have yet time to seek permanent employment outside.[1] These institutions are, however, lost in the vast sea of Parisian misery, and so found the Municipal Council when, in the exceptional severity of last winter, they opened seven temporary shelters in different parts of Paris to cover the poor beggars who were freezing in the streets and starving as well. The refuges were thronged from their start, and a tour of them gave one many an eye-opener as to the state of those who see the other side of the social shield in this mirth-making metropolis.

By a sort of grim satire, the Council chose as by far the largest of these refuges the immense Palais des Arts Libéraux in the Champs de Mars, one of the buildings still left of the grand frolic of '89. Where all the wealthiest and daintiest of the earth had rushed to enjoy a whirl of gaiety, on the benches where richly robed aristocrats had taken their *al fresco* lunches, and had watched the wonderful luminous fountains—and where again during the past summer so many foreign visitors have been flocking to see the great picture show which has rivalled the Salon in popularity—there during the last winter the dirtiest and hungriest of mortals feebly bathed their shrunken limbs in hot-water tubs, and sought to bring some life into their tottering frames by a dose of cleanliness, of warmth, and of the coarsest diet, which to them was a feast, more rare and more relished by far than the ices or bon-bons of the pleasure-makers of '89 or the prize canvases of '91.

After all, the chief boon in the Municipal Council's gifts to these poor wretches was found in the opportunity to rest. The crowd of two thousand outcasts at the Champs de Mars each night from the

[1] See my description of the "Refuge Ouvroir Municipal" in WESTMINSTER REVIEW May 1891.

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19th of January to the middle of March, seemed like the hideous multiplication of the sorrows of the Son of Man: the great plaint of these outcasts was that they had no place whereon to lay their heads. It is only in such a city as Paris that the seamy truth beneath the thin veneer of our false civilisation strikes us in all its stern reality. There must be something fatally at fault in a society which produces such a spectacle as I witnessed more than once in the large hall of the Champs de Mars.

The hall was dimly lighted by a few oil lamps and burning braziers. A cordon of police was drawn across the vast building to prevent any one taking up a good place before others had a chance. When the soup was finished and the cordon was withdrawn, the order was not "Take up thy bed and walk," but "Take up thy bed and run," for, with a wild cry, a thousand of these wretched outcasts, each with a mattress on his shoulder and blankets in hand, started off in the race to secure a place as near as possible to one of the braziers, or else under the walls near the disinfecting apparatus, or the boiler which supplied hot water for foot-washing. They formed circles ten or twelve deep around the braziers, the last comers, of course, furthest from the fire. The roof is of glass, and, notwithstanding the braziers, it must have been often bitterly cold during the weather of last winter. But I shall never forget that race to find a place to rest those weary heads. After all, the most crying need of man is a secure place to lie upon his mother earth.

Of course these *protégés* of the Municipal Council are not very respectable citizens in the eyes of

> "Them as 'as coäts to their backs
> An' taks their regalar meäls."

In fact, virtue is probably at a discount among these pariahs. Yet how can any reasonable mind blame these people for lack of virtue, or wish to have them punished for such lack, when they are often brought into the world in circumstances where virtue would be a miracle? Take, for instance, the case of a young girl, a mere child, whom I saw at the council refuge for women only, in the Rue Jenner, between the Salpêtrière and the Gobelins. This young girl, who would not be sixteen until June, had upon her arm a child who would be two and a half years old in the same month; when admitted she was entirely destitute of underclothing. The father of the child was undergoing three years of prison, and it is most improbable that he would do anything for the young mother on his release, as he entirely declined to help the girl in her distress. How could such an ill-starred outcast as this poor girl be anything but a "breeder of sinners," or herself be a disciple of sweetness and light? Most of the inmates of this women's refuge were of a very

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low order of intelligence, and they will need to be to bear the degradation of their existence.

Although shelter was the great goal of the wanderers picked up by the Municipal Council, food was only less ravenously appreciated; but it was at ever hungry Montmartre where I was made to appreciate most fully how many empty stomachs cry in vain each night in Paris, and how callous their owners become to all higher emotions. At the refuge at the Rue Clairault, near the lofty cemetery, the one dish—soup—was varied as much as possible with lentils, rice, haricots, and potatoes. Sometimes the same man would eat four portions of soup. In the early days, a child was noticed who brought his own soup basin, and went outside to eat his soup. Three different children came in, one after the other, with the same soup basin. The fourth child was followed, and they caught a man with a small hand-cart pouring the soup into a larger receptacle. He had come all the way from Asnières, and intended to set up a retail soup trade at the expense of the town. Such abuses caused an order to be issued that soup should not be given to those outside the arrondissement, but this order brought into painful prominence the hardships of the regular poor relief. A poor woman, living a few doors beyond the boundaries, applied for a meal. The husband, engaged in the building trade, a mason or otherwise, had been ill four months, and unable to work. She had four children, and by hard work was enabled to gain thirty sous a day. On applying to the Assistance Publique for some help towards the rent of her lodgings, she was refused assistance, on the ground that four children gave no claim to help. On the other hand, cases cropped up showing how misery is made a trade. A child was ill, and the superintendent wanted to send it to the hospital; the father, however, refused. The next day the child was so much worse that it was forcibly sent. The father then confessed that he did not like to part with the child, as it excited the pity of the charitable. Some of the applicants gave evidence of the far-reaching character of the winter's distress. I was much struck with one man, who weighed at least fifteen stone, a fine, portly man, very well dressed in cloth clothes under a new blouse, with well-blacked boots and beautifully clean and shining white shirt, who was eating his soup with the others. I ascertained that he was a builder's surveyor out of employment. Judging from his outward appearance, I should almost as much have expected to find M. Carnot applying for soup.

Two of the refuges were at La Villette, in the Rue d'Allemagne and the Rue Pajol, and here large numbers of navvies and boat-loaders from the great canal basin sought an asylum in the coldest spell. As the weather moderated, and work became brisker, they disappeared. At the Rue d'Allemagne the great crowd of appli-

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cants were of the lowest class. Scarce ten per cent., I should say, were really desirous of work. Food and sleep was their whole idea of life. A scarcity of bowls required their admittance in three batches. No lower exhibition of animal life have I met than these wretches as they sat on their beds, face to face, eating their soup. As soon as the first lot had finished their soup, the bowls were collected by the *corvée* and the next distribution commenced. Directly the soup was finished they nearly all prepared for rest, but a few lingered around the two large stoves for a short time, talking. The majority took off a great part of their dress and placed it under the head of their mattresses—boots, shoes, &c.—to raise their heads. Whilst watching these operations, I had ocular demonstration of how very desirable it was that in all these establishments some means of washing should be provided. In some cases I thought the men had black socks with holes in them, but I soon saw that what I took for socks was sheer dirt. Many appeared to have made collections of broken food, which they partook of in their beds. Two large pails of cold water with large ladles served to quench their thirst. There is no question but that these *asiles* attracted many from the provinces to Paris. Those who wished it could come in the daytime and have their clothes disinfected—a favour practically not accepted.

At the refuge in the Rue François de Neufchateau, near the Boulevard Voltaire and La Roquette prison, I learned the desperate tricks resorted to for obtaining the Municipal Council's bounty. The soup was served to children and their parents before others, but they had to leave the building early, as had the women who were also first served. Men would however come with little children that they got hold of in the streets, so as to pass in before the others. Sharp watch had to be kept upon them to prevent this fraud, as they would eat their own soup and the child's also. Such experiences as these might well have disheartened the councillors in their charitable crusade, and great credit is due to M. Truche, the active director of these municipal works, as well as to his assistants, for the stout hearts they kept to the end, and the pains taken in all details.

At the refuge in the Rue St. Maur, near the Buttes Chaumont, when I visited it the men had just retired to bed. The whole floor was covered with sleepers, and I found the place very hot. In an hour or two the atmosphere would be dreadful, and by four or five o'clock in the morning the stench must have been enough to knock you down. There were windows, but there seemed very little probability of their being opened. The crowd was certainly not the best of those I had seen—in fact, I was glad to get into the fresh air and shake myself, hoping I brought no more away with me than I took in; yet this vile hole was clamoured for as a paradise by the horde of outcast Paris. Perhaps the Municipal Council may be excused for doing almost anything to meet a crisis of misery, but this indiscrimi-

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nate huddling together of all comers of all ages cannot but have a very injurious effect. Take the Palais des Arts: a case there specially struck me. It was that of a pleasant-faced, bright-eyed little boy, who to me appeared about thirteen years of age. I could not help thinking how soon he would be corrupted amidst such a mass of infamy. The director asked him his age. "Seventeen," said the lad. "Have you any papers?" and the boy produced them. They were all in order, and showed that he was really seventeen, and that he came from Calais, where his parents were employed in an hotel. It appeared that he had left home with an elder brother of whom he had lost sight, and had been working for a market gardener as long as he could, but for the last month or so he had been living the life of a vagabond.

This boy was one of many young and innocent ones—exposed to about as godless a horde of hopeless humanity as has ever been recruited. Not that all vestiges of religious feeling were absent, for, strange to relate, these poor creatures on one occasion subscribed their few sous to buy candles to place around the corpse of one of their number who suddenly expired on the premises.

To take all this moral and physical filth which the Municipal Council collected in their refuges, and carefully clean it, and cleanse Paris at the same time, is a task which will require time, patience, and wider knowledge in the conscript fathers. To begin with, the clean body is the foundation of the clean morality; and the Council should be ashamed of the lack of the system of public baths for the poor which is one of London's glories. Then a permanent method of dealing with the outcasts and the indigent should be inaugurated. Paris is the place where the worthy poor cry in vain, and the impostors flourish.

Not long ago our same Municipal Council issued an interesting report of their investigations into Paris mendicity, and the following examples of the haunts they describe will give us a good idea of the swarm of impostors into whose clutches such indiscriminate charity as that of last winter is likely to have fallen:

"There is an establishment in the Rue Montorgueil, No. 36, known as *La Cave* (the cellar). This is simply a rendezvous for beggars, who assemble there once a week (Wednesdays) at ten o'clock, to receive from the chief the sums individually deposited with him during the week by the 120 or 150 members of the association. These sums are divided *pro rata,* and so much per cent. is kept by the chief for himself. Another establishment is *Les Caves de l'Espérance*, Rue St. Martin. Here, independently of its clients of male and female beggars, are a certain number of loose women and their *souteneurs* (bullies). In a veritable den, from 40 to 45 metres long, all these people sleep pell-mell, in disgusting promiscuity, and in semi-darkness caused by the lowering of the gas. For two sous they have the right

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to remain until two o'clock A.M.; but as the clock strikes they are turned out. They then go to the markets to try and find some light work, their only resource except begging or thieving. At four A.M. the doors are again opened, and for a further payment of two sous they are again admitted to spend the rest of the night, the more fortunate having previously supped at a neighbouring pork-butcher's. They number about eighty, and all appear to be in a complete state of brutishness. The cellar where they sleep is *below* the ordinary cellar of the wine-shop.

"The *Père Lunette* is a wretched lodging in the Rue des Anglais, on the southern side of the Seine. The larger portion of the clients of this establishment are recruited in the Bohemia of art—virtuosi of the pavement mostly. Street-singers, organ-grinders, harp, violin, and guitar players come to this wine-shop to drink away the earnings of the day. In addition to the common room, there is one peculiarly decorated, pompously called the Salon, the walls covered with frescoes, more or less obscene, the work of *habitués* of the place. Other customers represent poetry in this hole by reciting for a few sous odes on ignoble subjects. A certain number of beggars, prostitutes, and their bullies also frequent this place.

"The *Château Rouge* [about the vilest haunt in Paris, near the Place St. Michel] will accommodate about 160, and is frequented by the lowest class of prostitutes and their bullies, who with the thieves greatly outnumber the beggars."

However, the outbreak of charity for the outcasts which characterised last winter will perhaps be of wonderful good in the interest it has awakened, even if little judgment was displayed in execution. The kindly feeling which seemed to prompt all the movement especially appealed to my heart. Thus I shall never forget one night at the Champs de Mars, one old man, who had arrived too late for the *drawing-room* (as the smaller dormitory was called), and who made a piteous appeal to the director, M. Griffaut, asking if there were not some corner where he could lie on the floor. I was struck with the kindly way in which he was told, "Why, you know, if I let you in there, I shall have all the other late birds applying for the same favour." The man again pleaded, and said he was just out of hospital; and M. Griffaut directed one of the police to find him a corner, and shortly afterwards, on visiting the "drawing-room," I noticed the old man curling himself up for a night's rest.

Such instances softened my heart to deal with all concerned in a forbearing spirit, and as I left the place on that night, and, in the thick, chilling, blinding fog without, looked back at the great glass palace looming immense in the darkness, and thought of the myriad homeless heads huddled within, I invoked a blessing even upon the noisy, quarrelsome Radicals of the Hotel de Ville who had for-

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gotten their rows and riots for a moment to think of the outcasts of Paris.

In conclusion, a few figures from a report issued (Feb. 23) by the Municipal Council will give some idea of the importance of the work :—

	Champs de Mars.	Rue Fr. Neuf-chateau.	Rue d'Al-lemagne.	Rue Jenner.	Rue Clairault.	Rue Pajol.	Rue St. Maur.	All Refuges.
Maximum lodging in any night .	2,932 (Feb. 6)	925 (Jan. 28)	358 (Jan. 22)	76 (Feb. 10)	214 (Feb. 5)	214 (Feb. 1)	208 (Jan. 29)	4,526 (Feb. 6)
Maximum Soup in any day . . .	8,265 (Feb. 6)	3,258 (Jan. 29)	2,991 (Jan. 29)	3,371 (Feb. 2)	1,592 (Feb. 2)	6,643 (Jan. 31)	3,852 (Feb. 20)	24,873 (Jan. 30)
Total lodgings . .	70,036	24,368	9,937	1,573	5,028	4,590	5,310	126,905
Total Soups . . .	224,469	83,557	47,298	39,124	35,810	100,111	86,583	618,123

There were also 10,753 odd distributions of bread. The first three refuges opened January 19, the Rue Jenner on the 21st, Rue Clairault on the 22nd, and the last two on the 23rd. The figures are to February 22, soon after which date the refuges were gradually closed. It will be seen that the exclusive women's refuge (Rue Jenner) was a comparative failure. There were women, however, at the Champs de Mars, but most of the bedless are males.

EDMUND R. SPEARMAN.

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MILITARY ENTHUSIASM AS A MEANS OF RECRUITING.

With the whole of Europe in its present state of tension and military preparation, which any sudden outburst of popular excitement might set ablaze, the effective condition of our regular army must necessarily influence materially the strength of our foreign diplomacy, whilst the fact of its known inability to defend our national interests if endangered would only increase the risks of aggressive policy on the part of rival nations Even accepting the sufficiency of a naval blockade for the closure of the Dardanelles, it is difficult to discuss any hostile combination in the direction of Egypt precluding the possible necessity for the concentration of military force to guard the lines of communication with our great Eastern dependencies. Again, supposing the evacuation of our Mediterranean stations, and our absolute withdrawal from the councils of Europe, no thinking politician could evade the vital question of food supply, which would doubtless be imperilled by a policy of isolation and national self-effacement; and our conterminous interests with other nations in Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia, which may any day clash with our own, suggest possibilities of embroilment with civilised powers it were foolish to ignore. These possibilities point to the necessity of our always maintaining a thoroughly equipped and well-trained active army to protect our frontiers in every region of Greater Britain, and, remembering the diversity of latitude which these regions embrace, the exceptional need for an army of well-seasoned men of strong physique, and with good constitutions to stand every vicissitude of climate, must not be forgotten.

Our command of the seas, which the nation has evidently determined it will retain at all hazards, may counteract to some extent our probable disparity in numbers.

Again. Luckily for our insular prejudices against compulsory military service, the more recent deductions of the modern strategist would seem to favour rather the skill of the general, the mobility and completeness of the equipment of his forces, and the *morale* of his men, than the mere concentration of superior numbers at a given point, which formed so prominent an element of success in the war of 1870. This fact comes home to us when we consider that year by year the inventive spirit of the age is rendering the close approach

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of combatants in the field by the broad light of day practicably impossible from the very destructibility of the weapons and projectiles employed, and that the main issues of a future campaign will therefore in all probability be fought out under cover of night, on battle-fields illumined by the rays of powerful electric search-lights,[1] and in their deadly and uncanny features will strain the nerves and test the training of the men to an extent which has never been previously dreamt of.

And, looking at this irresistible deduction from the latest developments of the art of war, it is much to be regretted that, in lieu of tamely following in the wake of foreign tacticians and elaborating systems of attack "made in Germany," based on theory and illustrated with blank cartridge, we do not independently follow out this reasoning to its logical conclusion, and, by the light of our own military history, adapt it practically to suit the peculiar fighting instincts of our own race. In short, would not our small numbers and other considerations, justify our boldly accepting the principle, that in future, if opposed to magazine rifles in the hands of an enemy skilled in their use, we must needs "attack" under cover of night, and "defend" and "counter-attack" only by day? If this doctrine is ripe for acceptance, then let our drills and manœuvres be consistently based thereon before its teachings are forced upon us by the bitter experience of disaster.

The splitting up of our small companies for offensive purposes into scattered sections, the precise concentration of which at the critical moment, might all be frustrated by the lack of discretion or of battle-training of one raw boy-sergeant, may be sound enough in theory, but the practical wisdom of launching our short-service lads in such formations against a well-armed and disciplined foe is perhaps open to question; and our recent experiences in the Transvaal frontier, and especially at Lang's Nek, are worthy of a more careful consideration than they have hitherto obtained. Our short campaign against the Boers did not form an incentive to recruiting. But to return from my digression.

The urgency for the maintenance of a really efficient, and at least for a full-grown fighting-line, is sufficiently apparent; but by too slavish an imitation of Continental methods, when the country from the first resolutely declined to adopt the guiding principle on which these methods are based (viz., conscription), we have at length arrived at the inevitable result of persistency in a false and inappropriate system—the point from which we can proceed no further, and from which we must needs retrace our steps. Material, even of the most elementary kind, to form a regular army under existing condi-

[1] According to a recent report, field manœuvres under these conditions were this autumn practised by the Russians on the Bessarabian frontier, and last year by the Germans.

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tions is no longer forthcoming, whilst our regiments are for the most part mere cadet battalions, our Reserves largely supported by the poor-rates, and of doubtful value; our Militia deprived of its proper and legitimate functions, depleted of its best men, and under-officered; and our Volunteers, who really do give us something to look at, clogged by the complex machinery of a dual Staff organisation at once incomplete and quite unsuited to cope with a national emergency for which alone they exist.

So much has been said and written, and such a flood of suggestions offered lately, as to how the army might be rendered more popular with the recruiting classes, that I propose hereunder only to recapitulate very briefly the main points on which critics are agreed, and to elaborate only propositions which have been lightly or not at all touched upon.

All are agreed in condemning the present system of granting deferred pay.

In nine cases out of ten it acts merely as a strong inducement to a man to quit the colours. The prospect of deferred pay is a deterrent influence to his acquiring habits of thrift, and the sudden possession of so much ready cash unfits and unsettles him for commencing civil life.

Deferred pay is a well-meant mistake.

Again, it is clearly false policy to delude the recruit on enlistment with prospects not destined to be fulfilled in the spirit in which they are represented.

To promise him a free kit, then to order him on foreign service and place him under stoppages to pay for the clothes he wears on the voyage, is to start a man in a new country with a feeling that he has been duped by the Government, and render him discontented and a grumbler at the outset. Our troop-ship accommodation, too, sorely needs improvement. I have never discussed soldiering with any man who has served in India who did not emphatically record his passages in an Indian troop-ship as the most bitter and unpleasant of all his military experiences. The British subaltern has named that lower portion aft, which provides him with roomy three-berth cabins (in somewhat unpleasant proximity to the grinding screw, it must be admitted), "Pandemonium," but a proportionately fitting term to describe a crowded lower troop-deck at night, especially when the merciless waves of the Bay of Biscay aggravate the discomforts of our already home-sick youths outward bound, has yet to be invented. And above-deck the space allotted is often insufficient. The hardships endured by the rank and file on their frequent and long sea-passages are not lessened by the many additional restrictions of naval discipline, and, when we consider the natural flutter of excitement, occasioned by the receipt of "the first letter home" from across the sea, following the short spell of furlough,

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which the young soldier usually spends with his relations and friends, previous to embarkation for foreign service, we can readily understand how prejudicial to the interests of army recruiting his accounts of these hardships must be. I am fully aware that in the days of the East India Company the privations and wretchedness endured during the long sea voyages were infinitely worse, and that at the beginning of the century it was even the custom to stop eight rupees out of every soldier's pay on arrival at Fort William in order, according to popular supposition, and the grim humour of the times, to insure him a decent burial. But our civilisation has advanced somewhat since then, and short army service, the spread of education, and improved communications with the East are now bringing all these matters home to the recruiting classes in a manner which can no longer be overlooked.

The practice of never allowing the men to enjoy a meal in peace without sending round an officer on duty to parade them as they sit, culminating in many corps on the Day of Rest (?) with a general procession of all the Regimental Staff round barracks, might well be interdicted. Were the Orderly Officer to attend at the Orderly Room instead, while the Regimental Orderly Sergeant and Corporal are visiting the rooms to ascertain whether the men have any complaints to make, the same main purpose might be equally served, and the life of the private in garrison would be thereby rendered considerably less irksome. In some regiments, owing principally to the system of constant changes, which I will presently explain, the true responsibilities of Company command are becoming gradually lost sight of, and the last-joined Second Lieutenant has it in his power when on duty to report a junior Major for the untidiness of his Company barrack-rooms.

The growing lads we now enlist join the Colours for the most part with digestive organs unimpaired by that craving for alcoholic stimulants, which too often beset the soldier of the past generation, recruited largely from the vagabond classes of a more mature age. The recruits of the present day, drawn mainly from the floating population of our congested manufacturing towns, must be supplied with sufficient nourishment to enable them to undergo the continuous physical exertion in the open air which their military training entails, and for which their previous urban life and unhealthy surroundings have usually quite unfitted them. The concession of a free vegetable ration is urgently needed, and would be richly appreciated.

And again—

The Army Reserve system can never be made popular. The Militia is the natural and territorial reserve for the Regular Army. If allowed to complete the term of their army engagements with the affiliated Militia battalions, men would not feel that the tie binding them with their former military associations was completely severed.

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They would still retain a taste of that old regimental *esprit de corps* so invaluable an aid to discipline (particularly with men fresh from the personal liberties of civilian life), and a short and special period of embodiment during the last week of the Militia training each summer would enable them quickly to acquire a knowledge of those more recent changes, which have to be continually introduced to enable us to keep pace with the present rapid progress of military science. Under existing regulations, just as a soldier begins to be of use he is encouraged to retire into civilian life, and the active army is deprived of its best men in order to fill the ranks of an incorporate reserve. Were the Militia battalions expanded to comprise these men, a tangible second line for the defence of our home garrisons (and coaling stations in times of national emergency) would be formed, and the constitutional force of the country would receive that stiffening and increased official recognition of which at present it stands so sorely in need.

I have not yet touched on the main subject of my disquisition, viz., military enthusiasm as a means of recruiting, for, in order to approach it logically, it is necessary to do so step by step. Real grievances must be redressed, obstacles removed. In a volunteer army like our own Continental methods do not apply. In adopting short service a death blow was dealt to the old recruiting system, which, although remodelled, is still insufficient and unsuitable. The army now must be something more than a refuge for the destitute and the ne'er-do-well. Its popularity with a larger and more extended class must be ensured and maintained, and to do this the flame of enthusiasm should be kept alive, and not allowed to die out as soon as the recruit is attested.

The burthen of military conscription with us is happily non-existent, and, the opinions of many and able military writers notwithstanding, the increasing spread of liberal ideas and political responsibilities in this country does not appear to render its adoption more likely. So far no responsible politician has yet been found to advocate the urgency of conscription to his constituents at the hustings, and the question is therefore hardly worth discussing seriously. The undoubted success and permanence of the Volunteer movement, and the foot-hold it has now obtained with the people, can well be interpreted as the British reply to the universal arming of the nations of Europe, and the responsibility that this answer is a vigorous and an earnest one must needs be accepted by the statesman.

When short service was first introduced we heard a great deal about the enthusiasm and zeal of our young men for soldiering. The proportion of men who enlist from a taste for soldiering is undoubtedly as large now as ever it was; but do the present conditions of army service stimulate this enthusiasm? Are our recruiting

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agencies calculated to attract it? Any one may notice the crowd which always collects in front of the windows of a picture shop displaying any stirring episode of military life, but I doubt whether the magnetic attraction inspired by the highly coloured and insipid figures depicted on the recruiting placards, which we see at the local post-office, has ever been found sufficient to inflame the enthusiasm of one hesitating inquirer.

The contrast between the interior walls of our National Gallery in Trafalgar Square and the recruiting sergeants' exhibition of pictures[1] decorating its eastern railings is perhaps a severe one for the resources at the disposal of the Army Recruiting Department, but, with such a patriotic and realistic artist at hand to invest our British uniforms with attractive and suggestive surroundings, it seems strange that these pictorial advertisements should be designed to effect their purpose mainly by appealing to an effeminate love of dress and man millinery. This, though often accompanying, should at least be subservient to that taste for professional soldiering which the modern requirements of a military training and the common sense of a practical age alike demand.

In India we recognise the value of our military enthusiasts, and the fighting instincts of the men we enlist. A Goorkha battalion, whose steadiness on an inspection parade may be completely demoralised by the spectacle of a couple of crows fighting for vantage and for parasites on the back of a grazing buffalo (not an uncommon sight in the East), need not fear the General's wrath will be long maintained. They know full well that wherever hard fighting is to be done the Goorungs and the Maggars[2] will be in the thick of it. A Goorkha is a sportsman by nature and a thorough-going sportsman too of the pluckiest type, for he looks upon "man shikar" as the best "shikar" of all, and his interest in his military work is usually commensurate with its bearings as a preparation to that end. Sport without an element of personal danger he considers poor fun. Perhaps there are few terms in the English language so variously and sometimes hideously misapplied, but with the Goorkha at any rate "sport" is not merely a killing instinct, and though in truth he is possessed of few philanthropic scruples, to him at least the uncertainties of life afford its pleasures. His combative instincts are strongly developed, he prefers the other side to have a chance, and, like the Sahib he adores who scorns to shoot and pursues his "tusker" with a hog-spear, he is quite content to tackle his "pig" on foot armed with his short and deadly "kukri."

The Zulu in South Africa is also by nature a sportsman and a

[1] I should, however, in justice exempt from this criticism a spirited poster which has now been added to this collection to attract recruits for the "Green Jackets."

[2] Favourite Clans with the Goorkha recruiter.

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military enthusiast, but of a less thorough type. His more childish mind catches at the pomp and circumstance of our military methods without seeing their practical application, and, although by no means a clean soldier, unless the most stringent orders are issued to the contrary, in a fortnight he will have rubbed every scrap of browning off his rifle with excessive cleaning and misplaced zeal.

Now the young Scot and, in the main, the young Englishman have much of the Goorkha in their composition, whilst no amount of pipe-clay training can obliterate the sporting instincts inherent with every true son of Erin. Even if our recruit had only passed the lowest standards of a board-school education his mind had still been cultivated to some slight extent, and in his vain attempts to understand the fighting value of that excessive detail in barrack-room discipline and barrack-square precision, which, until comparatively recently, formed the leading feature of a soldier's life in many of our so-called "smartest" regiments, his original zeal for soldiering became exhausted, and wearied out with the pettinesses of a profession, an actual knowledge of which he had but half acquired, he looked forward with eagerness to the day when, with a handsome sum in his pocket, he would be at liberty to use for himself the brains which nature had given him, and the rudiments of education encouraged. And the places of many such have still to be filled. The attempt recently made to throw the whole blame for this superficial estimate of the requirements of a military training on the present regimental officer alone, is, however, hardly justifiable, and although doubtless asserted in the earnest desire for his improvement, it is perhaps a matter of questionable policy towards effecting the moral elevation of the canine to give the dog a bad name. He can at least nowadays command his Company on parade without the promptings of the grey-haired colour-sergeant, to whom the Company officer of thirty years ago was not ashamed to look for guidance even in the performance of the most elementary of his duties. It should in fairness be remembered that the standard of his necessary qualifications bequeathed him by his seniors was not a high one, and old notions and customs in a standing army die hard, receiving a kind of sanctity from their very heredity. Then, again, while the officer of to-day has had to face a period of momentous changes in the whole art of war, changes necessitated by the rapidity of progressive developments in modern inventions, he has had the very ground cut from under his feet by the destruction of that regimental system in the efficacy of which his predecessors one and all held implicit faith, forming as it did the mainspring of all the most cherished traditions of the past, and an invaluable leverage for enforcing the precepts of discipline on his subordinates, the difficulties of which the introduction of short service has increased

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tenfold. Whenever occasion has demanded he has invariably been found as ready to lead Fellaheen or Madrassies, as Soudanese or Sikhs, but, considering all these things, it is perhaps scarcely surprising if in times of peace he finds it hard to keep alive an active enthusiasm in carrying out routine and scholastic duties in charge of a few under-sized lads over whom he can obtain no permanent hold, who affect no interest in the long-winded local organisation of which they for the time being form a part, and to whom the erst magic phrase "for the credit of the regiment" conveys little meaning. Remembering that it is sentiment alone, and not pay, which fills her Majesty's commissioned ranks, is it strange if, finding the romance of his calling a thing of the past, the regimental officer sometimes loses heart in his work, and cries "*cui bono?* what is there now left in the service worth working *for?*"

But, despite these disadvantages, the former "sealed pattern" has surely been improved upon, and the regimental officer, who entertains a Zulu's ideas of a civilised war training, and who shuts up all his Goorkha instincts away in the drawer with his shooting suit, is year by year becoming a vision of the past, though perhaps not so rapidly as many of us would desire.

The army as a serious profession is now taken up and studied, and though the Continental critic may still decline to recognise the standard of our technical qualifications and theoretical knowledge beside those of the Prussian, our own officers, at any rate on returning from a tour of foreign and especially of Indian service, can usually feel they have attained a grasp of the practical side of soldiering, and a more intimate acquaintance and a more friendly sympathy with the men under their command than the Continental officer can ever succeed in obtaining with all his schooling and disciplining.

The unwritten law of mess-room etiquette, which formerly placed the talking of "shop" under the ban of "bad form" (in reality, it was a cloak to protect the unmasking of professional ignorance at close quarters), is now happily tabooed by the officers of all regiments having any recognised pretensions to military "smartness;" and that rush to remove all traces of "war-paint" by the luncheon hour, in favour of the garments of civilian life, which a few years ago formed a characteristic feature in certain messes, where even the very term "a hot soldier" implied the subtle reproach of insufficient means or social advantages for the enjoyment of other pursuits, is now seldom apparent.

Our modern educational system presents, perhaps, one of the greatest inconsistencies of our present social conditions. As our labouring classes are driven into the towns by foreign and colonial

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competition, their sons are deprived of the village green, and are brought up in an atmosphere of smoke and dirt, taking their recreation in the gutter. These we catch and send to board-schools to educate, not their muscles for labour, but their brains to think, and we then raise our hands aghast at the physical deterioration of our race, and wonder how it is the British working-man now finds eight hours a day too severe a strain on his powers of endurance.[1] On the other hand, our wealthier classes send their sons to large public schools, where muscular development is given the real seat of honour, with the refinements of Greek and Latin authors in the background, and we express surprise that the education we have there given them have made them but indifferent cowboys or unsuccessful tea-planters. The recent regulation lowering the age limit and including Latin in the compulsory subjects for army entrance may tend to encourage direct admission from our public schools (the study of the Gallic War in the original can hardly assist the embryo officer in the pursuit of useful tactical knowledge), but it is an incontestable fact that by far the larger number of public school boys who enter the army never really learned to work before they came under the eyes of "the coach" (or "crammer," as he is somewhat unfairly termed); and if the military profession is ever to be seriously followed as such, it must be adopted by those who are at least primarily qualified by the possession of "the enormous capacity for taking trouble first of all." At the same time, the boy who prefers athletics to study, but who can, nevertheless, appreciate the necessity for working when he approaches man's estate, is apt to provide healthier material for our purpose than the school prize-winner and the bookworm. Mere brute courage is a British inheritance, not an English virtue, for the possession of which we owe our much abused climate a good deal. Under modern conditions of civilised warfare, self-sacrifice, without the knowledge and capacity for leading to some purpose, is as culpable as it may be uncalled for. Our regimental officers are getting sick of hearing the superior professional qualifications of their German and French *confrères* held up for their example, and consequently decline any longer to find room for their former occasional associate, that sheep in wolf's clothing, "the amateur professional." Abroad he is somewhat humiliated to find that while our naval service has, without an effort, maintained its reputation still resting on the laurels won at Trafalgar, our army is thought little of, except by those few of our neighbours who have seen our forces in India, where the abilities and zeal of the

[1] At the same time all due credit should be given to our London School Board for the efforts it has been lately making to educate the bodies as well as the minds of those under its jurisdiction, and there are few prettier or more hopeful spectacles offered to the military enthusiast than the Annual Competition for Banner Trophies, held at the Albert Hall under its auspices, between squads of children from the different London Board Schools in Military Drill and Physical Exercises.

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General are allowed full scope, and where infantry at manœuvres are not sent to the attack with but ten rounds of blank ammunition in their pouches. In Russia he hears the siege of Sevastopol remembered only as a glorious instance of the stubborn heroism of the Russian arms against the combined nations of the West, succumbing at length to the valour of our French allies; whilst some critics, oblivious of the strategic skill of our Commander, quote Waterloo as a Prussian victory snatched from the French on the very verge of our defeat. A conversation with a polite foreigner generally turns on the organisation and training of our Volunteers, the one portion of our land forces which he can apparently really condescend to admire.

May not our lack of initiative and our slowness to adopt new lines of thought be mainly to blame for this depreciation in Continental opinion? Thirty years ago a servile imitation of French uniforms and military methods was in vogue. Since 1871 Prussian ideas have been paramount, and even the common-sense grey uniform of our citizen army has been immolated at the shrine of an un-English and ill-adapted territorialism. In order to carry out these ideas, *l'esprit de corps* has been ruthlessly swept aside by the hand of the civilian administrator, unable for purposes of false economy to resist the temptation offered by short service, involving, as it was bound to do, the sacrifice of quality to quantity, and we are now reduced to advertise for our customers on the railway platforms beside somebody's soap or somebody else's cheap tailoring.

The present matter of fact methods of recruiting are perhaps mainly responsible for the yearly decreasing proportion of Irishmen enlisted, which is much to be regretted, supplying as they do, and as Mr. Rudyard Kipling has so cleverly portrayed, a humorous element to relieve the monotony of barrack-life in a dull station, and magnificent fighting material when required, though his irrepressible love for "a bit of *fon*," even in the piping times of peace, causes the Irish soldier to be often less appreciated by his officers and N.-C. officers than he deserves.

As illustrative of the recruiting methods practised during that glorious epoch of our military history, at the beginning of this century, I extract the following from the *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp*, lately republished:

"On arriving at the market-place, I found a recruiting party of the Royal Artillery, who had already enlisted several likely looking fellows. The pretty little well-dressed fifer was the principal object of my notice. His finery and shrill music were of themselves sufficient attractions to my youthful fancy; but what occupied my thoughts more than either of these was the size of the musical warrior, whose height very little exceeded that of the drum by which he stood. 'Surely,' thought I to myself, sidling up to him, 'I must be myself as tall, if not taller, than this little blade, and should make as good a soldier.' Reflections of this nature were crowding

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thick into my mind, when the portly sergeant, addressing his words to the gaping rustics by whom he was surrounded, but directing his eyes to the bedroom windows in the vicinity of his station, commenced a right royal speech. I swallowed every word spoken by the royal sergeant, with as much avidity as the drum-major's wife would her morning libation. It was all about 'gentlemen soldiers,' 'merry life,' 'muskets rattling,' 'cannons roaring,' 'drums beating,' 'colours flying,' 'regiments charging,' and 'shouts of victory! victory!' On hearing these last words, the rustic bumpkins who had enlisted exposed their flowing locks, and with their tattered hats, gave three cheers to 'The King—God bless him.' In this I most heartily joined, to the no small amusement of the assembled multitude. 'Victory!' seemed still to ring in my ears, and the sound inspired my little heart with such enthusiasm, that it was not until some minutes after the rest had left off cheering that I became conscious, from the merriment around me, that I still held my tiny hat elevated in the air, waiting for a repetition of that spirit-stirring word. Finding myself observed, I adjusted my hat with a knowing air, elevated my beardless chin with as much consequence as I could assume, and, raising myself on tiptoe to appear as tall as possible, I strutted up to the sergeant, and asked him in plain words, if he would 'take I for a sodger'?"

The hero of the above quoted paragraph twice won a Commission from the ranks by the time he was little more than thirty—first in the 76th, subsequently in the 87th Regiment. The recent regulation debarring candidates under six years' service in the ranks from Commissions would doubtless be cancelled with the first big war, but its existence cannot tend to encourage the recruiting of the ambitious. Besides, a man who spends too much of his early life in barracks finds it hard to rid himself of the manners and speech of his recent companions on entering the Officers' Mess, whilst the fact of his knowing too much of the ins and outs of a private's life is apt to render him unpopular also with the men. And again, he finds himself too old amongst the junior officers for any chance of substantial advancement.

Nothing perhaps would tend to make the army more popular with the keen soldier than the re-introduction of a permanent regimental system, and although this localisation scheme has now been inaugurated it is difficult to see how the mere restoration of the old members need affect its continuance. On the contrary, it is possibly a half-heartedness in the present system which is mainly responsible for its want of success.

For instance, a rule might be introduced that every regiment on its return from foreign service should be stationed for its first four years in, or close to, its recruiting district, becoming, in point of fact, a depôt battalion for that period, and for that period alone. Want of barrack accommodation, it might be argued, prevents this being carried out universally, whilst it is already carried out whenever the necessary accommodation is available. But were the depôt companies broken up for this period, the different militia barracks made use of, the regiment reduced to its minimum estab-

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lishment, and furlough freely given during the winter months, for half the year at least quarters might be obtained in most districts. In summer the regiment could be placed under canvas, the various militia and volunteer corps of the district being from time to time encamped and brigaded with it for training and practical instruction. During these four years the marching of the various detachments from the outlying militia barracks, to and from the summer camps (they should be always marched and not sent by train) would supply that healthy stimulus to recruiting in the country towns which is at present so urgently needed. A hundred years ago the fife and the drum as recruiting agents were by no means despised. Except in the South of England, the spirit-stirring sight of a line regiment on the march is now seldom witnessed, and the local "Jills" are too prone to persuade their "Jacks" that the outward panoply of war can be quite sufficiently enjoyed by donning the red tunic of the neighbouring volunteer corps without the hazardous prospects of a long absence and uncertain return. And as they never see anything to incite their enthusiasm to the necessary enlisting pitch, the volunteer regiment reaps the benefit of this martial ardour, and excellent recruiting material is lost. During these first four years of home service the regiment as a recruiting agent would be invaluable.

In the winter months, the men scattered throughout the district on furlough or on detachment (the more detachments the better) would relate to admiring circles of civilian friends their personal and professional experiences in foreign climes, and thus stimulate that spirit of adventure which has always been so leading a characteristic of our youth in all classes.

In the summer their association in camp with the affiliated militia and volunteer battalions would consolidate the territorial organisation, and by example and contact a proper military spirit would be thereby infused into the annual trainings of these auxiliaries in which at present they are often lacking. After the first four years of home service, the depôt companies could be reformed (one company for home battalion, two companies for the battalion abroad), and the regiment on an increased establishment should cease to send a single recruit to its linked battalion on foreign service. A four or five years' tour in Ireland would be succeeded as now by a final term of service on the strength of the first Army Corps in one of our large South of England military garrisons; Irish regiments, on the other hand, would take their intermediate period in England, and would return to the Curragh Camp, or some such large Irish station to complete their final preparation for their tour of service abroad. Later on I will suggest how the actual recruiting for each regiment might be successfully undertaken, but no system which practically converts all battalions on home service into mere

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nurseries for those abroad can ever be expected either to prove popular or to succeed. During the first four years of depôt service, the establishment of officers, as well as of the men, could be lowered, all fresh subalterns, as vacancies occur, being sent out with drafts to the foreign battalion, vacancies meanwhile in the home or depôt-battalion being filled by the temporary appointment of militia officers, who would be thus instructed in their duties by regular officers fresh from the experience and responsibilities of foreign service. Under present arrangements militia officers are frequently attached for duty at depôts, but learn little or nothing while so attached, since the nature of their duties with the present depôt companies gives them little scope for so doing.

Regiments abroad within three years of their return home are usually well-seasoned troops, and stand an almost certain chance of active service in the field should military operations be undertaken. These might be increased by the addition of two flank companies from affiliated militia battalions composed of men of a remodelled militia reserve, who have passed a certain musketry standard. These men would serve practically for a period of short army service with the battalion on foreign service until its return home to the depôt, being then granted a bounty on disembodiment equal to three months' treble pay, according to a system I will presently explain. No man should be permitted to accompany these flank companies who has not done three militia trainings. Only officers who have passed in all professional subjects should accompany them. This would act as a considerable incentive to militia officers to qualify themselves professionally, would stiffen the militia battalions still further with a leaven of men who had seen something of soldiering, while it would only weaken their strength for a period of three years out of about fifteen.

To equalise the foreign and home tours of service our Mediterranean fortresses might be included in the latter. A Guards' battalion might also be placed on the strength of both the Gibraltar and Malta garrisons; and with advantage, for the men would be thereby withdrawn for a time from the temptations of metropolitan life, and away from the clutches of the professional agitator; their minds would be opened by travel and by closer contact with their comrades in other branches of Her Majesty's service, and the officers would be brought into closer touch with their subordinates.

But doubtless the present constitution of our Foot Guards might with advantage be changed. Instead of despoiling the country depôts of their finest recruits, who would otherwise have joined the proper line battalions of their respective districts, and to whom the shorter and easier conditions of service in the Guards usually prove irresistible, there are many who would prefer to see the latter

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formed as *corps d'élite* of old soldiers over six years' service, transferred on selection from other regiments, or of men re-engaging for pension, in whom the whole army would take the greatest possible pride, and turn to in implicit confidence in the hour of need.

It would be a distinct gain for the efficiency of the 1st Army Corps were regiments allowed their foreign-service quota of subaltern officers at least three years before their embarkation, and the present regulations which permit a regiment while on Home service, even when itself undergoing a special training at one of our few large military garrisons, to be deprived of so many of its officers attending various classes of instruction, might with advantage be altered and every cavalry and infantry subaltern sent to a school of musketry *before* joining his regiment.

The continual changes necessitated by the linked-battalion system become specially disadvantageous to the battalion serving in this country, and under existing conditions it becomes almost impossible to give the men a sense of home and feeling of permanence. Not only is the commanding-officer and adjutant changed every four years, but from year to year the non-commissioned officers and men are drafted out in large batches to the battalion abroad, from month to month the companies are handed over from one officer to another, and not even a regimental doctor is left as a permanent friend to the men themselves. The constant absence of company officers, like absentee landlordism, is a distinct evil which acts most injuriously with the men. With only very young non-commissioned officers to look after them, they become unsettled, feel they have no one to take a real interest in their well-being, to listen to their little grievances and save them the many petty annoyances which those who have experienced them can alone appreciate as calculated soon to render life in barracks unbearable under the authority of those who from excessive youth or inexperience may be quite unqualified to exercise it without the strictest supervision.

An officer who does not know the temperaments of his men individually, and he has little enough chance of doing so on Home service, must needs be guided mainly by the opinions and advice of the sergeant, whose influence thus becomes unduly exercised, and the want of discretion on the part of one over-zealous boy sergeant may cause endless crime and desertion before the real source of the mischief can be discovered.

Again, the rule obtaining in many regiments by which the temporary absence of one captain entails his company being taken over always by the senior subaltern officer, often necessitating endless shiftings and changes amongst the company-commanders, especially during the "leave season," might well be modified by a definite order, insisting that, so long as the company subaltern had passed

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his professional examination for that rank, he should at all times assume the supreme command of his own men in the absence of his captain, regardless of regimental seniority. Were the custom above-mentioned carried out in battle-tactics, its absurdity is at once apparent, and no real fire-control could ever be maintained were companies led by commanders who scarcely know the men's names. If anything like the old company system is to be revived, company officers must be permanently associated with their men, and regiments themselves allowed to resume individuality, and be permitted to emerge from the present conglomeration of territorial misnomers with a distinct number, or even an historical nickname, around which the old *esprit de corps* can be reformed and re-awakened.

I have above alluded to "sport" as occasionally understood by officers as a separating influence, drawing them outside the scope of their professional interests. On the other hand, as an auxiliary to physical training, camaraderie and regimental spirit, few healthier or better modes of bringing officers in touch with their men could be suggested than the encouragement of field sports and games, in which all ranks can participate: their readiness to do so constitutes one of the best traits of the British, as compared with the continental, officer.

But properly to encourage a vigorous regimental system, recruiting should also be regimental.

The classes of recruits obtained may be roughly divided into three, as follows:—

(1) Men obliged to enlist from want of employment and fear of destitution.

(2) Men who enlist on sudden impulse for various temporary reasons.

(3) Men who enlist from a natural taste for soldiering.

Despite the arguments used at a recent discussion at the Royal United Service Institution, it is difficult to believe that any considerable class of recruits do, or could be induced to, enlist because of the pecuniary and substantial inducements of a military career as compared with the various material advantages and personal freedom to be obtained in other branches of the labour market, unless they have already proved themselves consummate failures in the latter. And it is unlikely that the country would ever sanction a sufficient expenditure, except on the occasion of urgent national peril, to enable our military administration to compete in the labour market on anything like reasonable terms. I prefer therefore to include the few men who could be induced by such material conditions with my first and third classes. Now my first and second classes, namely, the destitute and the impulsive victim of fortuitous circumstances, may always be counted on supplying a contingent in the recruiting

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returns, the former in varying number according to the state of national trade and prosperity, whilst neither class are prone to scrutinise too closely beforehand their prospects in the military profession before entering it, and their individual value when they have entered it must naturally prove an uncertain and variable quantity. It is the third class undoubtedly we should mainly endeavour to attract into an army like our own, and the popularity and steady growth of our Volunteer forces prove that this is a class which Great Britain may well be proud of, and which no other nation in Europe can produce. Do we make any special effort to obtain these? Or even to keep them when we have obtained them?

Man is truly a gregarious animal, and men of all ages and classes consort most freely with their cotemporaries. The young men of our recruiting classes are naturally suspicious of old soldiers and recruiting sergeants. Why not employ young and keen soldiers on furlough? On the other hand, it is common to youth of all classes to look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the prospect of "a good time," for the proper enjoyment of which two conditions are indispensable:

(1) Personal freedom.
(2) Money in the pocket.

I would suggest that, in lieu of deferred pay, every man one year clear of the regimental defaulter book be granted thirty days' privilege furlough per annum on treble pay (*i.e.*, £4 10*s.*), to be paid by the district paymaster on his arrival at his territorial depôt. Give each of these men when they proceed on furlough recruiting forms, with necessary directions, and allow them, say, five shillings per man "bringing money," or such sum as may be fixed each year according to the exigencies of the recruiting service. This money to be paid at once by the district paymaster on the order of the district recruiting officer on enlisting the recruit. These recruits to be eventually posted to the bringer's own company, a measure which would act somewhat as a deterrent to the introduction of undesirable characters, much in the same way as the system of "introducing" is carried out in many volunteer regiments, the "introducer" acting in some measure as a surety for the respectability of the recruit. On the formation of the depôt companies (*i.e.*, when the home battalion quits the depôt), each captain with the home battalion to nominate three men from the company to serve as "bringers" on the strength of the depôt. Similarly each captain with the foreign battalion would nominate six men to serve as "bringers" on the strength of one of the two depôt companies, which would then represent that battalion for recruiting purposes at home. These "recruiters" or "bringers" would be responsible to their captains, to whose company the recruits they introduced would, whenever possible, be ultimately sent, and the captains would re-

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nominate or replace these, their agents, annually. The Company officers would thus have an interest, and often an active share, in the recruiting of their own men.

Men on foreign service should be granted a free passage home on completing six years' accumulated good conduct privilege furlough as above explained, with option of completing their army service in the militia on giving notice at their depôt two months before the expiry of their six months' furlough. This measure would tend to popularise foreign service.

Entries in a soldier's defaulter sheet (except court-martial entries) during his first six months of army service should not count towards forfeiture of the above. All such entries to be recorded in pencil only in the regimental defaulter sheet, and erased therefrom on the completion of this term by the commanding officer in presence of the man, in order that crimes charged against a recruit for offences he committed from ignorance of military customs and discipline may not for ever blacken the record of his future service, a fact which often tends greatly to dishearten good but unlucky men.

All men should be enlisted for twelve years' Army Service with option of re-engaging to complete twenty-one years with the Colours for pension, inducements being held out for good shots to do so. Any man after six years with the Colours, who has accumulated good-conduct furlough-pay, or money in the Regimental Savings Bank, amounting to £15 in all, should be permitted to complete his twelve years in the militia. This system would encourage thrift and good conduct, and would enable a man on furlough to have time to look about him, and to experience a fair taste and trial of civilian life with the means at his disposal to enable him to do so. It would keep the thriftless and bad characters in the Army for their twelve years at least, during which time their dispositions would have a chance of reforming under the healthy restrictions of military discipline. The merely improvident soldier would thus have an occasional "good time," and the end of his furlough would find him at the end of his resources, and ready enough, as a rule, to rejoin. Bad characters, on the other hand, would not be turned adrift on the country at twenty-five, to become a constant burthen on the rate-payers, and the recipients of charity from the resources at the disposal of General Booth. At the age of thirty, a man's character is generally formed for better or worse, and in twelve years the Army will have done what it can for him, whilst a shorter term is often insufficient to subdue the resistance of a naturally vicious or stubborn disposition.

Further, I would suggest that, except when his corps is ordered on active service, a man, who has served six years, over-staying his furlough, should not be treated or stigmatised as a "deserter," unless he failed to report himself within six months of its expiry, he merely forfeiting

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his pay for such absence, and on rejoining to lose double the period of such "absence without leave," towards future service entitling him to his next good-conduct furlough. Furlough-pay never on any account to be paid or advanced to any man when with the Colours.

In this way, it would be in the power of any man who experienced a distaste for military life to leave the Colours any time after six years, merely by accumulating for three years his good-conduct furlough and putting by thirty shillings. The fact that he himself had earned this privilege by his good conduct, and had thus saved a sufficient sum to give him a start in civil life, would constitute a fair guarantee to the ratepayers that the responsibility for his future maintenance would not fall on their hands. Besides which the extent of his hoarded furlough would give him a chance of gauging his prospects of success before finally committing himself to his new career. Any man who had been thrice a regimental marksman during his first twelve years' army service might with advantage be specially encouraged to re-engage by an increased rate of pay, and pension in prospective. Or better still would be the re-introduction in a modified form of a system once before attempted—viz., the grant of 1*d.* per diem for every two years a marksman (with the existing gratuity on alternate years). There is, perhaps, no profession in which the services of the expert are more useful or less encouraged than in our Army, where virtue is somewhat exclusively its own reward. The season for this privilege furlough for regiments on Home service should begin at least on the 1st of October, if not earlier, in order that when the country labourer has exhausted his harvesting or hopping wage, the recruiting influences should be ready at hand.

The granting of treble-pay leave of absence in lieu of deferred pay would undoubtedly be popular, would encourage good conduct, and the very best material for obtaining recruits would thus be employed scattered over the whole country throughout the year (for men on furlough from India would be home for the summer months), and with sufficient money in their pockets to enable them to make a decent show amongst their friends. The young soldier does not so much mind being short of ready cash in barracks, where his companions are probably under similarly straitened circumstances, but when he goes on furlough amongst his own relations and former associates he feels, or should feel, a certain natural pride in coming amongst them in his red coat, and a little extra money in his pocket would help him to support his dignity, and increase his self-respect and consequent value as a recruiting factor.

A reorganisation of the recruiting service as above described would appeal directly to the loyal co-operation of the Company officers, than whom there are naturally none more interested in the future efficiency of our active army, and to whom I am fully con-

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vinced the appeal would not be made in vain. It would also make of every well-conducted soldier wearing Her Majesty's uniform a qualified recruiter. Despite the theories of moralists, a young man as he throws off the shackles of parental and school discipline is almost always more easily influenced by the opinions and advice of associates of his own age, and would assuredly be more likely to listen to the genuine ardour of the young soldier than be tempted by the played-out wiles of the professional recruiter. The Yeomanry and Volunteers are recruited almost wholly by the persuasive influence of their younger and keener members. In the regular army we are apt to forget that here also we are dealing with volunteers, and that honest enthusiasm and love of soldiering, and not recruiting-traps, are our best and natural agencies.

J. A. SKENE THOMSON.

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GOTHIC AND SARACEN ARCHITECTURE.

ALTHOUGH the terms "Gothic" and "Saracen" are improper and unscientific, they have been sanctioned by long use, and are supposed to denote two widely different modes of historic art. Both terms have been derived from the writings of literary monks, and if replaced by modern equivalents mean nearly the same with Western Christian and Mohammedan. It is believed—perhaps it may be said that it is known—to many students, that the historic relations of the two great religious systems has never been thoroughly examined, and therefore never correctly understood since the revival of learning. There is evidence on this subject from the facts of architecture which have never been brought into the emphasis they deserve, and which perhaps at the present time it may be of interest to lay before the intelligent public.

Sir Christopher Wren, whose great monument is the classic church of St. Paul's, who repaired what was in his time "the ancient and ruinous structure" of Westminster Abbey, and who built some fifty other churches in the City, was one of the first serious students of the history of his noble art. Notwithstanding the too scanty and unsatisfactory materials at his disposal in the monastic chronicles, Wren wrote down some hints on the subject which are well worthy of attention, of criticism, and of expansion. In his Survey of Salisbury Cathedral—a MS. which is or was in the Registry of the Dean and Chapter, and bears date 1668—he made some notes on the "rise and progress of the Gothic mode." He says that the term "Gothic" is a vulgar and inaccurate expression; and that more properly we should designate the pointed style "Saracen architecture refined by the Christians."

On the point of taste, it is a curious fact that distinguished men of the letters and art, the contemporaries and followers of Wren, were far from being of opinion that the "Gothic" was to be preferred either to the classic or the Oriental style. The Abbé Corblet, in a monograph published in 1859, maintains that during the period of Wren's activity and later, the Gothic was treated with contempt by men of all religious opinions. He refers to Fénelon, to Bossuet, to Molière, to Montesquieu and La Bruyère, to Rousseau and Voltaire, and other French *virtuosi*. It seems that having associated the epithet "Gothic" with all that was rude and barbaric, their taste was governed by this foregone opinion. A passage in Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*

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will be recalled by many, wherein he refers the Gothic to a Saracen original, and declaims, in a fashion surprising to men of nineteenth century education, on the ugliness of the minsters of York and Durham. Such particulars form a valuable chapter in the history of the variations of judgment and taste. If we have been brought up to accept as an axiom the proposition that the Gothic is to be admired, this is due, as all are aware, to the ecclesiastical revival of our age.

But to return to Wren. His notion of the origin of the Saracen mode was that it "began in the East, after the fall of the Greek empire, by the prodigious success of those people that adhered to Mahomet's doctrine; who out of zeal to their religion built mosques, caravanserais, and sepulchres wherever they came." Wren then enters on debatable historic ground. He says that the Moslems adopted the round form, because they would not imitate "the Christian figure of the Cross," nor the old Greek or idolatrous style, as they held it. But it has never been proved, nor can it be proved, that cruciform buildings of the monks were in existence before the earliest mosques in Syria and Arabia; nor can it be proved that the Moslems neglected the old Greek style, to "fall into a mode of their own invention," as Wren believed. He points out the remarkable fact that St. Mark's, Venice, "is built after the Saracens' manner."

Wren's chronology was the chronology of his time; and it surely needs re-examination in the interests of historic science. The "fall of the Greek empire," for example, is a phrase which would call down the rebuke of Mr. Freeman; yet neither he nor Finlay has rigorously investigated that mass of chronicle and legend relating to mediæval Byzantium, which was written down much later than is commonly supposed, and which has very few marks of genuineness about it. I may remark on this head that Chalcondylas, an officer of the Duke of Athens, living late in the fifteenth century, and perhaps the last of the Byzantine series, is the strongest witness that can be imagined against the opinion that the Turks found a Christian culture highly developed at Byzantium in the middle of the fifteenth century. They called the place Stamboul (εἰς τὴν πόλιν) after the Greeks; nor is there evidence that they knew the name Constantinople, the rise of which is connected with the rise of the legend of Constantine the Great. That legend certainly cannot be traced higher than the revival of letters, the time of the great critic, Laurence Valla. You will find in Chalcondylas a clear and intelligent acquaintance with the system of the Mohammedans, whom he appears profoundly to admire, together with a profound ignorance of the "Nazaræans" (for he never speaks of Christians), which would be inexplicable had culture in the West been as ancient and as diffused as the fables of the monks of the order of St. Benedict invite us to believe.

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Sir C. Wren, despite the vagueness of his historic retrospect, justly believed that it was "the Holy War," in other words, expeditions of the knight-errantry to the East, which had caused an "imitation in the West" of the buildings of the Moslems. He repeats that the Christians "refined upon it every day" in their building of churches. Somewhat grudgingly he admires the elegance of the Moslem cupolas; and says that the Orientals thought columns and heavy cornices "impertinent," and to be omitted. On the question of taste we will not dispute. A catholic love of grandeur and beauty will find place and estimation for the Alhambra and St. Mark's, for York and Durham. But the important point in reference to historic science is that an expert in his art like Wren never doubted that our abbeys and cathedrals were imitations of the Mohammedan buildings in Spain, Italy, and the East. A Mohammedan scholar is not the least surprised to find this acknowledged, with all the logical deductions from the fact; he is merely surprised that educated Westerns are so tardy to admit the priority of his culture over that of the monasteries.

The opinion of Wren has not, I believe, been challenged, and is not likely to be challenged, by any serious scholar. But when we endeavour to ascend beyond the bare fact of the dependence of the abbey on the mosque, and to arrive at more precise details of the epoch of church building in the West, we approach one of the greatest enigmas of history. I refer to the rise of various orders of knighthood, especially the Templars, and of the great corporation of artisans known as the Freemasons. Concerning these corporations strange tales have come down to us from some period during the revival of letters, which have been repeated again and again, and have been believed in spite of their incredibility, apparently on no other ground than that they have never been contradicted. Critics have failed to observe that they all emanate from one quarter; that they reflect the passions and the interests of the regular clergy; that they were made known at a time when the terror of the Inquisition silenced any disposition to apologies or criticisms on the other side.

We must despair of arriving at the truth respecting the Templars and the Masons from any modern representatives of their traditions. But, on the other hand, a careful critique applied to the monastic tales would show that they are not to be trusted in particulars whether of time, place, or person; that the evident intention of the all-powerful order of St. Benedict was to bring the Masons, as at a later time the Printers, into subjection to its own rule and ambitions. Sir Christopher Wren's observations on the operative Freemasons may still, in this light, be perused with great interest.

He believed that some Italians with certain Greek refugees from the East constituted the nucleus of the fraternity. French,

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Germans, and Flemings joined with them. They procured Papal Bulls and privileges for their encouragement; and styling themselves Freemasons, ranged from nation to nation as they found churches to be built through the piety of multitudes. They had a regular government, and pitched a hill camp near the building in hand. There was a chief surveyor, and every tenth man was a warden or overlooker. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood, either out of charity or to commute a penance, gave the materials and the carriage. Such particulars Wren derived from the perusal of certain records in the religious houses, which he believed went back to the late thirteenth century. He expresses admiration for the skill and speed with which the lofty structures were erected.

The opinion of Wren that the abbeys and cathedrals were, in some instances, near four hundred years old in his time, was based upon very slender and dubious evidence, as the researches of Mr. Thorold Rogers in our own age have shown. If we inspect with great critical care the traditions concerning Winchester and Wykeham, concerning Canterbury, Westminster, and other old centres of devotion, we shall discover that there have been great illusions in reference to the antiquity of our literary documents which it may be hard to part with, but which should be resolutely dispelled, if we are to aim at a clearer knowledge of our past. If, for example, we try to recover the idea of Westminster as Wren saw it, half in ruin, and from that point move upward till we are arrested by the name of Henry VII. and his chapel, beyond that point we plunge into the darkness which only conjecture can illumine. The monk who traced the meagre and fabulous story of the minster from the late fourteenth century wrote during the revival of letters.

The belief of Sir Christopher, then, was that the Gothic architecture ran its course of some two hundred years, and degenerated into unbounded fancies and extravagances, until, coincidently with the reform of the Roman language and the invention of printing, the architects became ashamed of "their modern barbarity of building," and began to study carefully the ruins of old Rome and Italy, and so to restore a scientific architecture. It is obvious enough that all the variations of the "Gothic mode" might easily have occurred within a much less space of time than two hundred years. The sixteenth century saw the most extensive efforts in church and civic architecture; and it seems a moderate opinion, founded on all branches of evidence hitherto examined, that the rise of the so-called Gothic architecture coincides with the rise of letters under the influence of the Greek and Latin scholars.

It is evident that the formation of the great monastic corporation under the Benedictine rule and that of the Freemasons must be parts of one great historic phenomenon, which has been enveloped in a cloud of fable, highly poetic and illusory. After prolonged

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study of the subject, I must venture to say that, until that cloud has been rolled away, we shall never understand the origins of our modern culture, and the debt under which we rest in every branch of science and art to the Mohammedans. It was writers in the Benedictine minsters who told how St. Dionysius the Areopagite came to Paris, and St. Joseph of Arimathæa to Glastonbury, in the Apostolic age; how King Lucius patronised British churches in the next age; how St. Benet appeared in the same age with Mohammed, and how at the end of that age St. Augustine appeared on the English shore; and how St. Dunstan made a new start in monachism more than three centuries later. St. Anselm is theirs, and Lanfranc, and Becket. All these tales were written down at a time when the world hears nothing of them. They were not read till long after the printing presses had been set up.

The Benedictines of St. Albans undertook to tell the story of the Freemasons. It was Elias Ashmole, contemporary of Wren and a zealous Mason, who made inquiry into their antiquities. Antony Wood says that much of his collections was destroyed in a fire at the Temple; but a letter on the subject from the pen of Dr. Knipe, another fellow of the fraternity, has come down to us. It appears from this that Ashmole did not believe the tale that the Freemasons were founded by a Papal Bull in the thirteenth century; he yearned for a loftier antiquity. We are then regaled with the story that St. Alban, proto-martyr of England, was the founder of Freemasonry here; that King Athelstan granted them a charter, and the Norman princes showed them favour. But when we come to the time where clearer information should begin—namely, the fifteenth century—all particulars are, as usual, scant and dubious.

It is supposed that they were proscribed by Act of Parliament under Henry VI.; that the Act was repealed, and that Henry VI. himself became initiated into the craft; that during the Wars of the Roses the Masons were mostly Yorkists, that consequently they were favoured by Edward IV., and suspected by the "wise king" Henry VII., who pursued a policy of watchful jealousy towards them. We know from Polydore Vergil, the earliest and best narrator of that little known reign, that the religious houses as hot-beds of sedition and refuges of conspirators gave Henry much anxiety. The Freemasons as a secret society may well have been involved in the suspicions of the Lancastrians; but nothing authentic is known. The interested reader may compare some unfavourable remarks on them in Plot's *History of Staffordshire*. It would be a fascinating story, could it be traced out, how this society, once in the employ of the Abbots and taught to revere St. Alban, and to practise, it is said, an initiation resembling that of the Benedictines, has become the object of the constant and bitter invectives of the Catholic clergy. The reason probably was, that men gathered out of different

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uationalities, who had learned their art from the Orientals, had a strong propensity to some Unitarian form of belief. At this day, the Jews, and perhaps the Mohammedans, are very numerous in the lodges of the Freemasons.

It should be remembered also that in the strange tales told to the discredit of the Templars by their bitter enemies, complicity with Oriental beliefs and practices is expressly charged against them as a crime. But no apology from the Templars themselves has come down to us. If we extend the inquiry to other orders which have come down to us from the Middle Ages, like that of the Garter, which Ashmole also attempted to investigate, without much success in the void of authentic records, we are again impressed with the general fact of Oriental influence, without being able to trace out the exact channel by which it was conveyed from Arabia and from Spain. The chapel of St. George at Windsor commemorates the institution of the knights under the patronage of that saint, who looks to the Arabian or Persian tradition for his original in the heroic martyr of monotheism, Girghis. From St. George the transition is easy to Sant' Iago, or St. James of Spain. And the knights of St. James have been traced to an original in the Rabitos or Almovahides of the Moors of Spain.

If we prefer, as a clue to historic science, the architecture of nations to their literature, and if we look for the beginnings of our modern culture in the land on which the Mohammedans have made so deep an impression—namely, Spain—we shall find ourselves far on the way to clear up many of the obscurities which beset the end of the Middle Ages. At Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Granada, the evidence is clear beyond dispute that the Moslem architecture is the oldest since the Roman time. When we gaze at the Alhambra, we seem to contemplate the beautiful parent of a multitude of so-called Gothic daughters, fairer or less fair, according to the taste of the particular student. Something may also be learned that is very impressive concerning the relation of the Moslem and the Jew, from the inspection of the synagogues of Toledo.

We may then advance to the comparison of the literatures that were composed and used in "Saracen" and "Gothic" buildings respectively. The great difficulty in the study of which few scholars appear to be aware, is that the various chronicles are not based on scientific data, as we now understand the phrase. They are based on ideal genealogies, and are all inspired by that craze for immense antiquity which is apparent everywhere in the literature which gradually came to light during the revival of letters. Rival stories from different ecclesiastical parties have involved the early periods of Spanish culture since the Romans in great confusion, which it will be found possible by the patient industry, perhaps of some future generation of German scholars, to clear away.

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Meantime, I would remind all those who are interested in the attempt to ascertain exact historic knowledge, that the position laid down by Sir Christopher Wren—the dependence of the Christian on the Mohammedan architecture—will be found to offer the sure clue, through the labyrinth of monastic histories or fables, to the daylight of fact. And I may close this brief paper by citing the dictum of another of our English authorities on architecture, Mr. Owen Jones, who says that the art of the Arabians is the offspring of the Koran, as the Gothic architecture is of the Bible. It might be better to say that the religious art of the Arabians, both in building and in literature, is the organic product of their religious genius. The so-called Gothic buildings and the Gothic letters prove on examination to be the organic product of the religious genius of the order of St. Benedict. And I believe that a complete proof exists, both in the canonical and the apocryphal writings of that order, of its dependence on the sacred traditions of the Mohammedans.

EDWIN JOHNSON.

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INDEPENDENT SECTION.

Under the above title a limited portion of THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW *is occasionally set apart for the reception of able Articles, which, though harmonising with the general spirit and aims of the Review, may contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it advocates. The object of the Editors in introducing this department is to facilitate the expression of opinion by writers of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely, on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editors and from each other.*]

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

IN the next General Election foreign politics will, we may all be glad to think, play only a very subordinate part. A striking contrast this to the General Election of 1880, when it was mainly upon the misdeeds committed abroad by our Conservative Government of the day that the nation sat in judgment. The sharp lesson of that election has evidently not been thrown away. Under Philip sobered by the rap across the knuckles administered in 1880, we have this time, as Mr. Chamberlain rightly boasts, had "no wars, no costly expeditions, no votes of credit." So far so well. We are delighted with the result. We only wish that we could go farther with the advocates and apologists of the Government, and accept at their hands, as they bid us, the commendatory estimate which they have formed of the foreign policy of their principals in all its particulars, as well as join in the Prime Minister's sanguine forecast, which we do not find shared by the most responsible statesmen abroad, that there is "no single speck of a cloud on the horizon." "Happy England!" *Absit omen!* The Government take considerable credit to themselves for good work done. But of the precise nature of that good work they tell us very little. All the more reason for the electorate, on the eve of the trial, to suspend its judgment, and not to commit itself too hastily and confidingly to approval of that which under closer scrutiny may turn out to be, after all, not altogether free from defects.

We do not propose on the present occasion to deal with that point of foreign policy which has of late occupied public opinion most—namely, the attitude taken up by our Government with regard to Egypt—except to say that it appears to us a signal mistake, which

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may lead us into serious mischief, that Ministers, whenever reminded of the terms on which, within the cognisance of all Europe, we were allowed to go into Egypt, should betray such extreme touchiness, as if there were some wrong done to them. We have no wish to hurry them; nobody asks them to go out of Egypt before the work is accomplished to do which we took possession of that country. Nobody has set them a time. But if their protests are calculated to suggest anything, that something is, that they mean to take a leaf out of the rather tarnished book of their brand-new ally, and do in Egypt as Prussia did in Schleswig—promising first to be bound by certain conditions, and then flinging a defiance in the face of the parties interested, and repudiating their former pledge with a not quite honest: *J'y suis, j'y reste.* But Prussia's conduct in Schleswig has not met with universal approval, nor raised that Power's credit with other nations. And even Prussia was politic enough to leave Europe under the comfortable delusion that she was going to carry out treaty engagements, till a safe time had arrived for repudiation. Our credit among other nations for trustworthiness and loyalty to our engagements is of vastly more importance to us than military alliances abroad, or even the possession of Egypt. We are allowed to do so many things simply on the credit of our good faith—witness those very reforms which we are carrying out in Egypt—that we cannot afford to see distrust revived such as some centuries ago found expression in the following hexameter:

"Anglicus angulus est, cui nunquam credere fas est."

In any case it is not for ourselves to undermine our own credit.

But this merely by the way. What the Government seem chiefly to pride themselves upon at present in respect of foreign policy is, not the sure foothold which they have retained on the Nile, but the *rapprochement* which they are supposed to have brought about between ourselves and Germany—that "master-stroke" of policy which, says, among others, Mr. Courtney at Bodmin, has cleared away all "umbrage," and "roughness," and ill-feeling which have existed between the two kindred races, and have made them brothers and friends. Now, that is a very seductive picture. Most delighted shall we be to see England and Germany sincere friends. Most desirable it is that, if there has been any "roughness," or "umbrage," or ill-will, it should be removed. But for that, it seems to us, between nations descended from a common stock, who have often been allies, never declared foes, it should not need an excessive effort or a special theatrical splurge. There are many ties to unite the two nations—consanguinity, natural affinity, a considerable trade. And we have always shown ourselves willing to be honestly friends with whoever chose to be friends with us. But whence, one feels inclined to

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ask, comes this sudden, all-absorbing appreciation of Germany—in a quarter, we may add, which has not always shown itself equally open to the same sentiment? And whence comes Germany's equally sudden willingness, if it exists, to bury the newly dug-up hatchet, and let kindness take the place of denunciation? We do not regret the loss of Heligoland, or grudge its possession to Germany. It is a German island, and although some of the natives made very wry faces over their unceremonious transfer from one crown to another, as if they had been so many "firkins of butter," and although the Germans as a nation do not seem to care very much about its acquisition, and certainly do not appear to have been moved to particular gratitude, unquestionably Heligoland finds a more natural place in the German Empire than it found in our realm. But there are features about our bid for German amity which make us a little doubtful whether the bargain is really as good as it is represented to be, and whether, in return for our rather demonstrative show of a will to be friendly, and to court our big brother's affection, we have in truth got very much, except what at some future time may possibly serve to embarrass us.

Germany, it ought to be borne in mind, finds herself at the present time in rather a peculiar position, and alliance with her may, as matters stand, mean something more than mere friendship and good-will. Notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's "speckless sky," to other eyes besides our own has the outlook opened by the new "understanding" appeared troubled with indications of possible mischief; and in other minds have doubts arisen, which require to be answered before the nation can unreservedly accept the congratulations of the Government upon its own diplomatic gift. We may possibly by the "understanding" be committed to nothing at all, although friendships between Governments are nowadays rarely concluded for the consideration merely of *des beaux yeux*. Nevertheless, the suspicions of France and Russia *may* be groundless. But there they are, and they have to be taken into account. And without good cause we cannot afford to make enemies. On the other hand, what have we got by a step which, we ought to point out, amounts, in more respects than one, to a departure from our old beaten path—the conclusion of a one-sided understanding without any distinctly specified and limited object, so far as has been publicly stated, and the throwing of our weight into the scale of a great military combination, against which, or its equally military forerunner, be it remembered, in 1878 Lord Beaconsfield deemed it desirable, if it could be done, to raise up a pacific counter-combination? The platform talk of "kind feeling" and "terms of friendship," clashing a little, as it does, with what we observe and hear said in Germany, appears to us a trifle vague, and not necessarily charged with overmuch meaning.

When, thirty or forty years ago, we—as it happened, under Liberal

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auspices—entered into that historic "*entente cordiale*" with France, the case was widely different. True to our national traditions, we entered into an actual alliance only for a distinct, well-defined, and perfectly legitimate object, which, so far as it was attainable, we attained. We had so long been at war and at misunderstandings with our French neighbours, that it needed some rather heroic step of an exceptional character to establish good feeling. We took advantage of the opportunity which offered: the new dynasty required our recognition; we, on our side, required support in our Eastern policy. The treaty, beyond it the *entente*, were established. They bound us to France, but without a shadow of detriment to any third country with which we were at peace—without raising one reasonable jealousy or suspicion, or in the slightest way disturbing other relations. Though concluded with the Emperor, to serve in the first instance his personal purposes, the *entente* was freely accepted by the whole French nation. Without doubt it has produced a more or less permanent feeling of friendship, a closer connection, more mutual confidence between the two countries. We are made to feel that whenever we go into France. And it brought in its train the Commercial Treaty of 1860, which has proved of unspeakable benefit to us.

Now, what of a similar character has Lord Salisbury to show for *his* "*entente*" with Germany? There was, it must be admitted, something of a special opportunity offering again. Germany wanted our moral support in Europe, and beyond that—we know very well, though of course we do not know how far her want has been met—she wanted the support of our fleet in the event of a coming war. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury must have been very glad of the prospect of Germany's countenance and goodwill in his dealings with foreign Powers and colonial possessions—more especially as a make-weight against French opposition in respect of Egypt. With such bricks certainly a tolerably pretentious house might be built up. But what advantage, what enduring gain, does it bring us? Is it precisely the sort of house that we should like to see erected? And is it likely to stand?

At the present moment, as has already been indicated, Germany finds herself in a position which on other grounds makes circumspection and wariness advisable on the part of those who wish to "strike hands" with her; for she represents a distinct principle and policy which it may prove risky to "underwrite." She is resting on her oars, in a not altogether untroubled repose of *beati possidentes*, after the wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870. In that repose, no doubt, she wishes neither to be herself disturbed, nor yet to disturb others. But things cannot always rest at that point. By the constraining force of the part which she has addressed herself to play, Germany is, almost without choice of her own, a country

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"going forth conquering and to conquer." Her triple alliances—this is the second—were formed specially, avowedly, for the purpose of defending her recent conquests and her newly gotten position, and to *keep down* France and, if need be, Russia. We heard some of this admitted only the other day, when the conclusion of a commercial treaty between Germany, Austria, and Italy was publicly announced in the newspapers, as having for its object "the economic isolation of France." That is one point. Beyond that, however plausibly Germany might now talk of limiting her ambition to her present possessions and position—we are not aware that she does even that—having once lent her hand to the realisation of the all German aspiration of perfect unification—

"Das *ganze* Deutschland soll es sein"—

having dubbed her Emperor on his coronation specifically "Morer of the Realm" (that is how old English historians literally and correctly translate the German term "Mehrer des Reichs"), she can no more stand still permanently where she now is, than a rolling ball can stop on its course halfway down a hill. No doubt she has her hands amply full for the moment, and cannot immediately look beyond the *beatitudo possessionis*. But the acquisition of the German provinces of Austria is sure to crop up, the conquest of a seaboard on the Mediterranean, to assist that growing commerce with the East towards which, in rivalry with ourselves, all her ambition is bent—who knows but *l'appétit venant en mangeant* may whet the pan-German sentiment prevailing into a more or less keen desire to rescue those persecuted brother-Germans on the Baltic from oppression and tyranny? There is more which *has* been Germany—the German cantons, the Low Countries——. But leave all that out of sight, as too far removed for present consideration—the Austrian provinces certainly are put down on the political task-bill, as well as the "isolation" and over-matching of France, the restraining of Russia, the extension of partially dispossessed Austria (as it will be) into the Balkan peninsula. Germany cannot in fact—though she may now in profession—repudiate these views without abdicating the position which she has ventured all to assume.

Now, is that paper on the back of which our name ought to appear? Wishful as we are to live in love and charity with all our neighbours, to trade with them, and to cultivate the most friendly relations, are we really desirous of being identified in the eyes of the world with schemes which are bound to injure, which must of necessity make us hateful to, and distrusted by, some of them?

It may be argued that, with Germany and all her legions at our back, we can afford to disregard such danger, that Germany is powerful, and alliance with one of her stamp is worth more than friendship with a score of other States. No doubt, alliance with

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Germany appears under present circumstances a particularly safe thing. But Germany, like France, has had her ups and downs, and may have them again. Even on other grounds such has, moreover, not always been our rule of action. To great military Powers, more particularly of the more or less absolute type, we have generally found ourselves in opposition. Indeed, whenever we went into alliance with them—as just before Canning's inauguration of our new policy—we found ourselves distinctly the losers by the connection, sinking in prestige, and power, and influence. It was our courting of the Triple Alliance of early days which brought us to the humiliation of seeing our ambassador, the most distinguished personage in Europe, actually refused a seat at the conference table of Verona. Our side, notoriously, has always been the side of "the Liberal and secondary States," the Davids rather than the Goliahs of the world—the side of the small countries who wanted an independent Power to control the balance in their favour, and the countries which specifically represented Liberal and Constitutional principles. Never before have we been complaisant enough, out of regard for the dominating power of the day, in her hour of triumph, actually to kneel on her fallen foe and help to keep him down in "isolation"—"economic" or otherwise. Like Cato's, our sympathies have generally been found on the side of the *victa causa*. And we have not done badly by pursuing an independent course. It has secured us the trust and respect of the world, and has kept our hands free. Had ours been a long-established friendship, had the alliance not been pointedly directed against any one with whom we are in professed amity, had it not been very patently preceded by a course of bullying and badgering which evidently had an object—at home, abroad, in the colonies—there might have been something to be said for this new union. But our ally is the very last to forget that in 1864, 1866, in 1870—much later—it was those very Conservatives who now so pressingly woo him, who most openly betrayed their antipathy to the Prussian eagle. We personally remember with some amusement what hot water a poor German *chargé d'affaires* got into with his Government, for failing to report home a distinctly anti-German speech delivered by one of Lord Salisbury's colleagues, —which by some accident had got hidden away in a corner of the *Times*, but which, for all that, was duly noticed at Berlin. The conversion is a very recent one—*propter hoc* as well as *post hoc*—and accordingly little likely to be appreciated on sentimental grounds. In times past we have sacrificed blood and treasure without stint to pull down great military empires, which by their power threatened the freedom, if they did not the "Roman" peace, of Europe. Are we now deliberately going to lend a hand in the building up of one, more powerful, more compact, more subject to one will?

We do not wish to make a serious point of what enemies to

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Prussia might urge by way of caution—namely, that we have been in alliance with that State which now practically stands for Germany, before now, and have not always found it a most satisfactory ally—as little as other countries who have trusted to it. Its rulers wearied our statesmen under William III. and Queen Anne with their incessant demands for fresh subsidies, in return for which they did not always perform what they had undertaken. When at the time of Frederick the Great we were Prussia's only ally—a fact for which Prussian historians give us credit—our friend at Berlin made no bones of suggesting to Voltaire, sent on a confidential mission to his Court, that if Louis XV. would only declare war against King George, he, Frederick, would, without hesitation, support him through thick and thin. In the Napoleonic wars we found Prussia a most shifty and slippery customer. The same she proved herself at the time of our Crimean complications, and again in 1871, when Russia, with Prussia's counivance, broke through that very treaty of which Prussia was a co-guarantor. Signor Crispi has only a few months ago recalled to mind how Prussia treated her southern ally, now allied again, in 1866—concluding a separate peace with Austria, in the very teeth of treaty obligations, and leaving Italy for nine entire days to face unsupported her foe, whom but for Prussia's alliance and Prussia's instigation she would never have dared to attack, being manifestly over-matched. Austria, too, has a tale to tell of one or two little disappointments—one in 1859, when, as a popular rhyme freely sung at the time puts it:

> "Preussen hat uns zugesagt,
> Uns zu helfen in der Schlacht—
> Mausefalle!"
> ("Prussia has promised us
> To assist us in the battle—
> Mousetrap-promise!")—

the other in 1864 and 1866, when, indeed, Prussia's alliance with Austria was a pure decoy, deliberately entered into as a preparative for Prussia's war with Austria. The world has advanced even since 1866, and we have no doubt that an engagement formally entered into on the part of Berlin would be loyally observed. But still, one cannot altogether forget what has happened. But will the great combination, to which we are supposed to have lent our countenance, attain its object, and secure to Europe the desired abiding peace? We are afraid that crediting it, with any degree of confidence, with such a result, would be over-rating its efficacy. Odds may aggravate the intensity, the bitterness of a contest; they may impose upon the combatants more costly and more extensive preparations—enlarge hostile combinations, spread out the field of action; they will never really avert a fight, in the face of determined resolution. It is idle to suppose that the alliance of Germany, with Austria and Italy held in leash, even after England has been

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tacked on as a nondescript auxiliary, will effectually deter France and Russia from drawing the sword, once they agree to co-operate and make up their minds to fight. It seems to be assumed that the mere junction of four Powers may make actual fighting unnecessary. However, no one can seriously imagine that a combination which is not really meant to fight will stave off a war for more than a very little time. If, on the other hand, fighting enters into the calculations of our league for the preservation of peace, then obviously we are in for far more of a job than the country is likely to admit itself prepared for. Probably in that case we should back out at the critical time, making thereby enemies instead of friends, and raising up fresh "umbrages" and "roughnesses," instead of clearing any away.

But now for the other side of the bargain. Whatever we have agreed to give—Heligoland alone obviously is but as a feather in the balance when the object is to keep Europe at peace—what have we taken security that we shall get in return?

We have concluded our agreement, or understanding, or whatever it is, with the Emperor, a very powerful personage, and an active and exceedingly well-intentioned ruler, who, with all his fancy for rather ostentatious autocracy, is possessed of unquestionably sound and reasonable ideas, which one may well wish that Germany may be destined to see carried into execution. But, apart from his ill-health, which may (μὴ γένοιτο) end his career at any moment, the Emperor is about the last man in his country to carry with him in such a novel policy the public opinion of his own people—without which obviously the establishment of good and neighbourly feeling between nation and nation is wholly out of the question. The Emperor is not really a popular monarch, and his original ideas do not *à priori* commend themselves to his rather slow-thinking subjects. All his little military whims, his daily alterations of the patterns of uniforms, his impressment of lances into general service, his rather brusque and scarcely called-for reproofs and admonitions to his officers on the score of extravagance, his perpetual night-alarms and frequent "blue letters," which keep the army in perpetual suspense, his personal interference at all points of the administrative system, his little "burschikose" vagaries at Bonn—all these have not given him that weight and commanding influence with his people which a great ruler in his position may reasonably be assumed to covet. His leaning to England, among other things, is a move in which his subjects distinctly do not follow him. It is quite a new departure in German politics, abhorrent to all traditions of Prussian policy. Prince Bismarck—with whom ten Germans think even now, at any rate on foreign affairs, to every one who thinks with the Emperor—is known wholly to disapprove of it. To him our Royal Family are still the same "rickety Guelphs" as which he has been rude enough

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offensively to describe them. To him our statesmen, Conservative as well as Liberal, are still the same empty "Parlaments-redner" as which he has set them down. Indeed, Prince Bismarck and his colleagues have some reason to wince under the mention of England; for in their day they have been made to hear a good deal more about England than can possibly have been agreeable to them. In those eventful days when Waldeck, and Löwe, and Virchow held out indomitably in a gallant defence of popular rights against the powerful champion of prerogative, the example of England was dinned into the Prussian Premier's ears till he must have grown sick at the sound; and our great Ministers were held up to him as models, which it was said that he himself could never equal. In truth, the parliamentary rule, the free speech, the democratic principle, for which England stands as the accepted emblem to politicians abroad, make her smell most malodorously in the nostrils of the great ex-Chancellor. His sympathies are avowedly with Russia. His quarrel with his august ex-pupil is, among other things, that he has thrown over Russia—which he probably could not help, but which he had been bidden specially to beware of—the Power, that is, which it was rightly considered, by German Liberals and Conservatives alike, a master-stroke of policy on Prince Bismarck's part to detach in 1872 from the mass of anti-German elements brooding over Europe and threatening mischief, and to knit it once more (in company with Austria, which practically had no choice) more or less firmly to Germany, in a triple league, which promised to prove all the more abidingly cemented, as recalling to imperial rulers the cherished alliance which in its day they themselves regarded as "holy." No doubt that *was* a master-stroke of policy, and no doubt that "Triple Alliance" was incomparably stronger than its present namesake, even with England thrown in as a rather independable adjunct. Linked with Russia and Austria, in a union bound together not only by a common policy, but, moreover, also by the tie, even stronger, of substantially a common principle of government, Germany might laugh at French threats of "revenge." She cannot feel equally secure now. On that ground we can forgive Germans for looking a little askance at the new substitute provided, and almost forced upon them, without their own choice or approval, by their Emperor, to fill the gap in the broken ranks. To say that Russia has, by her devotion to new interests, compelled the change in German policy, is to say what may be true (though it is challenged in Germany itself), but not what makes the new departure any more palatable to Germans. The plain fact of the matter is—and there is no use in blinking it—that the Germans as a nation do not like us, however little we may have done to deserve their dislike, and however unreasonable the better-informed among them may show such antipathy to be. They are scarcely likely to discard their aversion at their

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Emperor's simple bidding. For the unneighbourly sentiment exhibited there are several reasons. Our ways, as they have been developed by the march of centuries, are not at all like the ways upon which Continentals are taught to look as ideal. We have perhaps, moreover, held our heads a little unduly high, not merely as moderately purse-proud travellers, but also as somewhat condescending hosts. "What makes you Germans so fiercely anti-English?" asked the writer early in 1889 of the editor of one of the most influential German newspapers, who had not always railed as violently against us as he did at the time. "We have the power now," said the German; "*wir bellen wieder* (we bark back)." They had pocketed so much, they thought, in the days of their weakness, that they must recoup themselves now by making themselves doubly disagreeable. Then there is our commercial rivalry—never greater, unfortunately, or threatening to grow to still more formidable proportions, than just now, at the moment chosen for a *rapprochement*. To what extent that rivalry has been sharpened since Germany laid herself out for a deliberately competitive commercial policy, probably few people in England are fully aware. But it deserves to be pointed out, while we are looking for a liberal effusion of good-will, to what degree our commerce with Germany has become aggressively competitive and overlapping, whereas our trade with France, Russia, and other countries is certainly far more dovetailing and mutually complemental. Cottons, machinery, hardware, coals, the transatlantic trade—above all, the trade with the East—in all these Germany has ranged herself specifically against us, supported partly by Government subsidies, and endeavouring to close her markets—formerly not the worst—against us. The trade with the East Germany is indeed straining every nerve to secure—not without considerable prospect of success, in view of the thrift, the pushing perseverance, the contentment with small profits, of her sons; and this it is which makes the prospect of the possession of a Mediterranean seaboard doubly alluring. These are facts to be reckoned with. For coal, Germany is still, in spite of her assiduous efforts for self-emancipation, largely dependent upon our mines, also for machinery upon our workshops, though it is not quite easy to gather from the Board of Trade Returns how much of our exports remains in Germany and how much goes beyond. But in the manufacture of machinery, almost more than in any native industry, have we been made to feel the effects of competition. To state but one instance, the writer remembers that about twenty-five years ago—more particularly after the lowering of the Customs Tariff in 1865—the sheds of dealers in agricultural machinery and implements were filled with goods almost exclusively of English make. German kindred industry was not, in fact, then to be taken seriously. In 1889, in the same sheds, much enlarged to meet growing demands,

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scarcely any English articles were to be seen. "No, we do not want them any more," was the answer of his old friends. Look at the principal German newspapers! Twenty and five-and-twenty years ago their columns were full of advertisements of English goods; now scarcely a stray notice of such is to be found. Look at those beautifully tasteful cloths, gay with large staring patterns of most extraordinary design, which Germans delight in wearing at home. They have taken the place of English broadcloths. So it is along the whole line of manufactures. And look at Hamburg, Bremen, and Stettin, emancipating themselves, with the help of Government grants, and drawing the commerce away at a growing rate from our seaports. One odd feature about this struggle is, that our German competitors invariably begin it with a vehement assertion that it is *we* who have first troubled the waters. Denounce the *Engländer* loud enough, and you can always get up sufficient steam to set a new enterprise going, even though it collapse afterwards. Worst of all this peculiar contentiousness has of course shown itself on the ground of colonial settlements, on which the Germans had really least cause for complaint. By some peculiar caprice or instinct, or else that imitativeness of ourselves, which now particularly marks all their commercial enterprises, our neighbours, suddenly grown consumingly covetous of colonial possessions, have in their settlements done by us exactly as Sydney Smith points out that gout does by its victims. Would it but attack our limbs an inch above or below the precise point of the joints, we could bear it with equanimity. Similarly, if the Germans had only gone a hundred miles away in one direction or the other, where there was plenty of room for them, they might have been welcome, or at any rate very endurable, neighbours. But wherever the English carcase was, there by preference did the German vultures gather together. And if their wings would not carry them to the precise spot, they invented the ingenious but entirely novel theory of "Hinterland." Of course, this anti-English feeling could not have been got up purely out of nothing when the occasion for it arose, though it has been reserved for the last twenty years to add, by a strange resource of human inventiveness, a fresh sting. But, in truth, for generations back the German people have been taught —by their schoolmasters, by their officials, by their press, by all that is subject to Government authority—that we are, speaking generally, to be eyed with suspicion and distrust. Political considerations, the desire to keep the close atmosphere of king-rule absolutely free from any invading whiff of wholesome Parliamentary air, of course, had very much to do with this. To the German press England has for a long time been a familiar and very convenient whipping-boy; and to the administrators of the Manteuffel and Bismarck type we have of course always been "anathema."

Since 1870 that antipathy has been to some extent strengthened by

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the introduction into the German official decalogue of a new commandment, which says: "Thou shalt not be *franzosenfreundlich*." And the proof of *Franzosenfreundlichkeit* is sought, not in any evidence of active love for France, but in the absence of preferential favouring of Germany. "He that is not with me is against me." In the hands of an authority which in 1870 demanded from us "benevolent neutrality," it needs not to be said that the test is rather exactingly applied. Our very Court—anything but anti-German that it is—has been set down by Bismarck as "charged with pro-French sympathies." In 1870 Mr. Gladstone was in office, and he did not—because legally he could not—stop the supply of English coal to France. That has never been forgiven him. "There is no doubt," it is still currently said in Germany with resentment, "that in 1870 England helped France with all sorts of material of war." Accordingly, poor Mr. Gladstone—of all English statesmen the least likely needlessly to take sides in Continental squabbles—is particularly abominated by all that is official, as peculiarly *franzosenfreundlich*. Hence that aggravated hatred. Hence that unmannerly and altogether unprecedented persecution of Lord Granville, Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Secretary—not a little to the benefit of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues, who could as little have stopped the shipping of coal to France, but who do not mind profiting by the prejudice in their favour which the ignorance of a local law has excited in German minds.

Lord Salisbury appears thus far to be the only English statesman who has either escaped the suspicion of *Franzosenfreundlichkeit*, or else has allowed himself to be taunted by the charge into ranging himself openly on the German side. His first tenure of office in Downing Street must have to some extent prepared the Germans for that step; for admittedly he did Germany's wish when Germany desired to see Russia weakened without herself stepping out of the mask of friendship. The writer was present when the editor of a great German paper, which at the time served in respect of foreign politics as the publicist mouthpiece of the Wilhelmstrasse, gave his directions to its English contributor: "Our policy in Eastern affairs is the policy of the English Government. On that ground we are entirely with her."

Now, it is all very pretty, showing that the present Government is not *franzosenfreundlich*, and making a great display of a wish to conciliate German opinion and bringing about a brotherhood of kindred nations. But, even if it be fair to leave an undeserved stigma on a political opponent who only did his duty, in the face of all the elements of antagonism which are only too patently present, is it likely that by the exchange of a few cheap civilities, and the paltry gift of Heligoland, the prejudice of centuries will at once be wiped away, the keen jealousy of rivals actively engaged in contest

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will cease, and we, only newly converted to zealous pro-Germanism as the Germans know us to be, will forthwith become pets and darlings with our neighbours, and find all "roughnesses" and "umbrages" planed away? He must be a sanguine man who would assume that. Certainly in Germany—however grateful the Emperor personally may be to us—nothing is to be seen of that new interchange of brotherly feeling which, we are told, has been effectually established. Officials are still just as brusque and ill-mannered as before; the Customs barrier remains exactly as rigid, and is defended with no better grace. Press, politicians, and "the man in the street" continue to discuss England in just the same hostile tone—possibly with an aggravated distrust and a smile at our simplicity, which persuades itself that Germany's amity, while there is so much inducement to friction, is to be bought with "a mess of pottage." A very curious little bit of byplay to the pæans into which our Conservative newspapers—with not too much show of dignity, we thought—broke out over the announcement of the cession of Heligoland (by which, they said, we had at last secured an ally, and would therefore no longer stand isolated in Europe), was furnished to the writer in the reception which he saw given to the same glorious news, on the anniversary of Waterloo, by a large party of general and field officers, gathered together from various parts of the Empire, in one of the leading frontier fortresses. The first feeling excited was evidently disgust and indignation. "Come to terms with England! And all for Heligoland! Disgraceful! What do we want to come to terms with England for at all? She cannot fight us. She is no longer able to meet any civilised Power in the field. Let us have it out, then! And if we should want more ships than are at our own command—why, to help in humbling hated England, even France would gladly join hands with us!" That certainly did not seem a promising first-fruits of the new alliance—a suggestion of war where war had never had a place before. For we have never actually crossed swords with the Prussians. But as a sample of public opinion this kind comment does not stand alone.

But if more has been accorded on our side than what appears on the surface, and than, certainly, promises to be efficient, what is that "more"? Without it we evidently lose our labour; with it—what are we committed to?

The truth is, that although undoubtedly there is an immense amount of good to be done by a drawing nearer of England and Germany—good to both countries; good, beyond that, to all Europe; and we heartily wish that we could see it brought about—such a thing is not to be accomplished in the easy way which Lord Salisbury appears to consider effective—by a little knuckling-under, a little giving of presents, and the saying of pleasant things. The

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task is much bigger. It is not an Emperor and a Premier, it is only both nations joining hands willingly who can accomplish it. The obstacles, as it happens, are all on the other side. What in the analogous case of France secured the good effect that we obtained was not the hostile alliance against Russia, but the multiplying of points of friendly contact between ourselves, the obliteration of prejudices and jealousies, above all things, the development of a large trade between the two countries, which in the present case Germany is avowedly deliberately averse to. We cannot invite the Germans over to us. They are there already—we do not wish them away—from the millionaire banker who keeps our accounts, and the sharp stockbroker, who, along with our own men of his calling, fleeces the public, down to the toilsome clerk who by his wide-spread competition casts a cloud over so many a humble household, and the live-upon-nothing "sweatee" who comes here specially to "have his face ground" and to keep our strikers out of work. But we, on our side, are not to be bidden to Germany. On the contrary, so far as we are there now, we are to be driven out by a Customs war, besides being confronted, wherever we go—in Africa to settle, in Asia to trade—by eager rivals. *There* is the point of difference. Let the official cease from his political hostility, the colonist have a little regard for our possessions, the trader pull down his Customs barrier, and we shall grow friends fast enough. We only ask that we should be done by as we do by others.

And after all, we are not fit associates for that ambitious company abroad, into which Lord Salisbury is, by a great mistake, trying to introduce us. We can stand up pluckily enough for ourselves, and give serviceable help occasionally, when wanted, to overmatched small States. But we do not want to see our fleet, such as it is—for *pace* Lord George Hamilton, the Germans do not appear to think that we keep it quite up to the mark—used as a chessman in a game between foreign players. We are pure and simple "*marchands de boutique*"—"*orgueilleux*" no longer—who wish to trade and live in peace and amity with all, who do not care to exercise themselves in great matters which are too high for them. Abroad like King George, we have "no predilections," but have long settled that we ought to try to be alike friendly with all. We have tried alliances and found them wanting. Our place is neither by the side of France nor by that of Germany—with their quarrels we have no concern—but on that neutral ground where *medio tutissimi ibimus*. Our proper post is at the head of "those Liberal and secondary Powers" which need a leader pledged to fairness and peace. Lord Beaconsfield, after all, showed himself possessed of a far truer conception of the proper aims of British policy than his successor, when in 1878 he proposed, as a counterbalance to the great military combination of the Empires, a purely defensive

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Mediterranean alliance, consisting of ourselves—not with Germany or Austria, but with France, Italy, and Greece—an alliance which could have caused no alarm to any one, nor aroused any jealousy. "Vast ambitions" and "bloated armaments"—Lord Beaconsfield's phrases—are not for us. Burdened with responsibilities which we do not shirk, but which are in all conscience sufficient for our own buoyancy, our proper course is that "even keel," undisturbed by the singing of Sirens on either side, which has secured us the confidence and respect of all the world. Even German badgering and diplomatic mole's work in South Africa and in the East ought not to have decoyed us from off that safe track, every departure from which can only lead us into mischief. Germany knows that, like other countries, she can have our friendship whenever she chooses to accept it—nay, she has got it without asking. But she would immeasurably increase it by meeting us in something of the same spirit in which we have met her. Obviously, friendships, political as well as private, are not to be cultivated across carefully barred and bolted doors. One little bit of commercial concession, one little opening of her commercial house, one little abstention from needless colonial bickering, would go ten times farther than Lord Salisbury's studied demonstrations of goodwill. He has got hold of entirely the wrong end of the stick; and while he may or may not have committed us, directly or implicitly, to steps which we may eventually not be found willing to take, it looks very much as if the return secured to us were to turn out nothing more substantial than temporarily glittering, deceptive, and valueless "rainbow-gold."

H. W. W.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

MR. LANGLEY'S *Experiments in Aerodynamics*[1] is a volume which one may safely predict will be closely scrutinised by physicists, whether or not they are interested in the problems of aerial locomotion. Its object, the author tells us, is not "to explain any art of mechanical flight, but to demonstrate experimentally certain propositions in aerodynamics which prove that such flight under proper direction is practicable." The experiments, which were conducted on an unusually large scale, have been in progress since the beginning of 1887, and have led to results of such a nature that the author is of opinion that they ought now to be made public. In the first place they show that the obstacles in the way of transporting through the air a body of greater specific gravity than air itself are not such as have hitherto been thought. The mechanical sustentation of such bodies, combined with great speeds, is not only possible, we are told, but within reach of the mechanical means we already possess, and the experiments show that, in addition to being sustained, such bodies may be propelled also. But there are difficulties in the way of guiding the body so that it may ascend or descend with safety or move in any desired direction, and it is these which seem to be the chief obstacles to aerial locomotion. With these difficulties, however, the author is only indirectly concerned. In the second place, the apparently paradoxical result is obtained, that if in aerial motion there be given "a plane of fixed size and weight, inclined at such an angle and moved forward at such a speed that it shall be sustained in horizontal flight, then the more rapid the motion is the *less* will be the power required to support and advance it." On a first perusal, this statement is somewhat startling; but, in face of the experimental evidence in support of it, it cannot be hastily set aside as untrustworthy. The experiments which lead up to it are presented in successive series, which become more and more convincing, until, in the author's judgment, they become positively demonstrative. We are not prepared to go so far as this all at once, but we are convinced that

[1] Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. *Experiments in Aerodynamics*. By S. P. Langley. City of Washington: Published by the Smithsonian Institution.

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there is substantial truth in several of the author's propositions, and that he has opened up a line of investigation which is likely to lead to important results, not only in the department of aeronautics, but in other branches of applied mechanics. The first series of experiments were made with what is termed the "suspended plane." They were designed to enforce attention to some consequences of the fundamental principle that the pressure of a fluid is always normal to a surface moving in it which appear to have been neglected. The conclusions drawn from them are "that the stress necessary to sustain a body in the air is less when this is in horizontal motion than when at rest; that this stress, instead of increasing, diminishes with the increase of the horizontal velocity; and that it is at least probable that in such horizontal flight up to great velocities the greater the speed the less the power required to maintain it." The second of these conclusions is at variance with the teachings of some physicists, who will doubtless have something to say with regard to it. The second series of experiments determine empirically "the ratio between the pressure on an inclined square plane and on a normal plane moving in the air with the same velocity," and incidently show that on a plane at a small angle of inclination the pressure is considerably greater than that deduced from the formula given by Newton in the *Principia*. Perhaps, however, the experiments with the "plane-dropper" are the most interesting and novel, as they are more or less at variance with the doctrines taught in treatises on theoretical mechanics. In effect they show that if a horizontal plane be moving horizontally, the time of falling through a vertical height is greater than if it fell from rest, and that the time of falling notably increases with the velocity of lateral translation. They show, too, for what kinds of planes this increase in the time of falling is greatest, and even determine "the horizontal velocities at which variously shaped inclined planes set at varying angles can *soar*—that is, just sustain their own weight in the air under such circumstances." Without referring separately to the other series of experiments, it must suffice to say that, combined with those mentioned, they lead to the general inference "that so far as mere power to sustain heavy bodies in the air by mechanical flight goes, such mechanical flight is possible with engines we now possess." Even from this brief statement of its contents, it will be seen that this is no ordinary volume. As we have said, we believe there is substantial truth in at least some of the author's views and conclusions, and with him we believe the time has come when the questions they involve should engage the attention, not only of engineers, but of all who are interested in the practical solution of a problem which will have important and far-reaching consequences. The volume, we may add, is one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, which has done so much

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for the spread of scientific, technical, and other knowledge, and before publication was submitted to a Commission, composed of Professor Simon Newcomb, U.S.N., Professor Henry A. Rowland, and Professor Cleveland Abbe.

As regards, type, illustrations, and binding, the translation of Guillemin's *Electricity and Magnetism*[1] is a veritable *livre de luxe*, and well suited to grace the drawing-room tables on which the editor appears to hope it will be found. In trusting that his hope will be gratified we do not blind ourselves to the fact that such works have not hitherto been found in such places; but these are changeful times, and scientific literature is rapidly finding its way where fifteen or twenty years ago its presence would have been scouted. The burden of translation and much of the revision have fallen upon Mr. Colman C. Starling and Professor R. Mullineux Walmsley, who may be complimented on the way the task entrusted to them has been performed. The editor, besides carefully revising the translation and correcting the electric and magnetic data so as to bring them up to the present time, has for the most part re-written the chapters on dynamo-electric machines and the telephone. He has also added various footnotes and several supplementary paragraphs, and so revised the text as to eliminate the language which was only applicable to electric and magnetic phenomena when these were explained by theories which are now obsolete. As to the aim and scope of the volume, it may be said at once that it is intended to be a popular, simple, and non-mathematical exposition of the science that now excites such general interest, and does not pretend to be a text-book for students who make it a speciality. Judged from the standpoint thus indicated it may be honestly recommended, and, though there are doubtless imperfections and short-comings on some matters of detail, it is, on the whole, well adapted to the end in view. The arrangement of the subject-matter is open to little or no objection, the first part of the volume being devoted to "phenomena and their laws," and the second to their applications. Under the first head the phenomena of magnetism and electricity are dealt with in the order named, and in the treatment both experiment and theory are carried as far as seems necessary in a popular treatise. The instruments used to illustrate and investigate the phenomena are, as a rule, clearly and fully described, and, aided by the numerous excellent illustrations, the descriptions should be readily understood. Terrestrial magnetism is the subject of two very excellent chapters, the latter of which closes with a most interesting account of the latest researches on Polar Auroras. The observations of Nordenskjold and Tromhold are briefly summarised,

[1] *Electricity and Magnetism.* Translated from the French of Amédée Guillemin. Revised and Edited by Silvanus P. Thompson, D.Sc., B.A., F.R.S. With six hundred illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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as are the experiments of Lemström, and that in a way which will surely induce the reader to go in quest of further information on these matters. The phenomena of electricity are treated in an equally satisfactory manner, and with a wealth of illustration which almost reduces the reader's task to a nullity.

It is the second part of the volume, however, which, in our judgment, will appeal most strongly to the interest of those for whom it is more especially intended. Here are to be found full descriptions of the many applications of magnetic and electric phenomena with which everybody is more or less familiar, from the mariner's compass and the electric telegraph to those wonderful inventions which in recent years have almost revolutionised the conditions of social and commercial life. The telephone, the microphone, and the radiophone; electric motors, electric transmission of power, and electric lighting, electricity in warfare, are but a few of the subjects which find a place in this part of the work, and which are treated in such a way as to merit the attention of the general reader as well as that of the practical man who wishes to know in what direction a field for further developments is still open. We will not venture upon any details in connection with any of these matters, as we feel assured that enough has been said to indicate the many points of attraction which the work presents. In taking leave of it, we may express the hope that it will be as widely read as it deserves to be, and have no fear that it will fail to satisfy the legitimate expectations of all who consult its pages.

There is not much of scientific value in *The Microscope and its Lessons*.[1] The author appears to be one of those who have a superficial acquaintance with a few scientific facts of the most familiar kind, and at the same time possess the faculty of making them do duty for wider and deeper attainments. In the volume before us this is done by making the facts stand as texts for moral and religious lessons, in which there is nothing that has not been put forward times without number, but which nevertheless involve a good deal of doubtful theology. The author is evidently enthusiastic, but his enthusiasm is directed to his own teaching, rather than to that of the microscope. He tells us that for thirty years he has lectured in London and the country on the subjects here dealt with, and this being so, we presume there are people to whom such books are welcome. For ourselves, we would prefer to have the science, the moral teaching, and the theology in separate courses, rather than in the mixture here presented; and we are not sure this would not be an advantage to the special teachings which the author desires to propagate.

[1] *The Microscope and its Lessons:* A Story of the Invisible World, with Pictorial Descriptions of its Inhabitants. By James Crowther. London: Published by George Cauldwell.

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The translation of Dr. Schuchhardt's *Schliemann's Excavations*[1] is without a doubt one of the most noteworthy books of the season, and one whose contents will be eagerly studied by scholars and cultivated readers, both in this country and abroad. It is of a somewhat composite character, but this only serves to enhance its value and importance, as most critical readers will be willing to admit. In the main, it is based upon the volumes, pretty well known to archæologists, in which Dr. Schliemann gave to the world an account of his excavations in the Troad and other classical localities; but it is not confined to a critical summary of these. In addition, it contains, as an appendix, the report on the more recent discoveries at Hissarlik by Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld, and an exceedingly well-written introduction by Dr. Leaf, besides sundry useful and pertinent notes by the translator, which form a second appendix.

The task of preparing a concise statement of the results of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, in a form which should make them more accessible to the general public than they have hitherto been, was entrusted to Dr. Schuchhardt in 1886, and the original German edition was published at the end of 1890. The reader may rest assured, therefore, that the volume under notice is no hurried production, but contains the conclusions at which the author has arrived after a deliberate consideration of all the facts with which he was called upon to deal. His competency for such a task is perhaps best proved by the result; but it may be added that he had a personal share in the work of excavating at Pergamon, and had the opportunity of making his own observations on the spot, while, in other ways, he was able to obtain much information on many points which is not to be found either in remains or in books. The outcome of all this is a work of real and permanent value, which will henceforth be an important landmark in the progress of classical archæology, and which cannot but intensify and extend the already widespread interest in the subject.

Before proceeding to deal with the excavations, the author gives a sketch of the life of Dr. Schliemann, which forms a most appropriate prelude to the chapters that are to follow. Here we see what manner of man he was, how energetic and tenacious in carrying out his plans, and how enthusiastic in the pursuit of his favourite study of archæology when once his commercial successes had placed the necessary means at his disposal. In the course of the narrative, too, we are told how, in a volume of travels published in 1869, under the title of *Ithaca, the Peloponnesus and Troy*, he first announced the two leading theories which guided him in his later researches,

[1] *Schliemann's Excavations:* An Archæological and Historical Study. By Dr. C. Schuchhardt. Translated from the German by Eugénie Sellers. With an appendix on the recent discoveries at Hissarlik by Dr. Schliemann and Dr. Dörpfeld, and an Introduction by Walter Leaf, Litt.D. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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and which led to his remarkable career. "In the first place," to quote Dr. Schuchhardt, "the description of the traveller Pausanias, the classical Baedeker, led him to conclude that the graves of the Atreidæ at Mycenæ had lain inside, and not outside, the citadel wall; secondly, he placed Troy on the site of the new historic Ilion, on the Hill now called Hissarlik, near the coast." In 1870 the first sod was turned at Hissarlik, and, though this was merely a preliminary cutting to ascertain the nature of the operations that would be required in the projected excavations, it may be taken as the starting point of those discoveries which have made the name of Schliemann well nigh immortal, thrown a flood of light on the prehistoric condition of Greece, and shown us what the countries and people described by Homer were really like.

Coming to the excavations themselves, perhaps the first in interest, if not in importance, are those which were undertaken at Hissarlik with a view to confirm or refute the theory held by Schliemann that here was the location of the Troy of the Iliad. The results of these excavations are in the main generally known, but they have never been so lucidly set forth as they are in this volume. In Dr. Schuchhardt's opinion they fully justify Schliemann's contention, and decide the question of the position of Troy for ever. He says, "on the Hill of Hissarlik Dr. Schliemann has uncovered the ancient palaces of Troy, has laid bare its colossal foundations, and brought to light its treasures of gold and silver. Moreover, in the country round about, his unwearying exertions have proved the accuracy of many details, which show a coincidence, astonishing even to the most credulous, between the picture unfolded by Homer and the one preserved to this day." This, however, is not a mere expression of opinion. It is based upon a detailed recapitulation of all that "ancient tradition has handed down to us concerning Troy and the Trojan plain," upon the topographical features of the locality, and a criticism of the heterodox views of other authorities which shows their untenability. The objections, too, which, since the days of Demetrios and Strabo, have been urged against this view of the position of Troy, and which in our day have been maintained even by authorities of eminence, are subjected to such a searching analysis that they may be regarded as disposed of for ever. Whether or not their advocates will acquiesce in Dr. Schuchhardt's conclusion remains to be seen; but there can be little doubt that the excavations at Hissarlik have altogether changed the conditions of the controversy. Apart from all controversial questions, however, it is impossible to exaggerate the interest and importance of the wonderful discoveries which these excavations have brought to light. Whether we look at the evidence they afford of the existence of several cities which were successively built upon the Hill of Hissarlik, the pottery, the implements, and the treasures which have been unearthed from the

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débris of each, or the exposure of the buildings of the second city, which is regarded as the Homeric Troy, the fact is clear, that they bring back to us a picture of ancient civilisation which is almost of the nature of a revelation.

The excavations at Hissarlik being disposed of, Dr. Schuchhardt next proceeds to those at Tiryns and Mycenæ. These occupy two chapters, in which the reader is fascinated in a way it is impossible to resist, not only by the luminous style in which the accounts are written, but also by the remarkable character of the discoveries which they reveal. The chapter on Mycenæ especially is a masterpiece; for, as Dr. Leaf intimates in the introduction, the author has not merely arranged the facts in intelligent sequence, but has analysed and explained them with an acumen which carries conviction with it, even when the explanation is opposed to the conclusions of deservedly eminent authorities. As an illustration of this the discussion on the Bee-hive Tombs and their contents, and still more that on the Shaft-Graves and the rich treasures they have yielded, may be referred to, as among the best contributions to prehistoric archæology that have ever been penned. The conclusions to which they lead follow so directly from the evidence of the facts, as marshalled by Dr. Schuchhardt, and at the same time explain the facts so naturally, that Dr. Leaf is certainly justified in thinking them "hardly likely to require serious correction in the future." On the relation of the Mycenæan civilisation to the Homeric poems and its place in the development of classical Greece, the author has something to say which is entitled to and will doubtless receive the careful consideration of archæologists of every school. It may be, as Dr. Leaf suggests, that the author does not attach due weight to "the possibility that the oldest parts of the Iliad at least may be actual survivals in their present form from Achaian and pre-Dorian days," a possibility which obviously affects our view of the relation of the text to the monuments throughout. It is possible also that the connection between the poems and the remains brought to light by Schliemann's excavations is closer than Dr. Schuchhardt has ventured to assume. On these points we will not be so rash as to intervene between such high authorities, but content ourselves with the hope that in the near future positive evidence will be forthcoming that will finally settle this important question.

Before closing this notice a few words must be said respecting the illustrations which form so conspicuous a feature of the volume. The portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann will be acceptable to all classes of readers, and are fittingly introduced in a work dealing with the explorations to which they devoted themselves with so much enthusiasm. The maps and plans are of great value, especially the latter, which enable the reader to comprehend easily the main results of the excavations, and the arrangement of the buildings and

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fortifications which formerly existed on the various sites. We shall scarcely exaggerate if we say that they constitute an integral part of the work, and that without them it would be shorn of much of its value. The new plan of Hissarlik, which Dr. Dörpfeld's generosity placed at the author's disposal, is one whose value can scarcely be over-estimated. It is based upon the results of the most recent excavations, which have almost doubled our knowledge of the Trojan Pergamos, and consequently must supersede all those that have previously appeared. Of the two hundred and ninety-five ordinary illustrations, which are interspersed through the volume, we need only say that they are all highly finished productions, and whether they represent pottery or metal-work, implements of war or articles for personal adornment, landscapes or specimens of architecture, are equally good and effective.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

M. ANDRÉ LEFÈVRE has contributed an important volume on Religion to the *Bibliothèque des Sciences Contemporains*.[1] As professor in the Anthropological School of Paris he has exceptional qualifications for the task, and the result is almost a cyclopedia of facts bearing upon the subject. M. Lefèvre is, however, something more than a mere compiler; he has a theory of his own and independent opinions, which he expresses in the most uncompromising manner. Religion he regards as entirely an illusion of comparatively recent growth in the history of man. He does not allow for it, even in its most primitive forms, an antiquity of more than ten or fifteen thousand years, and asks what are these compared with the two hundred and forty thousand years which science estimates as the period of human life on earth? He considers the various theories of the genesis of religion, and, while admitting the fact that they all recognise some actual element that is to be found in all religions, he does not consider that they go to the bottom of the matter. He reviews them historically—that is, in the order in which they have commanded attention. Beginning with Euhemerism, or the theory that all the gods were originally men, he does not deny that in a few instances men have been deified; but he does not accept this as a general explanation of mythology. Symbolism—that which sees in the gods the figures of cosmic forces or human faculties—may

[1] *La Religion* Par André Lefèvre. Paris: C. Reinwald & Cie. 1892.

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also have had its share in the formation of myth, but not in the earliest stages. It does too much honour to the conceptions of humanity in its infancy. He rejects also the view that was at one time more popular than it is now, that all religions were the corruptions of a primordial deism, an initial monotheism, a long while forgotten, of which the traces reappeared unceasingly under the plexus of the most capricious deviations. It is by elimination—by re-absorption, rather—of a Divine personality, slowly reduced, that the monotheistic hypothesis is formed. God is the last, not the first, of supernatural beings. The author devotes some pages to the examination of fetichism, as described by De Brosses, and caustically remarks that we know the fetiches which are met with amongst all savages and amongst the greater part of civilised people. But if we are to understand by fetichism the direct adoration of material and concrete objects, the word is very far from being applicable to all the beliefs of primitive man. Taken in the ordinary sense, fetichism, the invocation of fetiches, is only one form of cult, or, rather, it is the character of all cults; but it is not the foundation of religion. Linguistic mythology is next noticed, and though the importance of it is admitted, this is also regarded as a development, and not as an original element. Mythology is not only, says our author—referring to the well-known dictum of Max Müller—a disease of language, it is *the* disease, or rather the essence. We are thus gradually led into regions more profound—if not beyond the origin of language, at least beyond the birth of myths, properly so called. This brings us to a consideration of Tylor's Animist theory, to which M. Lefèvre does full justice, speaking of his work in the highest terms. Animism is truly the point of departure, and the bond of all mythical and mystical aberrations; it explains not only the worship of the dead and of ancestors; the phantom and the *double* emanate not only from men; they appertain to each being, to each thing, to each phenomenon, and, by analogy, to each idea or general term; all classes of spirits, of genii, of gods, and of allegorical beings spring from animism.

But our author seeks to plunge even into profounder depths than animism reveals. As penetrating as this theory is, he says, certain facts escape it, and seem to take refuge in the shadow of some period anterior to the animist *régime*. These facts are common to men and animals; they connect the human race with the zoological series, and reveal, even in sensation, the first germs of the religious sentiment. For example, the gorilla bites the stick which wounds him, the weapon which enters his breast; the dog shows his teeth at the cane lifted up against him, but when he becomes familiar with it salutes it with pleased yelps. The same animal and others, they say, howl at the moon and at eclipses. They know the place from whence came some misadventure, and avoid it accordingly. The

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Indian of Brazil bites the stone which has struck him, the arrow which has wounded him; the relations of a *Kuki* killed by the fall of a tree must take vengeance on his murderer by hewing down and cutting to pieces the guilty vegetable, as the poet Horace cursed the tree which had missed crushing him. The Prytanes condemned to exile and cast out of their territory of Attica the inanimate objects which, without human intervention, had caused the death of any person. An old English law confiscated and sold for the benefit of the poor every beast or thing convicted of murder. Xerxes whipped the rebellious Hellespont; Augustus chastised the sea which revolted against his fleets, and excluded from a solemn procession the statue of Neptune. Between the acts of the gorilla or dog and those of the savage, of the Athenian, the Anglo-Saxon, the Persian, and the Roman, there are only the differences implied by the intellectual inequality. The one and the other proceed from impressions and reasonings instinctively common to all living organisms. After some further illustrations M. Lefèvre concludes: "We see the tendency to endow beings and things with animal and human faculties had sufficed, without any other help than that of language, to create the gods and religions, little different from those we know. It is anterior to animism, which it preceded, and from which it ought to be distinguished." To this the author gives the name of *anthropism.* And animism he regards as the necessary transition from anthropism to anthropomorphism. We have not space to follow this outline further. The bulk of the book, more than five hundred pages of close type, is devoted to illustrations of the theory and its development. We have laid before us an unexampled wealth of instances of religious customs and mythological fancies. The titles of the chapters will give some idea of the vast field surveyed. They include: Zoolatry, Phytolatry, Litholatry, Hydrolatry, Pyrolatry, The Cult of Generation, Animism, The Gods of the Atmosphere, Astrolatry, The Gods and Cosmic Myths, and Divinised Concepts. These are followed by a chapter entitled "Liturgy," in which we are brought nearer to a consideration of the forms of religion which still survive—sacerdotalism, sacrifice, and prayer.

The author's conclusion is, that religion is the illusion which attributes to things, to beings, and to the phenomena of nature—to visions, to actions, to the faculties and conceptions of men, intentions, wills, and personalities. From his point of view religion has had its day, and the future belongs to science. We have not been able to indicate the ingenuity, the pointed comparisons, the light thrown upon a multitude of religious customs which still survive, with which these pages abound. The work will not be acceptable to those to whom religion in any form is still dear, but no student of the religious history of our race can afford to neglect it.

We are very glad to welcome an edition of Professor Wellhausen's

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Sketch of the History of Israel and Judah[1] in a convenient and handy form. The sketch appeared originally as an article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and it was subsequently reprinted as an appendix to the English translation of the author's *Prolegomena*. This is the first time it has appeared in a separate form. It is already known to students, it ought now to become popular. It is based on the learned author's studies in Hebrew literature and history, and, though not controversial in form, it differs totally from orthodox presentations of the subject. Legend is not altogether rejected, but it is regarded as legend, and the supernatural elements are eliminated. It is a masterly sketch, but it lacks the literary charm and ethical insight of Renan's recent volumes on the same subject. An appendix on Judaism and Christianity displays great penetration, and does not attribute a higher value to Judaism in the formation of Christianity than it deserves. One admirable sentence throws light on a much misunderstood problem. "The Jews," he says, "had no historical life, and therefore painted the old time according to their ideas, and framed the time to come according to their wishes."

There is not much that is fresh in the late Dr. Duff's *Early Church: A History of Christianity in the First Six Centuries*.[2] The editor tells us that it was not prepared for publication by the author himself, and consists of a number of lectures, some of which appear to have been written continuously, and others for special occasions. It is written from an orthodox point of view, and contains little more than a condensation of matter generally known. For those who wish only for general information on the subject the book may be useful; but it is spoiled by the introduction of a great deal of exclusively theological matter, as distinct from historical, and it is graced by a certain amount of pulpit eloquence. But whether this is a recommendation or not is a matter of taste.

Doubts in Dialogue[3] is a collection of papers contributed from time to time by the late Mr. Bradlaugh to the *National Reformer*. They have the defect of all compositions of the kind, as the author, in the character of interlocutor, can always place his adversary at a disadvantage by the answers he invents to his own questions. And as we may imagine, in this case Mr. Bradlaugh's objections to the various doctrines and theories subjected to them are much stronger than the replies supposed to be made. Not that we mean to say that in the majority of cases Mr. Bradlaugh's objections are not sound, but the best replies are not always given, and a real debater

[1] *Sketch of the History of Israel and Judah*. By J. Wellhausen. Third Edition. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1891.

[2] *The Early Church*. By the late David Duff, M.A., D.D., LL.D. Edited by his son, David Duff, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1891.

[3] *Doubts in Dialogue*. By Charles Bradlaugh. London: A. & H. Bradlaugh Bonner. 1891.

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would have found something better to say in his own defence. These dialogues are between the unbeliever (sceptic, infidel, atheist) on one side, with all sorts of people on the other—from a Church of England curate to a disciple of Herbert Spencer. Mr. Bradlaugh's views on orthodox Christianity are well known, and they will be found here in a brief and pithy form. Perhaps *Assertions in Dialogue* would have been a more appropriate title, as the author himself seems to have been entirely free from doubt.

Dr. T. S. Berry's book on *Buddhism and Christianity*[1] (Non-Christian Religious Systems) contains a very agreeable *résumé* of what may be considered the historical account of Buddha and his system. It is free from any narrow-minded and intolerant criticism, such as we formerly found in religious books on the subject, and it is equally free from the extravagant and unreasoning admiration of Buddhism which is so fashionable. We think the author is not unfair when he says, that "many people who indulge in Buddhist conversation have contented themselves with the perusal of Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, which, although a charming poem, is as reliable for the true life of Buddha as would be a history of our Lord that was compiled indiscriminately from the New Testament, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the myths of the Middle Ages." The subject is properly introduced by a sketch of the early history of Hinduism, some knowledge of which is indispensable to the appreciation of the subject. This is followed by a biographical sketch, and an examination of Buddhistc doctrines, and a review of Buddhism as a system rather than as a religion. The question of the possible influence of Buddhism on early Christianity is discussed in a tolerant spirit, and the evidence weighed, the author concluding for the independent origin of Christianity. In this we think he is right, for we could never see much in common between primitive Christianity and Buddhism, however much they may have resembled one another in their developments. The points of resemblance in early Christian teaching and that of Gautama are mainly ethical, and are not necessarily borrowed, as they are more or less common to all religions. The contrast instituted by our author between the two systems is based upon the theological conception of Christ rather than upon his personal life or his ethical teaching, so that it is not of so much value as it might have been. In an appendix is given a translation of the main portion of Barlaam and Joasaph, ascribed to St. John of Damascus.

Religion and Life[2] is a collection of essays by well-known Unitarian writers, which explain the attitude of Unitarianism to

[1] *Christianity and Buddhism; A Comparison and a Contrast.* By T. Sterling Berry, D.D. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

[2] *Religion and Life:* Eight Essays by Various Writers. Edited by Richard Bartram. London: British and Foreign Unitarian Association. 1891.

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questions of the day. The question is so often asked, "What is Unitarianism?" that the book deserves to be widely circulated. It shows that Unitarianism should no longer be considered a merely doctrinal scheme opposed to Trinitarianism, but that it is, in the main, a rational and devout Theism, and a very practical religion. The most important essays are "Religion and Theology," by Professor James Drummond; "Religion and Science," by the Rev. C. C. Coe; and "Religion and Ethics," by Professor C. B. Upton. Two essays by laymen—"Religion and Trade," by Mr. J. R. Beard, and "Religion and Citizenship," by Mr. R. Bartram—are very much to the point. The Rev. P. H. Wicksteed treats of "Religion and Society" in his usual sympathetic and earnest manner, and Rev. J. E. Manning contributes a decidedly smart paper on "Amusements." "Religion and Art" is handled by Rev. L. P. Jacks, and Rev. G. W. Tarrant brings the volume to a close with a thoughtful essay on "Modern Religious Developments." A perusal of the volume should dispel some of the foolish prejudices from which Unitarians still suffer.

Mens Christi[1] is the title of a thoughtful little book by Dr. J. S. Kedney, consisting of six lectures delivered before the students of the "Episcopal Theological Seminary" at Cambridge, Mass. There is evidence of a philosophical spirit in it which is none too common with Professors of Divinity, and, though we do not accept the author's theology, we can commend his manner of dealing with his subjects. The first lecture, on the "Question of the Knowledge of Jesus, and of Inspiration, as affected by the Doctrine of the Kenosis," will be found interesting to those who are concerned, from an orthodox point of view, in asking how far the authenticity of the Old Testament is supported by the use of quotations made by Jesus. This is a question which is puzzling Churchmen who can no longer deny the results of Old Testament criticism. Dr. Kedney offers them a solution which is as good as any we have seen. He does not hesitate to say that the "language of Jesus is accounted for by his historical antecedents. If not perfect, it implies that his empirical knowledge was not perfect, but both were acquired gradually in the course of human development," which seems to us undeniable. "But of the absolute truth, which underlies and explains all facts, we may hold that he had intuition" is a matter of opinion. A lecture with which we are more in sympathy is the one on the "Possibilities of the Future." The "Doctrine of a Nature in God" is more purely philosophical, suggested by a study of Jacob Boehme and Dr. Martensen. Readers of a theologico-philosophical turn of mind will find the book to their liking.

A work of very inferior character to the above is before us, entitled

[1] *Mens Christi and other Problems in Theology and Christian Ethics.* By John Steinfort Kedney, D.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1891.

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Inspiration and Inerrancy.[1] It is the work of four theological professors—Dr. C. A. Briggs, of New York, and Drs. Llewellyn J. Evans and Henry P. Smith, of Cincinnatti; Dr. A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow, contributing an introduction. The topic is the inspiration of the Old Testament as affected by criticism. The presence of errors and inventions in the Old Testament Books being admitted on all hands the question agitating orthodox theologians is, How can its inspiration be maintained? This question these gentlemen attempt to answer, but we cannot congratulate them on their method. They are intensely angry with the conservative school which maintains that demonstrated error in the Old Testament would destroy its authority, and almost go to the length of asserting that the errors prove the inspiration, to such length will prepossesions carry their victims. Dr. Evans in particular indulges in the most extravagant and preposterous rhetorical nonsense we have ever read, and we cannot but feel some surprise and regret that Dr. Bruce has endorsed it. The argument generally seems to be that inspiration is much too large a thing to trouble itself about facts; this would have been a "pedantic accuracy," in place of which we have a "generous indifference." Amongst ordinary men the perversion of history generally goes by another name. If theologians would give up the absurd idea that the "Bible is a whole" they might save themselves a great deal of unnecessary anxiety. If they would assign their relative value to its component parts they would find it actually of more service. What good can come, for instance, from "finding no difficulty in supposing the list of Dukes of Edom God-inspired, even though in the original autograph it had some names wrongly placed," we fail to see. The book is full of similar absurdities. What concern can English Christians have with the Dukes of Edom, or, for that matter, with the Patriarchs, some of whom, Dr. Briggs says, if they lived among us now and did such things as they did then, we might be obliged to send to prison lest they should defile the community with their example. Then why contend that they or their histories were God-inspired? The reign of the Patriarchs is evidently almost over in the Presbyterian Church.

We have received the second volume of the new edition of F. D. Maurice's Sermons,[2] which we find supports the opinion we expressed on the first. There is a manliness and breadth in them which is all too uncommon now. The secret seems to be that the clergy have degenerated into the mere advocates of a Church, while Maurice regarded his office as that of a preacher of righteousness to the nation.

We have also received two more volumes of the Rev. J. S. Exell's

[1] *Inspiration and Inerrancy.* London: James Clarke & Co. 1891.
[2] *Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.* By Frederick Denison Maurice. Vol. II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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Biblical Illustrator—(1) *The Gospel of John*, vol. iii., and (2) *Thessalonians* i. and ii. and *Timothy* i. (Nisbet & Co., London). We can only repeat what we have said before; it is a wonderful compilation, but of no use to any one who is not extremely orthodox.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE doctrine that everything should be done by the State, which seems to be the underlying fallacy of so many Socialistic theories, receives a trenchant criticism at the hands of M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, in a work entitled *The Modern State in Relation to Society and the Individual*.[1] M. Beaulieu commences by defining accurately the modern conception of the State, and shows that the word "Government" is more convenient for the purpose of dispelling the illusions which have led some idealists to assume that legislation can succeed in producing a Utopia. There is a great deal of sound sense in the book; but it is evident that M. Beaulieu belongs to that class of persons who in England would be ranked as Conservatives. He refers, in one passage, to the State as "this mysterious being whose name is pronounced with reverence by so many would-be sages, whom all men invoke, but about whom they all disagree, and who appears to be the only divinity for which the modern world will retain any confidence or respect." This is epigrammatic rather than true. It is not for the State that our latter-day enthusiasts entertain such profound feelings of reverence—it is for Humanity, that marvellous entity in which Comte saw something divine, something which would put to flight time-honoured superstitions and vain, supernatural symbols. According to M. Beaulieu, the only duties which the State should perform are to maintain security, to administer justice, and to watch over and preserve the general conditions of existence for the people. Even these duties, he proceeds to lay down, are not adequately fulfilled. On the other hand, he attributes extraordinary results to private enterprise, holding it can do, much better than the State, any work which is susceptible of remuneration.

The name of Joseph Mazzini will always be honoured in England. He was not merely a patriot, but one who loved humanity with passionate intensity. His work was so far-reaching that every man must recognise in him a brother and a friend. In a publication entitled *God and the People*,[2] which is made up of selections from

[1] *The Modern State in Relation to Society and the Individual.* By Paul Leroy Beaulieu. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

[2] *God and the People; the Religious Creed of a Democrat.* Being Selections from the Writings of Joseph Mazzini. By Charles William Stubbs. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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Mazzini's writings, Mr. C. W. Stubbs gives us materials for estimating the character and opinions of this noble-minded Italian enthusiast. Mazzini's creed is a kind of popular deism, and his dogmatism is rather curious, having regard to the vagueness of his ideas. His notion that to attempt to prove the existence of God would seem blasphemous, shows how entirely unscientific was the bent of his intellect. Indeed, all his reasoning is of a purely *à priori* character, and is therefore quite as much open to attack from the standpoint of rationalism as the antiquated forms of belief which he has rejected. For instance, the proposition that the idea of duty cannot exist apart from God is one of those arbitrary postulates which is not recognised in any rationalistic system of ethics. Here are Mazzini's words: "Either the development of human beings depends upon a providential law, which we are all bound to seek to discover and apply, or it is left to chance, to passing circumstance, to that man who contrives best to turn these things to account." Now the development of human beings depends on laws which cannot be infringed with impunity, and whose operation cannot be described as "chance"—the laws of Nature. The violation of Nature's laws brings its own punishment; and here we have a basis for morality—not an ideal morality, no doubt, but one which inculcates virtuous conduct and responsibility for every human act.

Another fallacy of Mazzini is his conception of Humanity as a being. Humanity is not a being. It is either an abstraction, in which we embody the resultant of human action and human history, or the multitude of human beings, past, present, and future. By a figure of speech, we may represent Humanity as "a man who lives and learns for ever." But it must be distinctly understood that such language is merely figurative, and cannot be used with scientific accuracy.

In his formula, "God is God, and the people is his prophet," the Italian patriot has given a new version of the Mohammedan doctrine. Mazzini's whole philosophy is really contained in the well-known Latin adage, *Vox populi vox Dei.* It is the key-note of his creed, which is a simple and grand one, though not resting on experience or on historical proof. The weakness of Mazzini's style is its lyrical tendency, or what M. Zola describes as "lyrisme." Some of his sentences are characterised by splendid eloquence—the true eloquence of the heart. Take this fine passage for example:

"The human intellect at the present day, placed between desires greater than the possibility of attainment, and the idea of a mission vaster than the power of accomplishment, is restless, anxious, and depressed. Man either fixes a prayerful glance upon a future beyond his reach, or utters a cry of grief and rage, like a chained lion. And the winds scatter alike both rage and prayer."

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According to Mazzini, the decay of faith is the cause of the decline of poetry. "Faith," he says, "will revive poetry, rendered fruitful by the breath of God and by a holy creed."

The Italian patriot has done ample justice to Byron, who of late years has been rather hardly dealt with, and it may not be out of place here to quote the passage:

"I know no more beautiful symbol of the future destiny and mission of art than the death of Byron in Greece. The holy alliance of poetry with the cause of the people; the union—still so rare—of thought and action, which alone completes the human Word, and is destined to emancipate the world; the grand solidarity of all nations in the conquest of the rights ordained by God for all his children, and in the accomplishment of that mission for which alone such rights exist; all that is now the religion and the hope of the party of progress throughout Europe is gloriously typified in this image, which we, barbarians that we are, have already forgotten. The day will come when Democracy will remember all that it owes to Byron. England too will, I hope, one day remember the mission—so entirely English, yet hitherto overlooked by her—which Byron fulfilled on the Continent: the European *rôle* given by him to English literature, and the appreciation and sympathy for England which he awakened amongst us. Before he came all that was known of English literature was the French translation of Shakespeare, and the anathema hurled by Voltaire against the 'intoxicated barbarian.' It is since Byron that we Continentalists have learned to study Shakespeare and other English writers. From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted amongst us for this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe."

Some of Byron's narrow-minded English critics, who have recently attempted to lower his great reputation, should take to heart these remarkable words of Mazzini.

The history of the French Revolution is an almost inexhaustible subject. The true causes of the Revolution must be understood before we can properly appreciate that great movement. In M. Félix Rocquain's work, *L'Esprit révolutionnaire avant la Révolution*,[1] which has been introduced to English readers by Mr. J. D. Hunting, it is conclusively shown that the Revolution was not brought about by the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, but by the intrigues of the Court, the squabbles of the Jesuits and the Jansenists, and the disgraceful public scandals, which gradually undermined all respect for authority. Professor Huxley speaks very highly of the book in an introductory note; and we recommend it for perusal by all who take an interest in the most momentous epoch in modern history. It is a noteworthy fact that in 1753 D'Argenson described the Parisians as being "in a highly inflammable state," and anticipated the outbreak of the Revolution. In the following year, the refusal of sacraments and the imprisonment of four councillors in

[1] *The Revolutionary Spirit preceding the Revolution.* By Félix Rocquain. Condensed and translated by J. D. Hunting. With an Introductory Note by Professor Huxley. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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the Bastille excited popular indignation, and the situation was made worse by the language of a Jesuit who, preaching before Louis XV., declared that "blood alone could extinguish heresies," and that "it would be well to spill a few drops at once, in order to avoid the flowing of streams in the future." M. Rocquain regrets that the Revolution did not break out at that time, instead of taking place thirty-five years later. He appears to think that, in that case, a constitutional monarchy would have been established, and that the Parliament, enlarged and transformed, would either have assumed an analogous position to that occupied by the English House of Commons, or, preserving only its functions of adjudicating, would have entered into a compact, whereby regular powers would have been granted to the States-General and the provincial States. The result would have been a curtailment of the excessive power of the clergy, and a cessation of the persecution of the Protestants. This view may not meet with the approval of the champions of the great Revolution known to history, but the possibility of a less bloody upheaval may touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those who shudder at the bare memory of "the Reign of Terror."

Mr. Henry George, in *An Open Letter to the Pope, on the Condition of Labour*,[1] frankly but respectfully criticises his Holiness's Encyclical dealing with the same important question. Mr. George maintains that his favourite theory with reference to the private ownership of land is deserving of the Pope's support, and lays before his Holiness some considerations which, he says, have been overlooked by the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. George plainly tells Pope Leo that he is wrong in stating that man can have any private ownership in "those permanent things of Nature that are the reservoirs from which all must draw." It is impossible not to admire the courage and earnestness of the American land reformer; but the repetition of his oft-repeated arguments becomes slightly monotonous.

The great work of Karl Marx, *Das Kapital*, is admirably summarised in *The Student's Marx*,[2] by Dr. Edward Aveling. According to Dr. Aveling, the two greatest thinkers of this century are Charles Darwin and Karl Marx. The great learning and ability of the German socialistic economist are undeniable; but many of his opinions do not stand the test of logical criticism. His analysis of value is an important addition to political economy, and his discovery of the truth that the economic structure of society is the basis on which everything else rests, proves that he was a pioneer in the realms of thought. At the same time, he was not infallible; and

[1] *The Condition of Labour: an Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII.* By Henry George. With an Appendix containing the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labour. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

[2] *The Student's Marx: an Introduction to the Study of Karl Marx's Capital.* By Edward Aveling, D.Sc. London, Fellow of University College, London. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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his horror of machinery amounted almost to a superstition. His attack on Mill as a "bourgeois economiste," is undeserved. Mill was a profound and original thinker, and his mind was more free from bias than that of Marx. In Dr. Aveling's little book the main points of the German economist's celebrated work have been concisely put; and it ought to be placed as a text-book in the hands of students who wish to have an accurate knowledge of the subject.

English rural life has been depicted by Mr. Thomas Hardy and by Mr. George Meredith in rather attractive colours. The poet tells us that "God made the country, and man made the town." We should therefore naturally expect country life to be rather idyllic. But a number of letters which appeared in the *Daily News*, and which are now published in a small volume,[1] throw a very different light on English country life. The agricultural labourers are flying to London because their wages are too low. The cottages of the peasantry are wretchedly damp and unsanitary structures, tending to produce typhoid fever and other diseases. The public-house flourishes, and the old men die in the workhouse. In one village, marriage, till a few years ago, was quite the exception, and concubinage was the general custom. Tory philosophers, take a note of this!

The Jews are a very interesting people. They have succeeded in impressing modern society with a high estimate of their talents and their money-getting powers. In a small volume, entitled *Studies in Jewish Statistics*,[2] Mr. Joseph Jacobs, himself one of the Hebrew community, gives us some curious facts as to the social and moral condition of this remarkable race. We find that of every two hundred marriages among English Jews, of the upper and middle classes, fifteen are between first cousins. According to Mr. Jacobs, the probable causes of those consanguineous marriages are the absence of any prohibition of them by the Rabbinic law—which even permits marriages between uncles and nieces—the rare communion by the sexes amongst the Jews, and the absence of pre-nuptial love. The Jew has, up to a recent period, been particularly shy and reserved towards strangers, and, as Mr. Jacobs playfully puts it, "a shy man usually marries his first cousin, as she is the only maiden who will propose to him." In the cases of English Jews, the idea of "keeping the money in the family" has also much to say to marriages between first cousins. With reference to the effects of such unions, the researches of Mr. Huth, whose book on *The Marriage of Near Kin* deserves perusal, and of Mr. G. H. Darwin, son of the great naturalist, appear to show that marriages between first cousins have no evil consequences beyond intensifying any diathetic taint

[1] *Life in our Villages.* By the Special Commissioner of the *Daily News*. London: Cassell & Co.

[2] *Studies in Jewish Statistics, Social, Vital and Anthropometric.* By Joseph Jacobs. London: David Nutt.

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that may occur in the family. Thus, if one party to the marriage be scrofulous and the other not, the children may inherit a scrofulous taint, but not more than if the scrofulous subject had married a woman of a different family. But, if both the cousins are scrofulous, the offspring are more likely to have scrofula than in the case of two scrofulous persons of different families. Moreover, there is a greater chance of two first cousins having the same hereditary taint.

Mr. Jacobs computes that probably 7½, and certainly 6 per cent. of all marriages between native English Jews are between first cousins, and that nearly one-tenth of all English Jews are the offspring of consanguineous marriages. With regard to the social condition of the London Jews, we gather from these studies "that the number of wealthy Jews is very limited; and the notion that all Jews are rich is, it appears, owing to the fact that "the Jewish poor have never been a burden to the general population, but have been entirely supported by the Jews themselves." There are over 11,000 Jews in London who manage, with the assistance of their more prosperous brethren, to eke out a bare existence. "A Jew is either rich or poor," according to Mr. Jacobs; "he is rarely content with a moderate competence." The immense gap between the average incomes of upper class Jews and the class below them shows that there is really no Jewish middle class. The occupations of the London Jews are various. Of those engaged in trades, a very large proportion are tailors. There are comparatively few engaged in the work of carpentering—a striking fact, considering that Jesus was the putative son of a carpenter! Many Jews are to be found amongst physicians and lawyers. A considerable number devote themselves to banking and pawnbroking. Jewesses rarely do any work, and to this is generally attributed their robust condition of health. A fact which should be borne in mind is that, though money-lending is probably more frequent among Jews than amongst other "business" men, there is only an inappreciable number who make their living by it. The habit of marrying early is peculiar to the Jews. Most of them marry before they are twenty. The causes of this appear to be partly social and partly religious. The Talmud prescribes that a man should marry before his twentieth year. The Eastern Jews may have been influenced in adopting this practice by the teaching of the Babylonian doctors, who fixed the period of marriage at fourteen. So at least Mr. Jacobs opines, and his theory may be taken for what it is worth. Another point worthy of notice is the large number of marriages between Jewish bachelors and spinsters as compared with those between widowers and spinsters. The average number of births to a Jewish marriage is almost invariably greater than that which falls to the lot of Christians. Mr. Jacobs points out that Jews can boast of a considerably lower rate of illegitimacy than

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almost any other sect or nation. In a paper on "The Comparative Distribution of Jewish Ability," given in an appendix, the author calculates that if we took a hundred men at hazard from each of three races—Jews, Scotch, and English—the seventy-second Jew would equal in ability the seventy-fourth Scotchman or seventy-sixth Englishman. There is something in these figures flattering to the Jews as a race.

Persons who have a partiality for esoteric studies of man should read the *Essay on Human Life*, by Mr. R. C. Sen. It is highly interesting, especially in dealing with the sex problem. In the same little book is contained an *Essay on the Indian National Movement*.[1]

The Memoirs of the late Count Von Moltke have apparently caused considerable excitement in France, if one may judge from the interesting little work by M. Edouard Lockroy, entitled *M. de Moltke ses Mémoires et la Guerre Future*.[2] M. Lockroy anticipates that the next war between France and Germany will be a merciless one. He goes further, and sees in the present attitude of Europe a policy of bitter hostility to France. If in the coming war his country is defeated, she must, in M. Lockroy's judgment, expect the same fate as Poland. Let us hope that this is an exaggerated estimate of the consequences of an unhappy conflict. Perhaps M. Lockroy adopts a gloomy tone in order to stimulate his countrymen to more active and earnest preparations for the defence of the French nation.

The rather obscure history of tithes is learnedly set forth in a fair-sized volume, from the pen of the Rev. H. W. Clarke.[3] The author joins issue on some points with Lord Selborne, whom he accuses of "drawing inferences from negative evidence." The payment of tithes is, we are informed, a tax. The first instance found on record of the payment of tithes is in the passage in Genesis recording how Abraham, on returning victorious from battle, gave tithes to Melchizedek as a priest of God. It is remarkable that Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History, makes only one reference to tithes, stating that the Bishop of Lindisfarne, Eadbert, gave every year the tenth part to the poor. The author of the present work acknowledges that the payment of tithes should be purely voluntary.

Under the appropriate title of *Mutual Thrift*,[4] the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson gives us an excellent history of friendly societies. The author states very lucidly what the main object of a friendly society is—namely, to enable the working-class portion of the community "to obtain an insurance, or, rather, group of insurances, based on

[1] *Two Essays.* By R. C. Sen. Banáras Amar Press. 1891.

[2] *M. de Moltke ses Mémoires et la Guerre Future.* Par Edouard Lockroy, Député de la Seine. Paris: E. Dentu.

[3] *A History of Tithes.* By the Rev. Henry William Clarke, B.A. Trin. Coll., Dublin. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

[4] *Mutual Thrift.* By J. Frome Wilkinson, Rector of Kelvington, Nottingham. London: Methuen & Co,

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mutual principles." The history and development of the Odd Fellows, the Druids, and the Foresters are traced with great minuteness. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson does justice to the co-operative experiment of Robert Owen, whom he compares to General Booth.

In *Le Japon Pratique* we have an artist's account of one of the most delightful countries in the world.[1] M. Félix Régamey evidently likes Japan and the Japanese, and he interests us in the art, the commerce, and the manners of this ingenious and highly accomplished people. The illustrative sketches are a little rough, but highly dramatic.

Crispi Bismarck et la Triple Alliance[2] is the title of an admirable book of caricatures by John Grand-Carteret. The various representations of the Italian ex-premier are exceedingly clever, and are certainly calculated to make him extremely ridiculous. Bismarck does not escape either, for in some of these caricatures he looks anything but dignified.

An elaborate and learned account of Mahdiism is given by Major Wingate[3] in a large volume, which space does not permit us to notice at sufficient length. The introduction by Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell shows that the author of the work, owing to his knowledge of Arabic, is well fitted for the task. As head of the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian army, Major Wingate had access to important documents which he was able to translate. From these documents the narrative is largely compiled.

The history of the English colonies is every day becoming a more absorbing topic. In a work on *The Government of Victoria*,[4] Mr. Edward Jenks, Professor of Law in Melbourne University, furnishes invaluable information to every student of Australia and its institutions. In one chapter he gives us a sketch of the local government of the colonies (and particularly of New South Wales) prior to 1835. The constitutional history of Victoria begins with the founding of Port Phillip in 1835. Mr. Jenks deals with the first elections in Port Phillip, which were entirely on the English model. The two great questions that agitated the colony when it had obtained a constitution, were local government and the land question. Both are ably and fully dealt with. In his concluding chapter, Mr. Jenks discusses the prospects of colonial federation, which he considers a rather doubtful experiment, and the Cabinet system, which he does not think quite applicable to Victoria, as the conditions necessary for its success are not to be found in that colony.

[1] *Le Japon Pratique.* Par Félix Régamey. Cent Dessins par l'Auteur. Paris: Hetzel et Cie.

[2] *Crispi Bismarck et la Triple Alliance en Caricatures.* Par John Grand-Carteret. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave.

[3] *Mahdiism and the Egyptian Soudan.* Being an account of the Rise and Progress of Mahdiism and of subsequent events in the Soudan to the present time. By Major Wingate, D.S.O., R.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

[4] *The Government of Victoria (Australia).* By Edward Jenks, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

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A new edition of Sir George C. Lewis's *Essay on the Government of Dependencies*[1] has been published by the Clarendon Press. An admirable introduction has been written by Mr. C. P. Lucas, B.A., who has ably edited the work. Though fifty years have passed since this book first saw the light, and Sir George Lewis had not before him, when writing it, some of the great works on such questions which have since appeared, it remains a monument of learning, embodying vast knowledge of a difficult subject, and a mass of information which cannot fail to be of immense value to every student of political science.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE first volume of the "Camden Library," under the joint editorship of Mr. Gomme and Mr. Ordish, deals with the history of the Exchequer. Other volumes, we are told, will follow on matters dear to antiquarians, such as Old London Theatres, English Armour, Church Plate, and the like. But the series is intended to be useful to the historian as well as to the pure antiquarian; and, if succeeding volumes carry out the earnest given by Mr. Hubert Hall, the "Camden Library" will meet with hearty welcome. The minute investigations of the antiquarian writer are of the greatest value to the more general historian, and in no subject will such research be more useful than in the obscure and dark history of the Exchequer. Mr. Hubert Hall in *The Antiquities of the Exchequer*[2] gives us a careful account of the mediæval treasury and of financial arrangements of the English kings. It is impossible to summarise, however briefly, the information of which this book is full; we can only point out particular parts which seem of special interest. In the first chapter Mr. Hall explains that the early treasuries of the kings consisted of three parts: the central treasury, which was fixed at Westminster or Winchester; the personal treasury, which followed the king, and provided for his daily wants, to which payment was made largely in kind, even after the Norman Conquest; and, lastly, local treasuries in certain cities, which were set up for convenience of collecting and distributing revenue. From these grew up the Royal Exchequer, sometime about the reign of Henry I., under the financial minister, Roger of Salisbury. We are glad that Mr. Hall has rejected the fabulous tales of its earlier origin.

[1] *An Essay on the Government of Dependencies.* By Sir George Cornewall Lewis, K.C.B. Edited, with an Introduction, by C. P. Lucas, B.A. Bal. Coll. Oxon. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

[2] *Antiquities and Curiosities of the Exchequer* ("Camden Library"). By Hubert Hall, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1891.

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From this point the book passes more into detail, and tells of the location of the Exchequer, its division into Upper and Lower, as well as of its work and duties. From the treatise of Richard, Bishop of of London, the *Dialogus de Scaccario*, Mr. Hall has drawn stores of information, though it is a mistake to include neither the treatise, nor a translation of it, in the list of authorities given at the end of the book. It occurs, indeed, and was first printed, in Madox's *History of the Exchequer*, as well as in the *Red Book of the Exchequer*, but the fact may be unknown to many who might wish to consult a document of such immense importance.

Full of interest are the accounts given of the famous robbery of the Exchequer in 1303, and especially of the chess game and system of tallies. The complicated method of reckoning known as the Chess Game is most clearly and lucidly explained, and forms, perhaps, the most valuable part of the work.

In conclusion, we welcome Mr. Hall's book, as giving a careful history of a difficult subject. We could wish that he had more often given references to his authorities, and that he were somewhat less certain about some very doubtful points. Here and there, too, we are given general statements, which are inaccurate, or misleading, owing to their attempting too much. Thus, for example, on page 176, we are given a table, which "may be taken as fairly representative of the chief sources of revenue during the greater part of the Middle Ages." In this table we find given together taxes which were invented and levied at quite different times. Thus Danegeld and Carucage are given as separate taxes, though in reality the latter was simply a new form of the older tax, which it superseded. But in spite of these small slips, the book is a good one, and throws much light on a very obscure subject.

Another book dealing with the antiquities of what may fairly be called a national institution has been recently published. Mr. Ernest Law has completed his task of writing the *History of Hampton Court Palace*[1] by the publication of a third and last volume, which deals with the history of Orange and Guelph times. This last period lacks the historical interest that made Mr. Law's earlier volumes such pleasant reading, but enough of pleasant association and personal reminiscence still linger in the third to repay the time spent in reading through the pleasantly printed pages of the present volume. An excellent index, and some interesting appendices, one of which gives a list of the occupants of private apartments in the palace, complete the usefulness of the book, and atone fully for the somewhat Hanoverian dulness which is chronicled under the reigns of George I. and George II. The illustrations, too, are excellent, containing many

[1] *The History of Hampton Court Palace.* Vol. III. *Orange and Guelph Times.* By Ernest Law. London: George Bell & Sons. 1891.

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good reproductions of old pictures, and, of special interest, Sir Christopher Wren's designs for the rebuilding of the palace.

Nor is the matter of the third volume wanting in interest, though we think that Mr. Law might with advantage have somewhat shortened and condensed the hundred and fifty pages which he has devoted to the history of Hampton Court during the almost equal number of years which have passed since it ceased to be a royal residence. But still much that is of interest is told us. William III.'s affection for the palace, near to and yet removed from London; his decorous if somewhat dull Court; and his plans for rebuilding the larger portion of it, are all treated of. With Mr. Law, we cannot but regret that the old Tudor parts of the building were pulled down in order to make way for the strange work of Wren, which seems to have been a compromise between his own views and those of the King, moderated by the desire to harmonise the new and the old—a task of such difficulty that we can hardly wonder even if the great architect did not successfully achieve it. The reign of Queen Anne introduces the original story of the *Rape of the Lock*, the incident connected with the poem having occurred at Hampton Court in the summer of 1711. The Court days of the two first Georges do not afford much incident beyond the squabbles of the royal family, and the dull routine and scandals that have been preserved in the various *Memoirs* of the time, and faithfully searched and made use of by Mr. Law. From the time of George II.'s desertion of the palace, there is only the record of decline. The old dwelling-place of kings was divided into private apartments, and in the present reign was thrown open to the public. Quite recently, however, events of interest have happened, as, for example, the case in which was settled the vexed question as to whether writs could be served in the royal palace. Such points, and others of less interest, Mr. Law has fully dealt with. We could wish that a catalogue of pictures had been added as an appendix, but the *History* is so full and contains such abundance of facts, which show painstaking and careful work on Mr. Law's part, that it would be ungrateful to do more than welcome this last instalment of a useful book, and recommend it to the notice of the large public who have spent so many pleasant hours within and about the ancient palace of kings which now has become the palace of the people.

We have received two short books of biography dealing with the lives of two great men of the present century—Abraham Lincoln and Bishop Wilberforce. Both alike were great statesmen and leaders of men; both alike lived during troublous times, and solved the problems with which they had to deal. Just as Lincoln saved America from the dangers brought on by the war, so Wilberforce saved the English Church in the evil days of the early part of this

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century. Thus both left their mark on the times in which they lived, and their influence will be the inheritance of many future generations. This influence it has been the task of the latest biographers of these great men to determine. Into the details of their lives we need not inquire; they are sufficiently well known already, and are easily accessible.

Mr. Carl Schurz in his study[1] has attempted to define the real position of Abraham Lincoln. The greater part of the book contains a summary of the events of Lincoln's life, which form the premisses of Mr. Schurz's conclusion. That Abraham Lincoln was the "saviour of the Union, and the liberator of the slaves," none will deny. The part that he took in the war is well told by Mr. Schurz, who answers the charges brought against the President of having exceeded the powers allowed him by the constitution. But the well-known excuse that he would break the constitution in order to save it is unanswerable. The irony of history has put in the mouths of Wentworth and Lincoln the same plea for unconstitutional action; is it not possible that other points of agreement might be found between these two great men, who both believed that government must be intelligent even before it is constitutional? But Mr. Schurz has rightly insisted upon the great moral effect produced on the American people by Lincoln's character. His peace-loving nature, his sympathy with suffering, his moral earnestness did much to prevent America feeling the evil influences of civil war. Abused by violent partisans, attacked by the Southerners during his own lifetime, it is even yet only barely possible to estimate fairly the work of President Lincoln, but Mr. Schurz has made an attempt to form such an estimate, and with his conclusions most of us will agree.

An accurate and impartial view of the life of Bishop Wilberforce has been hitherto almost impossible. Playing the parts of statesman and Churchman of pronounced views he combined against himself party spirit and religious intolerance. We are glad, therefore, to welcome a short life of the great bishop by Mr. G. W. Daniell, published in the series of "English Leaders of Religion."[2] It is pleasant to have a biography shorter and more sympathetic than the three-volume *Life*, which, owing to the want of tact and judgment shown by its compilers, has done so much to make men mistake the character of its hero. Further, we welcome Mr. Daniell's book as giving a careful and readable account of Wilberforce's life within reasonable space, and also as making some attempt to gauge the influence he exerted over the destinies of the English Church. Thus, for example, we are told that Wilberforce was the organiser of the Church, the example of real episcopal life as it now exists,

[1] *Abraham Lincoln, an Essay.* By Carl Schurz. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
[2] *Bishop Wilberforce.* By G. W. Daniell, M.A. ("English Leaders of Religion.") London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

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as well as one of the foremost among those who took the lead in reviving Convocation. He was also a man of letters, a speaker, a man of wide interests, and of untiring energy. His knowledge of human nature, too, was great, as Mr. Daniell proves by quoting many of his humorous sayings.

The life of such a man few can write adequately, but the author of this present book has attempted the task, and has achieved considerable measure of success. He has told us the events of Wilberforce's life, under the loving guidance of his father, at Oriel College, as rector, as dean, and as bishop. On most points he has stated the facts simply, and left us to form our own judgment; and if in one or two of the crises of the Bishop's life he is inclined to be too apologetic, we can readily excuse him his sympathy towards one who, with all his faults, did so much to help forward what was best in the English Church, and who unsparingly used his great gifts for the good of his fellow-men.

It is a somewhat violent transition to pass from the life of Wilberforce to the *Lettres de Marie Bashkirtseff*,[1] which have been recently published under the editorship of M. François Coppée. These letters, which form a supplement to the *Journal*, cover a period of years from 1868, when their author had not reached the age of eight years. They add little or nothing to our knowledge of the remarkable person who wrote them; they contain the same frank self-revelation, the same self-satisfaction, and the same self-analysis with which we are already familiar. At the same time it is only fair to add that the *Lettres* tell of the extraordinary cleverness and ability of their writer.

But it is difficult to see why these writings of a sensitive and precocious girl should have been published. We feel in reading them a sense of humiliation at the morbid taste that demands such food: we feel, too, as if we were eavesdroppers, catching words meant for other ears alone. We cannot extract from these letters any passages of special value; and, indeed, it is rather the juxtaposition of ideas and emotions widely different that forms a help to the interpretation of Mdlle. Bashkirtseff's character. Personal gossip, questions of philosophy, vain conceits, and moral reflections are put side by side, together with records of foolish wilfulness and instances of rare ability. To those interested in Mdlle. Bashkirtseff as a psychological study these *Lettres* will be welcome, but to the ordinary reader they will give but little pleasure and much pain.

Mr. A. W. Moore deserves the thanks of the ever-increasing number of folk-lore enthusiasts for having collected the "myths, legends, superstitions, customs, and proverbs" of the Isle of Man[2] in a small

[1] *Lettres de Marie Bashkirtseff*, avec quatre portraits et une préface par François Coppée. Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier. 1891.

[2] *The Folk-Lore of the Isle of Man.* By A. W. Moore, M.A. Douglas: Brown & Sons. London: D. Nutt. 1891.

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book of modest size and appearance. His task, as he tells us, has been a difficult one, as the Manx language and superstitions have been almost killed by the growing intercourse between the island and this country. Yet superstition still lingers in some out-of-the-way parts of the island, though it is difficult to find out its form and extent by inquiry, since it is only mentioned with some sense of shame, if at all. Such inquiries Mr. Moore and Professor Rhys have made, and the result of them is embodied in this little book. Further, Mr. Moore has taken what he could from previous accounts of Manx folk-lore, which are often of very little value, since their collectors seldom knew anything of the language of the people from whom they sought information. Hence this book on Manx folk-lore is useful as giving a complete and classified list of what was known before, and as adding to it what careful inquiry has been able to discover. Before each chapter Mr. Moore has written a short summary and explanation of the lore that follows, which serves as a guide to the whole subject.

The book is divided into chapters, which treat of legendary myths, magic, customs, proverbs, &c. In the first chapter Mr. Moore has received help both from Professor Rhys and Mr. Alfred Nutt. It is interesting to note that the present writer accepts the view that the god Manannan took his name from the island, and not the island from the god. Wonderful are the tales of magic which are given, and charges of sorcery and witchcraft have been heard in Manx Courts not quite fifty years ago. The list of proverbs given at the end of the book is most interesting, and present in new form many familiar to us at home. In conclusion, we owe thanks to Mr. Moore for this little book, which will be of value to all interested in folk-lore. It is late in the day to attempt the collection of stories told by word of mouth, but Mr. Moore has shown that his quest has not been in vain, and we hope that his example will be followed by other writers in other parts of our islands.

We have received a large and handsomely printed book on the Franco-German War. Under the title of *De Wissembourg à Ingoldstadt*, 1870–71,[1] it records the experiences of a captain in the French army, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Wissembourg, and carried by the Germans towards Munich, through Mayence and Frankfort. He tells of the bad treatment he received at the hands of his captors, the petty vexations heaped upon him, and the trifling insults. Although he professes impartiality, we cannot but think that his patriotic feeling has caused him at times to exaggerate the insolence of the German officers towards their French prisoners—at least, we may hope so. The author was set free in March 1871, and reached Paris in time to hear of the doings of March 18 in

[1] *De Wissembourg à Ingoldstadt*, 1870–71. Paris: Librairie de Firmin-Didot et Cie. 1891.

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Paris. The book is pleasantly written, and filled with miscellaneous information about the places visited by the French prisoner. Its weakest part is the illustrations, which are ill-drawn, and entirely unworthy of the letterpress, to which they serve as a poor addition.

BELLES LETTRES.

Tim[1] is a deeply pathetic tale; its theme is the engrossing life-long love of a queer, sensitive, delicate, little lad, whose imagination had been unduly developed by a lonely life, for a boy a few years older than himself, and in everything the direct opposite of his adoring little friend. To many of us, a love so devoted, so tender, and so self-sacrificing as that of Tim may seem impossible, except from a man to a woman, or a woman to a man. But be that as it may, poor little Tim's faithful, adoring, affection, which illumines his short life and hastens his death, makes a most touching story—beautifully told by his anonymous biographer.

Urith[2] is a tale of the time of the Duke of Monmouth's abortive rebellion. The scenery and archæology of Dartmoor are vividly and interestingly portrayed, so that they are as constantly present to the reader's mental vision as is the stage scenery to the bodily eyes of a play-goer. The old-world manners of the dwellers in the wilds of Dartmoor—a little world to itself, two hundred years ago—are admirably delineated, and the temper of men's minds in the West of England, during the stormy, perturbed, years which immediately preceded the Revolution, are set forth clearly and with historical accuracy. The actors, in the episode narrated by Mr. Baring-Gould, are wild, ungoverned, beings, and throughout the greater part of the story, nearly all of them are actuated by the meanest and most hateful of poor human nature's instincts. Almost to the end, the book is a record of bitter malice, blind, headstrong, passion, and pitiless revenge, with their attendant train of misery and disaster. But almost at the last, the clouds lift, and the sun shines out. The inherent nobleness of some of the leading characters bursts through the perverse and evil tempers which have hitherto obscured it, and prompts to deeds of heroic abnegation and self-sacrifice. The lesson sought to be inculcated seems to be that love, if it is real, though it may be outraged, denied, and trodden under foot, is in its very nature immortal and unconquerable.

Senanitza[3] is a short story, not much longer than a tract, of

[1] *Tim.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
[2] *Urith; a Tale of Dartmoor.* By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.
[3] *Senanitza, the Faithful Kaffir.* A Story of South African Life. By A. C. R. Freeborn. London: George Cauldwell.

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which edifying class of literature it has, here and there, a *faux air*. But, on the whole, it tells its little story well, setting forth the Kaffir boy's dog-like devotion to his young master, with some dramatic power. It is apparently a tale intended for boys.

Another small volume, published by the same firm, is entitled *A London Rose*.[1] It is evidently addressed to servant girls of a humble class, and paints in strong colours the advantages of domestic service, even as a maid-of-all-work, as regards comfort, ease, and respectability, contrasted with the squalor, drudgery, and semi-starvation, entailed by seeking liberty and independence in shop-work.

Mr. Pryce's *Deck-chair Stories*[2] are quite admirable. It is rare to meet with so pleasant and varied a volume of short stories written by an Englishman, for it is not a walk of fiction in which we excel. Most of Mr. Pryce's are "society stories," but they have no touch of that flippancy, and affectation of cynicism, which are at once the distinctive mark and the bane of such stories. On the contrary, the little sketches in the present volume are bright and genial; but beyond that there is a charm about them difficult to analyse or define, but sure to make itself felt.

Cecilia de Noel[3] is a novel of opinions, not of incident. It is a class of fiction for which, we confess, we entertain no partiality, but this is rather a favourable specimen of the class. It is divided into seven chapters, each of which is headed somebody's "gospel," a nomenclature which to us was anything but encouraging. However, the several "gospels" were far less wordy and tedious than might have been expected, and as they are all comprised in one volume of less than 200 pages, they are none of them long. But besides the gospels, there is a ghost, which all but one of the seven gospellers sees, and each is affected by the vision in a different way from any of his fellows. The last of the ghost-seeing evangelists is Cecilia de Noel, whom we have heard of throughout the whole book, though she does not appear on the scene till the final chapter. She is overflowing with the milk of human kindness: an exceedingly amiable woman, but somewhat diffuse in her tenderness, rather reminding us of some kindly but weak-minded dogs one has known, who adore every one without distinction—perhaps the only really universal philanthropists. Mrs. de Noel's reception of the ghost is characteristic. All fear of it—and it is a gruesome apparition—is swallowed up in intense compassion. She folds it in her arms, and tries to warm and comfort it, though its icy touch chills her to the very marrow. No doubt, the idea is fantastic and extravagant, but there is something touching about it. If it had but been the ghost

[1] *A London Rose*. By Emma Leslie. London: George Cauldwell.
[2] *Deck-chair Stories*. By Richard Pryce. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
[3] *Cecilia de Noel*. By Lanoe Falconer. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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of some one she had known and loved, Cecilia de Noel's act would have claimed one's warmest sympathy.

We have this month two more of the queerly-shaped little volumes from the "Pseudonym Library"—*Some Emotions and a Moral*,[1] by Mr. J. O. Hobbes, is clever and unusual. It begins lightly and ends sadly and heavily. It cannot be called cheerful reading, yet it hardly cuts deep enough to be painful. *European Relations* is a charming little tale. It has all the bewitching glamour of South Austrian scenery and manners, and tells, besides, a pretty, whimsical little love-story. It is quite worthy to be classed with *Quits*, *The First Violin*, or Miss Kavanagh's romantic foreign stories.

Blanche, Lady Falaise,[2] is a fair specimen of Mr. Shorthouse's fiction; it has all his characteristic qualities—scholarly refinement, recognition of the realities of birth and breeding, with an intuitive sympathy for them (which nevertheless is often half reluctantly accorded), analysis of character, close and minute, rather than deep. And it also exemplifies his defects, or what seem defects in our eyes—a tendency to mysticism, a constant insistence on Christian dogma, which seems, with Mr. Shorthouse, to outweigh the realities of human life. The only rival, in his love and reverence, of dogmatic Christianity is the teaching of the Greek and Roman moralists. In every critical situation throughout the story, he, as it were, invokes the aid of one or other of these sources of his inspiration; all his illustrations are drawn from them. No doubt, to many minds, all these things do but give added charm and savour to the story; but to us they detract from its reality and weaken its appeal to the heart. Simple, half-instinctive religion, such as is seen in Miss Wilkins' humble heroes and heroines, has no such effect; but learned Christianity, especially when backed up by appeals to the sententious wisdom of heathen philosophers, seems to put human nature to flight. Of course, the central figure in the drama is Blanche, Lady Falaise, and to our taste she is a most unsympathetic heroine. As a girl, she is absorbed in socialistic dreams for the regeneration of the world at large, to the exclusion of all sweet and wholesome natural affections; and in her impassioned love for the Rev. Paul Damerle, it is to the (supposed) Christian Socialist—the uncompromising champion of the poor—that she gives her heart. For the man, as a man, she cares nothing; to her he is the fulfilment of a stern and lofty ideal. To pursue her psychological history would be to forestall Mr. Shorthouse, who can assuredly tell his story better than we can for him. But from first to last Blanche is morbid, mystic, incredibly wrong-headed and unsparingly cruel. Lord Falaise is more human, but he does

[1] "Pseudonym Library." *Some Emotions and a Moral.* By John Oliver Hobbes. One vol. *European Relations; a Tyrolese Sketch.* By Talmage Dalin. One vol. London: Fisher Unwin. 1891.

[2] *Blanche, Lady Falaise.* A Tale. By J. H. Shorthouse, Author of "John Inglesant," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

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not strike us as at all a natural character. On the other hand, Paul Damerle is not only natural but typical, though he is perhaps something of a caricature. More than one popular preacher, within one's own recollection, might have sat for the portrait of Mr. Shorthouse's unedifying "missioner."

The Web of the Spider[1] is a tale of adventure in New Zealand, during the war, when the Maoris still cherished the fond delusion that they could sweep the invading white man into the sea. They were perhaps the most formidable—certainly the bravest—of the many native races whose hard lot it has been to make way for the irresistible advance of the colonising Anglo-Saxon. But when they measured their scanty forces against the might of England, their patriotic dream was soon rudely shattered. At the epoch at which Mr. Watson has placed his story success still smiled on the heroic efforts of the defenders of their native soil, and the "web" in which the little group of adventurers were dexterously entangled was spun by an astute and enterprising Maori chief. It is, indeed, "a tale of adventure"! The adventures come so thick and fast that the book is nothing but a succession of "alarums and excursions." The actors in the breathless, whirling, drama are always at the point of death, and thrilling incidents are so rife that they cease to thrill. Still, it is by no means a bad story of its kind. Some of the hundred-and-one hairbreadth escapes are exceedingly well told, and one gets attached to the characters, who have each of them a well-marked individuality.

Kilcarra[2] opens, as it were, suddenly. You plunge at once into the story, and are borne along on its current. The author evidently knows Ireland well. His descriptions of the west coast —its scenery, its capricious, humid, climate, and its inhabitants, of all classes: landlords, agents, keepers, peasants—are admirable. The story, too, is a good one, though its promise, in the first few chapters, is hardly borne out in the second and third volumes. The same criticism applies to the hero, a young English officer, who has won the Victoria Cross for an action of distinguished gallantry. When, by a strange chance, Kilcarra is bequeathed to him, together with the task of discovering the murderer of the former owner, of whom he is a distant relative, one naturally expects great things from his tried courage and indomitable energy; but the result is disappointing. It seems as if the natural development and symmetry of the story were sacrificed to give more scope to the heroine, just as sometimes the *rôles* in a play are mutilated to give more *éclat* to some "star." The heroine of *Kilcarra* is evidently the author's ideal woman. Physically, she is a fragile, delicate, girl, with a tendency to

[1] *The Web of the Spider: a Tale of Adventure.* By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Hutchinson & Co.

[2] *Kilcarra: a Novel.* By Alex. Innes Shand. In three volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1891.

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consumption; morally, if not "too good to live," she is far too sweet and perfect to be robust, or even healthy. Whatever is done in the whole tale, she is the doer of it. Her father is quite unworthy of such an ineffable daughter. In truth, he is the black sheep of his family. But even he—battered, disreputable old worldling as he is—has evidently a mysterious attraction for the author. At any rate, there is far too much about him, and the successive phases, through which his commonplace and unattractive nature passes, are analysed with unnecessary minuteness. At length—crowning triumph!—he, too, like the rest of the world, succumbs to the transcendent loveliness and sweetness of his daughter, and turns into an amiable and edifying old gentleman. As if a worthless man ever became worthy! Still we must not wind up our remarks with fault-finding; for *Kilcarra*, though it may not be perfection, is certainly better than nine novels out of ten.

Though published in London, the volume of stories, named from the first one, *Fourteen to One*,[1] is entirely American in scene, in sentiments, and in the nationality of the author, Mrs. E. S. Phelps. Indeed, short stories such as these—simple and homely, yet exquisitely fine and profoundly touching—seem to be a growth indigenous to American soil. Such tales as *Jack the Fisherman*, *The Madonna of the Tubs*, *Sweet Home*, and many others in the present volume, have not, so far as we know, their exact counterpart in any European literature.

Three-volume novels are evidently dying out. Long ago, when the wolves died out in these islands, their last habitat was Ireland; and the same thing seems now to be happening to the three-volume novels. We have received but two this month, and in both the scene is laid in Ireland. However, the action in *Interference*[2] has nothing distinctively Irish. The events narrated might have happened anywhere, and, indeed, the *dénouement* occurs at a hill-station in India. It is an interesting story, and well told, though almost to the last page its course is disastrous. There is something aggravating in standing by to see scrupulous honesty and chivalrous forbearance the sport and prey of paltry self-seeking plotters. One asks oneself why good men—especially in books—should be so much more readily duped than the ordinary run of mankind.

In *Amethyst*[3] Miss Coleridge has broken new ground. Instead of charming little vignettes of parochial incidents—for they were charming even when their subjects were most unpromising—she has given us a spacious and elaborate picture of the whole life of modern English society. She blinks no detail, however repulsive, or even

[1] *Fourteen to One.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. London: Cassells & Co. 1891.
[2] *Interference.* A Novel. By B. M. Croker. In 3 volumes. London: F. V. White & Co. 1891.
[3] *Amethyst; the Story of a Beauty.* By Christabel R. Coleridge. In 2 vols. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1891.

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scabreux. Her work is executed skilfully and fearlessly, *sans gazer.* The characterisation is excellent. Lady Haredale, with her pretty air of simplicity and candour, her *bonhomie*—partly affected, partly the natural result of her happy-go-lucky temperament, her underlying profound selfishness and worldliness, her cynical disregard of the difference between right and wrong—is a finished study, solidly conceived and consistently carried out. Tony is also thoroughly well drawn; and it is no small triumph for a lady to have delineated so successfully a dissipated, unscrupulous man of the world. Poor little Una, too, the hopeless victim of Tony's pitiless Don Juanism, is an interesting and daring study. Her hysterical nature has been forced into precocity by the hot-bed of corruption in which she has been reared, so that, though in years little more than a child, she is torn by the violent and conflicting emotions of a passionate woman. We cannot help thinking that she is rather overdrawn. Amethyst herself is not so much of a *tour de force* as the characters we have just cited, for she comes more nearly within the range of characters with which Miss Coleridge habitually deals. Yet the fact that she is "a beauty" greatly alters the case, and perhaps places her in a category apart. Be that as it may, Amethyst is a very lifelike figure. She is changeful, yet steadfast; by no means insensible to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, yet capable of rising above them. Her love of goodness never forsakes her, but returns with added force after every defection and backsliding. Her character is a delicate and highly wrought performance. Of the two *jeunes premiers*, Lucian is incomparably the most interesting, and one regrets that he should be sacrificed to make way for that estimable, poetic "John o' Dreams," Sylvester Riddell. All that we have said tends to prove that *Amethyst* is a distinct advance on Miss Coleridge's previous work, for in it she has treated with marked success a much more difficult and complex theme. But we must confess that, to us, some of her simpler stories were pleasanter reading than *Amethyst.* Even when the *dramatis personæ* were but curates and Sunday-school children, they moved—glorified and transfigured—in a bright atmosphere of romance; and it is this vivifying breath of romance that we miss in *Amethyst.*

L'Héritière[1] is a charming story. It introduces us to a group of delightful people—upright, high-minded, amiable, and well-bred. There is but one blot in the pleasant picture—Aristide Bellet, the scheming, sordid, *coureur de dots.* He all but succeeds in entangling the simple-minded, straightforward young heiress in his cunningly devised snares, but at the critical moment, her eyes are opened, the thin veneer of *usage du monde*, by which his innate vulgarity is veiled, gives way, and he stands revealed as the base

[1] *L'Héritière.* Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

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adventurer he is. It is a capital scene, skilfully led up to and well treated. All the girl's best and most generous feelings had been worked upon by the experienced fortune-hunter, and when she sees her dire mistake it is almost too late to draw back. The gradual *accaparement* and the sudden disillusion are both admirably managed. It is one of Henry Gréville's brightest and pleasantest stories.

M. Radiguet's idea of flirting is evidently not ours. He makes his hero and heroine address to each other long, wearisome harangues on "*La Femme*," "*Le Protestantisme*," "*Les Irlandais*," "*Les Classes Dirigeantes*." How they must have bored one another! For M. Radiguet's views on these charming topics are not luminous; still less are they new. The only novelty he deals in is new words, apparently of his own invention. They are all of them barbarous, and some of them very foul. There are two things that the author of *Flirts*[1] should lay to heart: one is, not to write on subjects about which he knows nothing; and the other, that originality consists, not in new, outlandish, words, but in new ideas, or old ones placed in a new light.

[1] *Flirts*. Par Lionel Radiguet. Paris: Albert Savine. 1891.

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THE DRAMA.

THE BASOCHE.

" L'encrier, la plume et l'épée
Etaient les armes de Pompée,
La Bazoche est son heritière,
Elle en est tière.
Soldat, clerc, le Bazochien
Est bon soldat est bon chrétien;
Vive la Bazoche
A son approche
Tout va bien."

Song of the Bazoche, Sixteenth Century.

THE society of the Bazoche, or law students of Paris, the subject of André Massager's opera now being given at the Royal English Opera House, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, dates back as early as A.D. 1303, in which year Philippe le Bel authorised them to form themselves into a guild under that title. The charter they obtained and held intact for five hundred years, gave them a king, who was permitted to wear the royal crown and mantle, and to coin money for the use of the students and their purveyors. They had a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, a master of petitions, a grand usher, an attorney-general, a grand referendary, an almoner, secretaries, janitors, registrars, &c. &c.; and the higher dignitaries, who styled themselves Princes of the Bazoche, formed the regular court of the sovereign whom they elected annually. In return for many privileges the students gave military service to the king, and earned a reputation for their valour and their loyalty to the crown. In the most flourishing period of their existence they numbered no less than 10,000 well-armed and well-disciplined soldiers. They played a conspicuous part in the storming of the Bastille under Camille Desmoulins in 1789, and the municipality of Paris then incorporated them with the National Guard. As a society they existed for two years longer, when the decree of the 13th February 1791, abolishing wardships and freedoms of corporations, dealt the Bazoche its final death-blow.

The plot of Albert Carré's opera is somewhat involved, and difficult to follow at the first hearing. The fun hinges upon the fact that both sovereigns, the mock king and the real one (Louis XII.), appear dressed alike and are mistaken by their wives.

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It will be remembered that Henry VIII., king of England of pious memory, being exasperated because the Emperor Maximilian suddenly made peace with the French at Noyon, himself sought eagerly for a French alliance, and Louis having just become a widower by the death of Anne of Bretagne, Henry, for political reasons, forced a marriage between the old man and his own young and lovely sister Mary, who was still undisposed of. It is her entry into Paris, and also the election of the king of the Bazoche, that supply the necessary opportunities for scenic illustration in the opera.

The curtain rises upon a public place in old Paris. Clément Marot and Roland are both candidates for election to the kingship of the Bazoche for the ensuing year. A statute of the society declares that none but bachelors are eligible, and Clément Marot, who is the successful candidate, has been secretly married to Colette, a peasant girl. Colette suddenly arrives in Paris in search of her husband, and but for the interference of L'Eveillé, Marot's friend, would have disclosed the secret of the marriage to Roland, who, however, learns enough to put him on the scent. At this juncture, Mary of England also arrives clandestinely in Paris with the Duc de Longueville, who had been sent by Louis to England to marry her with himself by proxy and bring her back to France. Here, the king-elect of the Bazoche arrives in procession, arrayed in the royal mantle and insignia; Colette is wild with excitement, believing her husband to be the king of France, and Mary of England, who has never seen Louis in her life, is equally deceived.

Act ii. represents the hall of the "Pewter Platter" inn at night-time; Mary of England has taken a bedroom for the night, and Colette has engaged herself as servant to the innkeeper. Marot arrives, and causes some exceedingly comic situations between the two queens. Indeed, this scene is full of exquisite touches of light irony, disclosing to the audience several amusing intrigues, the one, so to speak, interwoven with the other, each being brought very nearly to a *dénouement*, but prevented from quite working itself out by some unexpected turn of the other. Roland suddenly enters the hall with a large party, feeling that at last he has pounced upon his successful rival while secretly visiting his wife. The chief dignitaries of the society take seats upon the table, preparing to judge the culprit, when it is discovered that the supposed wife of Marot (they have got hold of Mary of England instead of Colette) is married to the Duc de Longueville (he had married her by proxy for Louis). Roland returns amid the jeers of his associates, and the curtain falls.

The third act discovers both Colette and Mary robed as queens of France, and with large retinues, in the hall of the king's palace. Colette learns she is only a mock queen after all. Mary discovers

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she has made herself intensely ridiculous by making frantic love to the wrong husband. Marot confesses his marriage, is pardoned by the king, hands over the royal insignia to the triumphant Roland, who is at once carried off to be hanged by order of the Duc de Longueville, lest he should chatter about Mary's intrigue at the "Pewter Platter."

The piece is rightly designated as *opera comique* in contradistinction to our English comic opera. Opera comique is an essentially French creation. It is not grand opera; it is amusing, but it is not farce. It lies *au beau milieu* between the two. The music could not be called "pretty," or even "taking," being superior altogether to the meaning of either of these adjectives. It is beautiful, romantic, descriptive; it is not sublime, nor even grand. It is descriptive, however, of every-day life, and therefore it is light and free in style. But it is not written for the hour, to be listened to once and no more, for it will bear repetition. We should hesitate to say that *Basoche* will ever rank with the *Figaro* of Mozart, though there is perhaps some resemblance in the calibre, if we may use the term, of these productions. Still, we may predict a brilliant career for the composer, M. André Massager. He shows considerable genius in orchestration, and uses the *bizarre* instruments, such as the oboes and bassoons, with considerable skill. His melody is original, his harmonic progressions of great beauty. There is a certain individuality about his airs that prevents their simplicity from ever falling into the commonplace. As an illustration of this criticism, it is sufficient to point to the opening prelude of Act ii. As a whole, the score is grand opera in miniature; the sublime effects of a Meyebeer or a Wagner are not to be actually heard, but still every now and again they are suggested. The work should be a lasting one in its sphere, and the author's reputation will be cosmopolitan.

The *Basoche* has been produced to supply an increasing want in our good City of London, where, after the end of the day's work, the population, becoming more and more critical and exacting, require something in the evening, which is entertainment, but not study, and is most excellent of its kind. Under Mr. D'Oyly Carte's direction we rise from the comic opera of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert to André Massager and Auguste Carré's opera comique.

As to the staging, the pictorial effects are artistic and refined, but what shall we say of the waits between the acts? Between Acts i. and ii. fifteen minutes, and between Acts ii. and iii. half an hour. Oh ye gods, it is too much! The mechanical arrangements for scene changing must be equal to better than this, or the success of the Royal English Opera House will be seriously endangered. Excellent as is this new theatre, it has not the *foyer* accommodation of the Paris playhouse. Moreover, it must be remembered that

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English opera (!) stands on its own merits. Society is compelled to go to Covent Garden, however much it may be bored. Society goes there to see and be seen at what is an essentially national institution. The theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue cannot assume this position, and its frequenters will never stand having to sit for a full half-hour opposite to a drop curtain, even though that curtain happens to be an exceptionally artistic piece of upholstery.

The singing and acting of Miss Palliser gave us most pleasure, but we can also thoroughly commend Messrs. Bispham, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. John Hay in the rendering of their parts. All four were exceedingly exacting *rôles*, for M. Carré has made a distinct attempt at delineation of character throughout his libretto. The character of the innkeeper of the "Pewter Platter" is often to to be met with on the French stage, and requires very skilful acting, for he is again a very French production. We should say that M. Carré has dabbled both in Molière and in Shakespeare. The clever fooling distinctly suggests the former, and the *mélange* of high and low life reminds us of the *Henry IV.* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* of our great dramatist. On the whole, our verdict is that the *Basoche* requires only to be known to be popular.

It is purely by musical excellence that Pietro Mascagin has jumped into the first rank of manufacturers of opera, for the libretto of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, in our opinion, assists him but little. Turiddu, the hero, had loved Iola, who has since married Alfio, a carter by trade. Turiddu seeks to compensate himself by a substitute in the person of Santuzza, but returns to his old love, who gives way to his blandishments, consequently the grief of Santuzza and the fury of Alfio: a duel and death of Turiddu. *Voilà tout!* The *dramatis personæ* are peasants. They might have been aristocrats or shopkeepers, but it was preferred to make them peasants, and so peasants they were made. The ideas are all fiction—passionate love, and the action is only a peg to hang the music upon. It is opera of the old Italian style, but still of the best Verdi type. But nowadays more is generally expected. Wagner's music in *Tannhauser*, for instance, is descriptive of the battle between spiritual and carnal love, of the victory of Christianity over Paganism. It is from beginning to end philosophy expressed through the medium of music instead of speech. In *Cavalleria Rusticana* we have only the carnal human nature. Again we were enraptured by the opening appeal, sung by Turiddu behind the curtain. There was harp accompaniment. Why? It is not an instrument peculiar to the Italian peasantry. Now, in the *Orfeo* of M. Wenzel the harp is beautiful and appropriate, for it is the harp which Orpheus is supposed to carry with him in the legend, and is thoroughly a classical instrument. Again, in Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, the harps are symbolical of

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celestial music; but in *Cavalleria Rusticana* there was no particular reason for or against the use of a harp, and the composer chooses his harp solo effects just because he likes to have them; at the same time we are bound to say that he uses the instrument with the genius of a first-rate composer. It is in this spirit that we find fault with Mascagin's opera. As a purely musical production it at once places the composer in the first rank, with Rossini, Verdi, and the rest of the Italian school. The seventh scene between Turiddu and Santuzza is moving in the extreme, and the audience was carried away with enthusiasm. We never remember hearing the prelude of an opera encored, but the second instrumental piece in the *Cavalleria Rusticana* was played twice. and narrowly escaped a third repetition. We were ourselves enraptured with the final strains of this number, and had we been given the opportunity of an examination of the score, we should have had much pleasure in giving a detailed analysis of it for the delectation of the musical readers of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. Let us not be misunderstood. We welcome into the musical world the advent of a new composer in the person of Signor Pietro Mascagin, but we wish that his really excellent music had been applied to a libretto more worthy of the genius of the Italian composer.

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